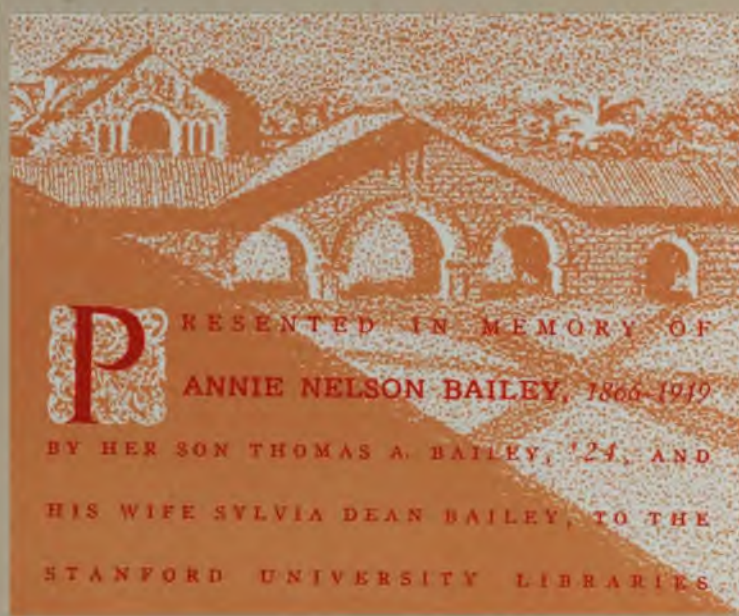

PRESENTED IN MEMORY OF
ANNIE NELSON BAILEY, 1866-1919
BY HER SON THOMAS A. BAILEY, '24, AND
HIS WIFE SYLVIA DEAN BAILEY, TO THE
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES.

OLIVES

THE REMINISCENCES OF A PRESIDENT


GEORGE ALLEN
PUBLISHER
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE
156 CHARING CROSS ROAD


GEORGE ALLEN
PUBLISHER
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE
156 CHARING CROSS ROAD

Weston & Son, Photo.

SIR WYKE BAYLISS

Frontispiece

OLIVE

REMIN

A PE THE

OLIVES

THE REMINISCENCES OF A PRESIDENT

BY

SIR WYKE BAYLISS, K.B., F.S.A.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

AUTHOR OF "THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST REX REGUM"
"FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA"
ETC. ETC.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

WITH PREFACE BY

FREDERICK WEDMORE

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1906

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
At the Ballantyne Press

TO ONE IN WHOSE COMPANIONSHIP THESE SKETCHES WERE MADE, AND FOR WHOSE EYES THESE RECORDS WERE PRESERVED—

TO MY WIFE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

WYKE BAYLISS

AN APPRECIATION BY FREDERICK WEDMORE

I

A GOOD painter, a good writer, scarcely less than a great personality—so to describe him is to express, about Wyke Bayliss, the truth in a rough form. Of the two arts he practised, that of painter came first. Never, as far as I know, was there the slightest indication that he placed it in importance before the work of the writer, but it was the work in which he was earliest instructed, and that to which, for self-expression as well as for livelihood, he turned most constantly. To public regard, undoubtedly, his painting constituted his first title.

A little later we will consider what were its characteristics. But at this moment I am concerned to say a word about his place amidst the practitioners of that other art whose language he valued—and whose capacities for grace and force, and the complexity of whose *technique*, he understood almost as well as the capacities and problems of that craft with the practice of which men mainly associated him.

Really it is only here and there that one finds

an artist whose personality, expressed, presumably, in the first of his pursuits, the most used of his arts, holds in reserve so much that it is the business of a second art to reveal. Great painters, from Sir Joshua downwards—and often second-rate ones—have written excellently about Painting; have written not conclusively, of course (the prejudices of their practice prevent that), but at all events suggestively and pointedly; they have made their contributions: as advocates, not as Courts of Appeal, have they spoken. But for the most part it has been on Painting only—the rôle of the critic of Fine Art, or of its historian, has just momentarily and in a fragmentary way become theirs: even then they have lacked, too often, wide historical knowledge: not to speak of imagination and sense of proportion, the true critic's and true writer's most indispensable gifts.

Wyke Bayliss, in regard to these matters, was —like Fromentin and R. A. M. Stevenson in the past, and Mr. Clausen to-day—vastly better than most of the practising painters who have taken to writing. Moreover, it is to be noted, and it is to be credited to him in proof of his range, that no small part of the best of his writing is really unconcerned with his art of the brush. Many themes interested him that were not painter's themes at all. A greater painter than he was—the great G. F. Watts—said once, in a letter, "I regard my pictures not so much as works of Art as endeavours to express reflections which I would rather have made in words; but for words I have no faculty." For words Wyke Bayliss had

a faculty, and he used that faculty for writing on many a theme.

And as Time went on Wyke Bayliss wrote—as, indeed, I think he painted—better and better. He had begun with diffuseness. Readers of Ruskin must recognize that he had begun also with unconscious imitation. He became terser; he became closer; he became also more himself. Sometimes, too, in his writing—yet oftener in his speeches—there was made evident, along with grace, along with abundant fancy, a very pretty wit. Sitting by him, perhaps, large and solemn at a dinner of men, one would with difficulty have supposed him capable, I will not say of such intellectual nimbleness, but of such high spirits. He had more humour than one would have guessed.

And this has brought me incidentally to the quality of his speech and the manner of it. In his armoury, as orator, there were many weapons. A good voice, the command of appropriate tones, the knowledge of how to pause effectively—to hesitate with discretion—so that the listener, hanging on what was now to come, had before him, while silence lasted, the very spectacle of the brain in travail—these things gave him, as a speaker, something of a good actor's charm, and behind the charm of the good actor there was the fascination of individual thought. I began by saying—did I not?—that Wyke Bayliss was scarcely less than a great personality, and two of the mediums through which his personality was revealed—Writing and Speaking—I have now had something to say upon.

But public Writing and Speaking both show,

or are apt to show, a man as he is beheld, as even, perhaps, he is modified, by contact with many—the individual in face of a group or a crowd—Speaking most of these two, no doubt; for the speaker can never escape the sense of his audience present to approve or disapprove, to move or be bored by, this or that illustration or argument, perhaps even this or that phrase. But Writing may be—though, of course, the best of it is not—a performance undertaken, as consciously as the art of the orator, in view of those whom finally in any case it is designed to reach. Writing may express of the individual temperament comparatively little, so shaped may the utterance be by the writer's conception of the needs or the tastes of those amongst whom it is to be scattered. Or, being at least performed in presence of no one, it may happily be an individual deliverance, a thing begun and ended with no warp this way or that: "no strain beside the mark": something as personal as the talk that passes in confidence between a pair of closest friends. That is a property of Writing perfect and great—of Writing of a kind with which, alas! the English Public is not now often concerned. Wyke Bayliss's writing is not peculiar in that it does not reach the standard here set up—a standard rather to be remembered — most men will say —than frequently followed.

To his contact with individuals, then, with the separate personality of each, one turns instinctively for further revelation of Wyke Bayliss's own personality, apart from his Art of Painting. And if

his own personality was, as I said, almost a great one, the fact is disclosed not so much by obvious difference as by unexpected versatility. So many interests; such a capacity to share the aims, the point of view, of people so widely apart. In the common phrase, a "many-sided man." The common phrase—that expresses or tries to define what is after all an uncommon thing: a thing uncommon even in days when the striving to touch Life at many points—a sign of mere restlessness often, in ordinary natures: not at all a sign of power—is as frequent as it is vain. Of that many-sidedness of character, of that diversity of interests which belonged to Wyke Bayliss genuinely, the present book affords more than a hint. But the thing was most plainly apparent to those who knew him well in the flesh—who at any time had much of his society. In contact with themselves it would come out. It would come out again to them as they watched him in contact with others —others with whom they had little in common.

And this brings us within view of what our friend was in his Art of Painting: I do not mean, for the moment, in his own practice of it, but in his relation to his brethren, his younger brethren generally, for whose aims, often so different from his own, he had an alert sympathy. To walk with him through the gallery of that Royal Society of which he was President was to become most fully aware of his faculty, "of admiration, hope, and love." His enthusiasm carried him so far that some there were, I suppose, who suspected it was a *parti pris*. For us, the gallery of the

Royal British Artists was never devoid of talent. For him that was insufficient altogether: it abounded in masterpieces. A work of the old School, he saw great qualities in it. A work of the new School, great qualities in it.

There were degrees in his admiration, however. It was not warmest, though yet it was not lukewarm, in presence of the Impressionist. The uneducated Impressionist—the Impressionist who records an impression only because the limitations of his draughtsmanship stand in the way of his recording a fact—nothing but his courtesy and gentleness allowed or compelled him to tolerate. But the Impressionist of genius and power — his great predecessor in office, Whistler—I am not in my heart of hearts convinced that he duly appreciated. And if he did not, it was through no disagreeable haunting remembrance of bitter words thrown between them—of the noisy discord in that Royal Society which the Public, that asks for a spectacle, found entertaining, but which rather distressed the serious lovers of Fine Art. Wyke Bayliss was too clear-minded, too level-headed a man to allow personalities and the heat of debate to impair an artistic judgment. If anything impaired judgment, it was a painter's almost inevitable bias towards the traditions that had exerted authority—towards the ways that he deemed to be Classic. Graceful words about Mr. Whistler —thoughts conceived with good feeling and uttered with tact—came from Sir Wyke when the hatchet was buried. Nay: it is interesting to note that they were the last written of the many pages here.

If I do not find for my own part that they are altogether adequate as an appreciation of genius, I find them at least what I should have expected to find them — creditable, eminently, to Wyke Bayliss's spirit.

II

His appreciation of another master—G. F. Watts—was, as all who knew Wyke Bayliss and his work will readily understand, throughout all his life more cordial. Watts himself sometimes thought, in his modest way, that Wyke Bayliss—and not Wyke Bayliss alone—gave to his actual performance greater honour than was its due. "I accept with pleasure and humility your recognition of intention in my work," Watts on one occasion writes to him. "It is there; but many poetic spirits like your own rather feel my intention than see truly the artistic result. Pleased with the one, the other is accepted for more than its worth. It is, of course, delightful, at the end of a long working life, to find that effort and achievement have been productive of satisfaction to others, . . . but I fear being overrated as much as most people dread being underestimated. I should have preferred working alone with my work and personally unknown; my painted utterances accepted as nothing more than a confused echo of the voices I seem to hear coming down through the Ages."

And though Watts thought—or just because Watts thought — that Wyke Bayliss overvalued his actual achievement in Painting, it is interesting

to read a further letter which at least is a sign of sympathy between the two men.[1] "As to my style of work," writes Watts, as lately as 1902, "I do not know whether it is original or not. I have not made any special effort in that direction. In my desire to invest my symbols—for such I consider my figures—I have sought advice from Phidias and the Venetians generally; and if my figures have not been realistically correct, it is because I have thought realism was not needed in the purely ideal region: indeed, that it would be out of place. . . . My line of intention has been, I believe, new. Hitherto all very serious work in Art"—he means, of course, very serious in an aim outside the aim of pure artistry—"has been theological and doctrinal. I have purposely avoided — though I hope my work may be considered Religious! — all reference to especial creeds, desiring to make my appeal as universal as possible: rather illustrating the utterance of the Hebrew Prophet, 'What doth the Lord desire of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly'—the ethical foundation of all true religion." And then he tells a story of how a lady had said to him, "There is only one truth," and he had replied, "There is only one Sun; but his light shines through many windows. The Church of God has many windows, many doors. My idea is to take you up to the rock on which the edifice is built—you must choose your own door." And then he adds, to Wyke Bayliss,

[1] These letters have not before been printed, and I thank Mrs. Watts for permission to use them here. F. W.

"The idea, carried out with very material means, cannot be very definite; but I think you will understand my drift." And again, "I do not like to have my things called Allegories. They are really symbolical suggestions. I hope the principle may be carried out further and better, by some better qualified, in days to come."

It is *à propos* to mention here that in brief correspondence with Millais, Wyke Bayliss had quoted something from Browning: "Paint with the Soul; never mind the arms and legs"—an utterance of Browning in dramatic mood: he was speaking, was he not, for the early Florentines? —and Millais answered—"What would that poet say if he was recommended to write with the soul and never mind Grammar? I would rather he said, 'Paint with the soul, and mind your extremities, for a blemish will spoil your soul-work.'"

All sorts of letters lie before me as I write, witnessing to Wyke Bayliss's personal kindness, to his laborious patience, to his administrative faculty. These things are known. What is not known, and what has its interest, even if one cannot accept all its conclusions (since it embodies scarcely more than that *borné* ecclesiastical conception of our Arts of Painting and Writing), is a letter from Cardinal Manning, to whom Wyke Bayliss had sent his volume, "The Higher Life in Art." "I have read it with great interest and pleasure," says Cardinal Manning. "I cannot draw a line, and for sixty years I have never written a verse." The note is dated "1888." "But Art

and Poetry, outside of the Sacred Science, are my refreshment. George Richmond is an old friend of mine. Ruskin also I know intimately. And from them I have learned much. I lament over our Art." He means, in this, our Painting. "Its highest range is a portrait, and a portrait may be a great work if the artist has a mind and can read character. But few have. Our world of beauty is limited to man and the horizon. The Cathedrals point to a higher; but it needs a higher intuition to see it. Ruskin began with visible Nature, but he has gone up to the unseen beauty of the higher world of reality and of Art. . . . It was not Dante that made the Paradiso. It was the Paradiso that made Dante and Fra Angelico."

I do not follow Cardinal Manning very closely; but I take it that he means, the belief in the existence of a more exalted world than this beautiful one in which we live, and which we have to leave.

III

I am expected to say a few words upon Wyke Bayliss's practice in his profession of Painting. Wyke Bayliss makes allusion in the following pages to what some people thought the narrowness of his range; and there is, of course, a *primâ facie* case for any one who asserts that narrowness of range is evidenced by the fact that a man through all his life can go on painting Architecture; and not all Architecture, but only Cathedrals; and not all of Cathedrals, but only

the inside of them. We have looked the fact in the face. A specialist Wyke Bayliss was, undoubtedly — yet not so narrow a one as it may thus far seem.

In a note from Dr. Stewart Perowne, sometime Bishop of Worcester, it is remarked, of Wyke Bayliss's pictures—his paintings and drawings—that they are "not merely Architecture, but the poetry of Architecture." And that is true absolutely—at least, they are the poetry of Churches; for Architecture, of course, has other poetry than that which is associated with ritual and creed: and the humblest building may be poetic in this sense: it is a home: it is a shelter for people who suffer and love, who work, who grow old. But, broadly speaking, Dr. Stewart Perowne's definition is acceptable and a good one — the "poetry of Architecture." It may even be extended in one way, for, in addition to the poetry of great sacred buildings, Wyke Bayliss painted, in altar ministrants, in bearers of banner and cross, in long processions, the pomp of the Church.

And that has been done, it happens, by few or none of the other really capable draughtsmen or masters of colour, who have dealt, here or abroad, in different degrees of learning and charm, with noble fanes. In our English Art, it was done very little by Turner; never once by Girtin or Cotman — for whom the delightfulness or quiet solemnity of colour and line was inspiration enough, and theme enough—never effectively by a painter picturesque and theatrical like David

Roberts, or a draughtsman picturesque but in water-colour (though not, indeed, in pencil) prosaic, like Samuel Prout. Italy has not given us much that renders that double service of recording, in churches, both poetry and pomp. Churches were incidents—sometimes they were only episodes—for Canaletto and Guardi. They were themes approached more entirely for their own sakes by two or three great Dutchmen. But an austere religion forbade the use of pomp, the very presence of pomp, to De Witte and Johannes Bosboom—men who, placed each from the other at an interval of two hundred years, recorded both alike the impressiveness of space, the impressiveness of shadow. No—on reflection it will be seen that Wyke Bayliss had his specialty pretty well to himself. He was the inventor of his own genre—as well as of his own method. And specialist as he was, he did not really repeat himself. Rather he made use of the true specialist's deeper knowledge, to see and express the infinite variety in what to superficial vision seemed greatly alike. Dean Bradley, writing once about that Abbey—an object of national pride—of which he was faithful custodian, said of Mr. Micklethwaite the architect, "He knows every stone of Westminster." Orvieto and Perugia, St. Mark's and St. Peter's, Chartres and Rouen and Amiens—Wyke Bayliss knew every turn in them, if not every stone. He had watched, in the great interiors, effects of shadow, light, colour, of every weather and of every day.

I have known even contemporary draughtsmen

of Architecture — one of them at least whom it would be scarcely in proper taste to name —impress me more than Wyke Bayliss impressed me with sense of immediate mastery: an essentially masculine genius I do not know that Wyke Bayliss was. But a friend—and a friend of both artists, it happens—is not called on to hold the scales, to balance, and then to pronounce on the relative claims of those whose ultimate place a generation not ours must assign. A draughtsman of easy correctness, early learned in the problems of perspective; a draughtsman of flexible brush; a colourist, at home with the tints of marble and stone, and fearless in presence of the jewel-like hues of stained glass that the sun shines upon, Wyke Bayliss had of these things no materialistic — shall I say no pagan? —vision. With him there was the sentiment, the illumination, the glamour. His was the mystic's fascination and the poet's legitimate charm.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

October, 1906.

CONTENTS

I. OLIVES

II. IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

III. THE ARTIST AT SCHOOL

IV. PRIZE GIVING

V. WORK AND PLAY

VI. LANCASHIRE WITCHES

VII. THE BASILICAS

VIII. THE R. B. A.

IX. AT NOVIOMAGUS

X. MIRANDA AND THE MINX

XI. ROUEN AND NUREMBERG

XII. ART IN THE CITY

XIII. WATTS AND HOLMAN HUNT

XIV. MORE OLIVES

XV. A MAGICIAN

XVI. THE LAST OLIVE

XVII. THE BOGEY IN THE STUDIO

APPENDIX

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

I

OLIVES

My First Cathedral—Fields to Reap—The Promise of the Future

OLIVES

No! I will not call this book "Pen and Pencil" —that would either be misleading, or would leave too much to the imagination of the reader. For, when I come to think of it, my sketches are often made with a pen, and my notes with a pencil. Besides, the material with which they are made is immaterial; the only thing to be considered is the use that has been made of it.

Nor will I call the book "Work and Play." For though it is both work and play, such a title might lead to a similar misunderstanding. Which is the work? and which is the play? When in Amiens Cathedral or St. Mark's, Venice, I shut up my paint-box and put my note-book in my pocket, I feel like a chess-player when he sweeps the pieces off the board, or a cricketer when he draws the stumps. The game is over — and yet, after a hard day's work upon a painting, I often find myself unexpectedly called upon to make a speech. Then I think of the shorn Samson,

driven to make sport for the Philistines. Will he be able to do the task set before him? Work and play with the artist are interchangeable terms.

Well then, there is nothing left for it but to abandon metaphor altogether—and fall back upon a common everyday word, that can explain itself, and can suggest no doubtful meaning. In a book the perfection of a title is its clearness, its simplicity, its incapable-of-being-misunderstoodedness. I will therefore call the book "Olives."

. . . . . .

Just as I was stretching out my hand to take an olive from the little glass dish that lay before me on the table, the Marquis of Bute, who was in the chair, turned his kind eyes upon me, and called upon me to reply to a toast. I am not sure, but I think my neighbour secured the olive that should have been mine. If so, I hope that he enjoyed it, and that it consoled him for the interruption of a pleasant conversation—he was telling me a good story—and for having to listen to a speech. This is what I said—

St. Andrews University Graduates Association. At the Langham Hotel, June 14, 1893. *The Marquis of Bute in the chair.*

My Lord,—it is always an honour to respond to the toast of "The Fine Arts." But on the present occasion the honour is greatly enhanced by coming from the representatives of the distinguished University of St. Andrews. It is said sometimes that Scotchmen are not capable of appreciating a joke—perhaps that is the reason why they so thoroughly appreciate Art. For Art is not a joke. Art is one of the essential elements of civilisation, enriching our lives with many qualities of colour, and light, and sweetness, that we could ill afford to lose. However this may be, it is certain that between your beautiful St. Andrews, which looks out over the German Ocean towards the Old World civilization of the continent of Europe, and the Islands of Bute, which look out across the Atlantic towards the civilization of the New World —between the East, that is, and the West of Scotland, there is a great movement going on in the Fine Arts that makes us Southerners rejoice and take heart for the future, and look to our laurels.

There is a fine saying in one of the classics, that "they only are happy who live before the fields are reaped." How true this is of Art! When Art has finished its work, and there are no more fields to reap, or pastures new—it will be time for the artist to cease too. But that will not be until the resources of Nature are exhausted. They

only are happy who live before the fields are reaped. The artists of your country, my Lord, are in the very van of progress. They have shown us that there are still fields to reap, and that we therefore may be amongst the happy ones.

If St. Mary consulted St. Leonard—and if St. Leonard consulted St. Salvador, and if all three took counsel with St. Andrew himself, as to where lies the promise of the future in Art, I think the decision at which they would arrive would be that it lies with the young Scotchmen of to-day. For they have proved that however old the world may be, Art is always young.

. . . . . .

There now, already, the word "Olives" proves to be ill-chosen. Olives are little round things, green and grey, not liked by everybody, but having the merit that nobody is expected to take them unless he likes them—whereas speeches are long things, generally colourless, which people have to endure whether they like them or not. But it is too late for me to change the word now. "Olives" it is, and "Olives" it must remain till I come to that other word "Finis."

II

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

Amongst the Wounded—Two and Two—Moving Forces—The Queen's Message—Cradled in Song—Pictures or Books—A Glimpse of Paradise—Another Form of Poetry—A War Correspondent—The Field—By the Seaside—The Sea—Sweet-Brier Farm—Autumn Rains—Roses and the Rose—Landmarks in Art

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

I PLAYED my first round in the game of life in a garden on the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in England—the Severn. How beautiful the Severn was—and still is, notwithstanding the smoke and grime of many furnaces, blast and otherwise, for Vulcan has set up his workshops there—I little knew. Children never do know anything of the beauty of scenery any more than they do of the beauty, or ugliness, of their dolls. Beauty is an acquired taste.

I came of a family of doctors. Dr. Wyke, of Shrewsbury, to whom the great naturalist, Darwin, was articled as a pupil, was my grandfather. The Rowlands of Madeley, the Thursfields of Broseley, were my kith and kin; and I, being only a wisp of a child, through growing too fast, of whom nothing particular could be expected, became no doubt an excellent, though small, field for experimental practice. They prescribed for me—a donkey. There were two maiden ladies, my mother's sisters, who lived on the other side of the river, and the donkey was to take me (externally, of course) every morning, to be instructed by them during the day, and to carry me back every evening, to be under my mother's wing at night.

For I had the loveliest of mothers—she is also at the other side of the river now. I also had two sisters, and a brother. My brother was a little older than I, but I was the taller, and could hit harder than he could. This was an excellent arrangement, as it gave him authority, while reserving to me a veto. We settled it very early in our lives, under a cherry-tree in our garden, that I should go to London and be an artist, and that he should be a parson.

. . . . . .

About this time came the great railway boom—and my father was laying out new lines in the West of England for a great engineering firm. At first he could do this and still retain the old home; but the time came when he proved too valuable a worker to live so far away from headquarters, and we all came to London—the very London I had desired, and through which my brother was to pass to Cambridge. What a pathetic episode it is in a child's life when he comes under the parental *ægis* to take his first view of the world and enter into the action of life. We little dreamt what was going to happen; nor did we know of it when it did happen—we children—two girls and two boys. Only our mother's hair turned a little grey. We never suffered, or thought of the terrors of failing firms or anything else, except the delight of the days when we walked to Richmond Park or Hampton Court with my father, he reading to us from some wonderful book he was sure to have brought in his pocket, as we strolled through the summer

fields or rested by the wayside. We learned afterwards that the engineering firm had not been firm enough, but had failed, and that those who had been leaning on it were turned away sorely wounded.

My father was amongst the wounded, but was not without resource. He fell back on his great scholarship, and became one of the most successful teachers of military and mathematical drawing. Year by year he sent up to Woolwich or Sandhurst or Addiscombe the men who proved first in the examinations, while I worked in an architect's office or drew from the antique at the British Museum, and my brother read for Cambridge, where he made it a tradition of the family never to be without an honour man in that University.

It was a happy family, if ever there was one, into which I, the youngest, was born. A father who was our ideal of the heroic in manhood, and played cricket with us in summer, skated with us in winter, and beat us at chess all the year round. A mother who knew Shakespeare and Mrs. Hemans by rote; and once, suddenly stretching out her delicate hand when one of her boys was being caned, caught the blow on her own beautiful fingers. It was an exemplification of vicarious punishment which did not accord with my father's views, and we were never caned after that. Then there was a sister, who was called the angel of the house, and who told us stories in the nursery; and another sister, who for sixteen happy years was the musician of the family, until, I suppose, she was wanted in the heavenly choir, and became

an angel on her own account. And, last, there was my brother, the pride of us all, who was learned enough to hold high honours in his university, and modest enough to be beloved at home and in the circle of his friends.

And now they are all again at the other side of the river, as they used to be in the old days, when I saw the windows of my home aflame with the setting sun, and knew that I should go over and find them there before the darkness of night fell.

. . . . . .

You see, I cannot recall anything about the days of my youth without recalling also those who were the makers and companions of it. Apart from them, I have nothing to say. Sir Frederick Bridge's stories of the "Red Indians," and of "Too Much Pudding" are worth all that I can think of put together. Except in one respect, in which I think I have the advantage of Sir Frederick. He does not say whether in the days of his youth he fell in love. I did. I fell in love with a little girl walking two and two—I wonder what the other girl was like—walking two and two, but I was not one of the two,—ah, heavens! the Mrs. Blimber, who superintended the tuition of her tender years, would not have permitted that —walking two and two, I say, in a ladies' school, while I was only a boy, carrying my boat on my shoulder to sail it in the pond on the Common. I wonder whether she admired that boat, or knew what an adept I was at ship-building? But I will say no more about that, or when I read these

proofs to my wife, she will remark: "Why bring me in? I am not a public character." To which I should have to make answer: "Because I am writing about the events of the days of my youth, of which your Ladyship is the chief."

. . . . . .

The only real training I ever received was in my father's study; and in the Cathedrals of France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany, which I learned as a child learns the varying expressions of his mother's face. I listened to the lectures at the Academy, and attended the School of Design, held then at Somerset House. But there was nothing to help me there. My father had taught me more perspective when I was twelve years old than was known by the twelve professors in the schools all put together. I was set to free-hand, but it seemed funny, for I could have drawn the interiors of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey with every intricacy of line and curvature as easily as I could chatter in my native tongue. This puzzled the professors, and in a week I slipped through the lower schools and appeared more ridiculously young than ever in the painting class of the head-masters, dear old Herbert and Redgrave. These great Academicians made me their special care, and I think they loved me as assuredly as I loved them. Perhaps they were amused to see a little fellow, not many years out of petticoats, who, in one branch of the profession, knew as much as they did.

I mention this trivial incident—are not all the incidents of the days of our youth trivial?—because

it gave direction to the line of study I have since followed—the painting of architecture. Moving forces follow the line of least resistance. My father's great mastery of scientific drawing made difficulties, so formidable to many artists, no difficulty at all. So that I began painting as a bird begins flying, without the preliminary of learning to flap his wings. I could draw the most complex piece of architecture before I could draw Apollo's thumb or the missing nose of Theseus, which, I think, he must have lost—bitten off, perhaps, by the Minotaur—before he jilted poor little Ariadne—

"Sad Ariadne, hapless in her love"—

or she wouldn't have been so down-hearted. However, he was well punished for his conduct, so that does not matter now. And so I painted interiors, which cost me no trouble to draw correctly—the chapels of my school, of King's College, Cambridge, of Westminster Abbey. One of these early attempts was seen by the Queen, when she graciously visited the School of Art, and she asked by whom it was painted, and why it had not been awarded a prize.

Then my dear old master, Richard Redgrave, up and spoke. The young artist was ill—was ill from overwork, and could not finish the picture in time to compete. That very night the young artist, who was recovering slowly, received a message from the Queen-Mother of Her People, so gracious, so sympathetic, so encouraging, that it gave him new life and hope, and made further visits from the

doctor quite unnecessary. This was the first of many kindnesses I have received from Her Majesty, which I do not recount here, because I am writing only about the days of my youth.

. . . . . .

There is one more thing I like to recall, and that is my skill at Chess. Chess was always a delight to me, and I greatly wonder that so few players are found amongst artists. Ruskin, indeed, was a great lover of the game, as have been many of the most distinguished men of letters. Turning, as it does, on such high faculties as imagination, analysis, synthesis, the chess-board should be found in every studio. In this also, as in everything else, my father and I were chums, and while still a child I could beat every one I knew but himself. Staunton, who was a friend, could give me only the smallest odds; he could not give me the odds of playing without smoking his pipe. I could easily play half-a-dozen games simultaneously without seeing the board.

Now, for the merchant, who has no cares when he leaves his office; for the parson, who has nothing to think about but his next sermon, and doesn't think much about that; for the lawyer or doctor, who learned all they want to know in the days of their youth; for the Parliament man, who has only to stand in the lobby and feel which way the wind whistles through his brains; it is all very well to take life easily, to sing or dance, or go to the theatre, or play tennis, or take a boat up the river. But for the artist—who never can lay the ghosts which haunt his brain—who day and night,

and night and day is seeing what no one else can see—visions that he is striving to crystallize into beautiful and permanent shapes, who wears his life out in honest work that makes the brain sweat; for the artist, I say, some quiet, simple, easy, unfatiguing, refreshing recreation is needed, and I find this in Chess.

. . . . . .

And so the child became a lad, and the lad a young man; and still there is nothing to record, except to the credit of others. If a man has anything good in him he is pretty sure to have inherited it, for goodness is a living thing and grows. If he is possessed with evil, he makes it himself; for evil is death, and a man does not inherit death —he kills himself. I did not kill myself in the days of my youth, and the light my father and mother kindled in me was too strong to go out all of a sudden. The way it all came about was this: My mother was a poet, and wrote "Bertha: a Tale of the Waldenses"; my uncle was a poet, and wrote "Belisarius"; my aunt was a poet, and wrote "The Prophet of the Alleghany Mountains"; my father was a mathematician and an artist; so that I was cradled in song, and rocked —mathematically—into Art.

My first acquaintance with Shakespeare was made in an attic, used as a lumber-room, where a small boy could easily secrete himself behind heavy furniture, and read and read for hours without being missed. How I have laid the dust with childish tears for Desdemona, and resolved to be a Coriolanus and to avenge Cordelia! Then

I would creep down to my mother, and get her to recite a scene—so that the text of Shakespeare always comes to me through an old edition of Theobald's, and the words of his heroines through my mother's voice. From reading to writing followed as a matter of course.

Literature has always been a passion with me. My first book was printed in the days of my youth. And then, after long intervals—for I can never write a book and paint a picture at the same time—came "The Witness of Art," "The Higher Life in Art"—with its chapter on "Hobgoblins"—and "The Enchanted Island." These are all out of print now; but they brought me many of the dearest friendships of my life, and I have letters about them from Leighton, Millais, Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, Dean Stanley, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Gladstone, Tennyson, Longfellow, Professor Tyndall, John Ruskin, and many others—

> Spiriti magni,
> Che di vederli in me stesso m'esalta.

My last book is "Seven Angels of the Renascence." The second or library edition of "Rex Regum" was published in 1902—"Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era" in 1904—and I hope to arrange for the re-issue of my other books, in such a form that they may be within the reach of all the students in our Schools of Art.

. . . . . .

I know not which are to me the dearest of the children of my brain, my pictures or my books.

Either, for the time being, absorbs my whole life, so that I can do nothing else till it is finished. It has to be beaten out like metal while it is hot. Thus I never have two pictures on my easel at the same time. Siena, or Amiens, or Milan, as the case may be, fills my vision as completely as if I were living in the century of which it was the outcome, and knew not, nor cared for, any other form of architecture. It is this which makes all my pictures so different from each other. I cannot carry what I have learned in one to the service of the next. With every canvas I have to face a new problem, and begin at the beginning. And, as the same problem has never been solved by any one else, I have to find out the way to do it myself.

It is in this infinite variety in the aspect of a Cathedral interior that I find its infinite charm. The almost—no, not almost, the quite living pulsations of light and colour in Nature are always lovely, whether they fall on a shining river or a ploughed field. But they are lovelier, far lovelier beyond description, when they light up with tender gradations the delicate groining of the embowèd roof of a vast Cathedral, or float through windows of amethyst, and rubies and gold. I think the constant vision of a fine Cathedral is an Art education in itself.

There is another part of my work in which I delight, and which began in the days of my youth—that is my lecturing. They know little of the power of Art to stir the passions, who think that lectures on Art must necessarily be

BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

dull. To fly across the country; to be greeted by a vast audience; to see a thousand faces change as I speak, as a cornfield changes when a wind passes over it; to travel home again next day, thinking gratefully of the courtesies I have received; all this is exhilarating in the highest degree. But it is too great a strain to be many times repeated during a season, and it always means at least two days lost to my studio.

. . . . . .

The days of my youth are past, but they have left with me delightful memories, the chief of which are the truth and tenderness of friendship. A student's life is a merry one. When sometimes I distribute prizes at the Schools of Art and watch the crowds of eager, intellectual, kindly, and therefore generally handsome faces, I feel like a war-horse who smelleth the battle afar off. But the Schools of Art to-day are very different from what they were yesterday; and I think they should produce great results. I do not mean, of course, that every student will turn out to be a genius; but every student should become an accomplished artist. Moreover, every lady amateur who works honestly in these schools from the life, will become a torch-bearer, carrying light into the dismal recesses of the inartistic households, which are still the shame of our country. The merchant who makes money in the City, and desires to make "A House Beautiful" of his mansion in the suburbs, will know how to do so all the better by consulting ladies who have learned how to see, if not how to paint, pictures. The pictures

on his walls will be chosen, not as furniture, nor as curiosities, but rather as a means of bringing a glimpse of the Paradise of Art into everyday life; and as expressing the best thoughts and visions that are stirring in the hearts and brains of the young painters who are making Art a glory in our land.

That is what the Schools of Art should do for the taste of the country, by educating the taste of the amateurs. They should do much more for the artists. As to the Schools of the Royal Academy, I would not have a student admitted to them who could not pass an examination in Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Nor would I admit any one of them to honours who could not read at least one of these great poets in his own language—or had not taken a University degree.

The loss of time? You might as well object that the lion's cub has not time to be suckled, but must rend its prey at once with its milk teeth. The time? That is the very point. It would be a time of growth—growth of the faculties intellectual and spiritual, which are the compass and lode-star of the artist's life. The work of the artist is the expression of the mind of the artist upon canvas. If his mind is ugly, his works will be ugly, and we do not desire to look into an ugly mind. What can the Universities do for Art in England? They can do more than potter over Botticelli. They can send men to our great Academy Schools—like Briton Rivière, to make realism less sordid; like Alfred W. Hunt, to show that landscape painting is another form of poetry;

like Edward Burne-Jones, to reveal in the passions of our lives something of the life divine. For the uneducated painter is like a cobbler who makes or mends shoes for the gods. He never sits down at table with them on High Olympus.

AFTER LONG YEARS

THE STORY OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

Three fragments from a poem written in the days of my youth

A folio of old papers, tied with string
And sealed; some in a woman's hand, and some
Writ large, and some in the quaint, spidery lines
Of a reporter—like the forkèd flash
Of lightning. And the date far off—far off
Among "the fifties" when the world seemed young
To me—to whom it seems so old now—and a page
Written by Lilian was of more account
Than England's Charter.
Lilian lies asleep
In the churchyard by the sea, where the waves break
Murmuring, and the sun shines, and the stars
Forget the past, and rise, and flood the night
With splendour.
I will break the seal and read.

I must write too. These fragments fail to tell
The tale in its completeness; links are lost
Of the strong chain of evil—wrong on wrong,
Of the stronger chain of love, redeeming wrong,
And bringing peace at last.
For it was so,
That when these papers came into my hands—
Strange stories whisper'd on the field of death;
And secrets half revealed of fear, and hope;
And messages of love, but faintly heard,
To be delivered if the parchèd lips
Should speak no more—I sealed them, till the days
Should come when I might read them with dry eyes

I was war correspondent at the time,
In the Crimea. Lilian was my friend;
And Gerald, too, my friend; and I knew all.
I wrote my record—sketching as I wrote—
Of the great fight at Alma, and the rest.
Then home again—for the guns ceased to speak,
And in their silence voices could be heard
That told of Peace. The soldier had made straight
The tangle left by statesmen in the lives
Of four great nations—and my task was done.

But when the insatiate Press—as strong, and blind,
As Polyphemus, ready to devour
But never caught asleep—was satisfied,
And the great story of the war was told,
A thousand lesser stories lay behind—
Of which this tale is one. For as a field
Of flowers is one, and every flower is one,
And he who paints the field does not paint each,
And he who paints the flower does not paint all,
So do I leave the field now, for the flower,
Lilian. I take each fragment as it lies,
In the old folio. Here and there a word,
Where links are broken, and the story told.

BY THE SEASIDE

And then they sang—not as some singers sing
  Songs made by strangers from a printed sheet.
They sang as sings the missel-thrush in spring,
  Because their hearts were young, and life was sweet:
And Lilian first, who always led the way,
  This is the song she sang:

> The sea! the sea! it is the sea!
> And what is that to thee or me
> That I should sing of it to thee?
>
> It is the sea where sails a ship:
> I saw it on the horizon dip—
> His kiss still sweet upon my lip.
>
> I stand again upon the shore;
> It is the sea that shall restore
> My love to me to part no more.

The sunshine lay
Upon the far horizon—in a long,
  Long stream of glory, and the summer's day
Was golden—Phillis answered Lilian's song.
Hers was the voice the Village Blacksmith hears,
  His daughter's—yet her mother's—when his eyes
Are for a little moment wet with tears,
  And open stand the gates of Paradise:
So Phillis answered, with a voice as true,
  And sweet as Lilian's.

There is no sound on sea or land,
Save rippling waves upon the strand,
And children playing on the sand.

Hark! 'tis a signal, far away—
The children hear it as they play,
And turn to gaze across the bay.

A ship! with white sails proudly set!
I know not why my eyes are wet:
Not yet, my love! my love, not yet!

What should both girls do,
But sing together now? the clouds that rise
Threaten not yet the ethereal vault of blue—
Hide not the path of light from their glad eyes.

O sea! O sea! A path of light
Leads o'er thy waves by day and night,
To what I know not of delight.

The sea hath flowers like cups of gold;
Waves—white as fleecy flocks in fold;
The sea hath storm-waves dark and cold.

Keep to thyself thy storms, O sea!
Thy flowers shall for the children be;
Thy path of light for thee and me.

Thus sang they, and the days passed, and each life
Was wrought into the other, and grew strong:
A threefold story—sister, lover, wife—
Not yet all told—but sweet as their own song.

SWEET-BRIER FARM

Another Fragment

Now at last, her journey ended,
  There was Sweet-brier Farm once more;
Sweet-brier Farm where she intended
  To creep softly through the door
  And to hide her shame once more.

Sweet-brier Farm—but ah! too late.
  All her little strength now failed her:
  All her misery assailed her.
Jenny had reached home too late;
Jenny fainted at the gate.

Then a strange thing. As she lay there,
  To the gate a soldier strode;
Strode as if he knew his way there,
  Saw her lying in the road:
Had compassion as she lay there.

Something in the stricken creature,
  Some resemblance hard to trace,
Something in her form and feature,
  Something of her sister's grace
  Made him stoop to see her face.

Nothing but an act of kindness;
  Nothing but a golden curl;
Yet he felt a sudden blindness.
  And he trembled like a girl—
  Trembled at a golden curl.

"O my love, my light, my life!
  How can thus my soul be shaken?
Sweetheart, soon to be my wife,
  How can this poor child, forsaken,
  Touch me to my inmost life.

"For the sake of one I love,
  In Thy name, O God, Who hearest,
  I will take her to my dearest,
Carrion crow, or spotless dove,
I will take her to my love."

In his great strong arms he bore her,
  Straight to Phillis—whose kind eyes,
  Met him with a glad surprise;
Laid his burden down before her,
  Knew not why tears filled her eyes.

. . . . . .

Through long days of pain and fever
  Phillis watch'd with tender care;
Never did she fail or leave her,
Shrinking from the breath of fever,
  Pining for the pleasant air.

Once, at night, when rain was falling,
  Phillis heard a sudden cry;
  Heard her sister's feeble cry;
Jenny through the darkness calling,
  "Dear, forgive me, or I die."

Then the sufferer's eye grew brighter,
  And the rose came to her cheek;
And the watcher's heart grew lighter,
  As she heard her sister speak,
  Though in accents low and weak.

"Phillis"—Jenny paused, and then—
"Phillis, I have learned the moral;
Phillis—bend your head again:
Rosy cheeks and lips of coral
Should be kept for honest men."

Here the simple story closes,
Heavy were the autumn rains,
Sweet-brier Farm has lost its roses,
Shattered by the heavy rains,
But its Rose, its Rose, remains.

LANDMARKS IN ART

John Martin and David Cox

A fine picture, finely understood, is an incentive to fine action, both of heart and brain. For the life work of an artist differs from that of most men, in that it contains less of himself and more of other people. He is not only an actor, but the interpreter of high thoughts and noble deeds. No doubt his hopes, and fears, and pleasures are the same as ours, just as sorrow, and loss, and disappointment are common to us all. But to the artist they come touched with the sense of a dual existence. He lives in his works, not only after he is dead, but from day to day, and youth to age, as he dreams dreams, which for others are only dreams, but to him are living realities.

The Deluge. By John Martin. "Après moi le Deluge" is an old saying attributed to a French King. But the King of France, Louis Philippe, was too impatient to wait. He called for "The Deluge" at once. Moreover the French Academy did the best thing they could to gratify his desire by presenting to him an engraving of that picture.

There is nothing more pathetic than the story of an artist's life, save perhaps the history of his

works. What has become of those beautiful creations of the sculptor's art, the Mercy Seat, and the Ark of the Covenant? "See, saith the Lord, I have called Bezaleel by name, and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom and understanding, to devise cunning works. And Bezaleel made two cherubims of gold, and the cherubims spread out their wings on high, and covered over with their wings the Mercy Seat, with their faces one towards another." What, again, has become of the Pallas Athene made by Phidias for the Parthenon at the desire of Pericles? It was of ivory and gold, and measured more than the height of six Greek soldiers. For innocently carving his name on that statue, the work of his own hands, Phidias was accused of blasphemy and banished from Athens. Where is the ivory and gold now? And what has happened to the missing piece of Tapestry, designed by Raphael for the Sistine Chapel? Burned! Burnt up for the sake of the golden threads with which it was interwoven.

Gold, gold, gold! Is it only a coincidence? Or is it an illustration of cause and effect. The cherubims of Bezaleel, the Minerva of Phidias, the designs of Raphael, were all wrought, more or less, of gold. That may account for their disappearance. But John Martin's pictures were not wrought in gold, and yet they are as much lost to the nation as the works of the Hebrew and Greek and Italian Artists I have named. Can the nation afford it? Can we afford to make away with any of the Landmarks of Art?

This is not a light question to ask. I know that fashions change—that the Art of one period does not satisfy the tastes of another period. But that is all the more reason for taking care to remember. That Martin's pictures were a great force in the early years of the nineteenth century, is not to be denied. That they appealed to men of high mental culture is equally certain. Bulwer Lytton acclaimed him one of the greatest geniuses of all time—"more original, more self-dependent, than Raphael or Michael Angelo." This may be exaggeration—but it has to be considered, if we would understand the Landmarks of Art in our own country.

John Martin was born in Northumberland in 1789, and at a very early age gave evidence of his imaginative genius. He began his art work with heraldry. From this he passed to the enamelling of glass, maintaining himself by hard work during the day, and educating himself by long hours of study at night. He had not to wait long, however, for his reward. Sir Benjamin West, the then President of the Royal Academy, received him with gracious courtesy. He was appointed historical painter to the Princess Charlotte. The King of France had a special medal struck in his honour. The Academy of Belgium elected him a member. The King gave him the Order of Leopold. In England, at the British Institution, prize after prize fell to his pictures. Only to recall the titles of his paintings is to conjure up a procession of apocalyptic splendours. Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still—The

Fall of Babylon—Belshazzar's Feast—The Destruction of Herculaneum—The Seventh Plague—The Fall of Nineveh—The Deluge—The Last Judgment—The Plains of Heaven—The Day of His Wrath. These are great subjects, and perhaps, since Michael Angelo startled Rome with his *Dies Iræ*, in the Sistine Chapel, no painter has ever so arrested the attention of a nation.

I am not now considering what I like or dislike. When Martin was engaged upon his first picture, Turner was painting his "Crossing the Brook." When Martin was finishing his last picture, Millais was beginning his "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop." I may prefer the Millais, or the Turner. That is not the question. My point is that *no Landmark in Art should be allowed to disappear.* Why have we no example of Martin's art in our National collection? Is imagination so poor a thing or so common—that we can safely cast it aside? John Martin, as a painter, may have been deficient in technique, but if man does not live by bread alone, neither does Art live by methods of painting. He died in 1854, stricken by paralysis. It remains for us to do justice to his genius.

Look once more at this picture of the Deluge. The foundations of the deep are broken up. How the storm drives! How the windows of Heaven fly open! How the floods lift up their waves, as the doomed lift up their hands! He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn. He shall send out His lightnings. Look at the great sweep of line, from left to right,

SIENA CATHEDRAL

with rythmic curves which answer to each other. And in the midst—

> Lo! what think you? suddenly
> The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
> Received at once the full fruition
> Of the consummate apparition.
> The black cloud-barricade was riven,
> Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
> Deep in the West; while, bare and breathless,
> North, and South, and East, lay ready
> For a glorious thing, that dauntless, deathless,
> Sprang across them and stood steady,
> Rapture dying along its verge.
> Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge—
> Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
> On to the keystone of that arc?

What more shall I say? Has not Robert Browning said all that can be said? He must have been looking at John Martin's picture.

In travelling through a beautiful country it is not the end of the journey alone that has to be kept in view—the landmarks one has left behind are not to be forgotten. Venice and Rome would not be so much to us as they are if we had not passed Milan, and Pisa, and Florence, and Verona, and Siena on our way. It is so in the world of Art. To the young painters of the twentieth century the aspect of affairs is not quite the same as it appeared to the old travellers of the nineteenth. When I entered the studio, Millais was unknown, David Cox was a humble drawing-master earning his living by teaching young ladies, and Turner

exhibition; but the treatment he received there appears to have been still more unfavourable. His pictures were again and again rejected. Thus he wrote, "I suppose David knows that my picture is rejected at the Institution," and again, "I am sure there must be worse there." His friend, who resented so deeply his disappointment at Suffolk Street, was equally indignant with the Hanging Committee of Pall Mall. But the advice "to send no more" was not so easy of application; it would simply have had the effect, as we shall see presently, of shutting out from every exhibition in London the paintings of one of the greatest of England's landscapists. As for the painter himself—generous, courageous, large-hearted—he was content to say, in the sweet humour so characteristic of him, "I begin to feel quite furious, and therefore hope to succeed much better." Nevertheless, we do not wonder, when we read a little further on, that he did not send much more to the British Institution.

Of course there remained the Academy—a Society greater than them all—and to the Academy David Cox turned. He had, indeed, for years sent there without success; but his letters written about this time are full of the subject, and many of his finest works are described in them as having been painted expressly for the Academy. In 1844 he sent two pictures. In 1845 he wrote to his son, "I am finishing one (kit-cat size), which you saw (mountain, rather dark), which I intend for the Royal Academy." In 1846, "I have begun a large oil-picture, 4½

feet by 3. I hope to get it finished for the Royal Academy." Yes, David Cox knew the Royal Academy. Elect from the flower of the land, *it* could make no mistake—*it* could at least discern where honour was due in Art. And so we read, year after year, the record of his plans and hopes over the paintings he sent there. But the Royal Academy did not know David Cox. We search his life in vain for a single instance in which a picture of his found a place upon its walls—until he died: and then they held an exhibition of his collected works.

What does this mean? These men—who could not find a place upon their walls for the works of David Cox—were they simply incompetent to judge of the merits of a landscape? To name them only is sufficient answer to such a suggestion. Holland and Pyne, Linnell, Stanfield and Turner—these are the men against whom the charge of incompetency would have to lie, since they were the leading landscapists in these Societies. Did they, then, knowing what was right, deliberately choose the wrong, abusing their trust by uniting in the worst spirit of trades-unionism to punish, as a professional rival, one who was a member of a Society in which they had no interest? I cannot believe it. No one can believe it who knows anything of the inner working of Societies like these—the care that is needed to secure a good exhibition, season after season, or the strength of generous sentiment that tramples down the frailty of individual jealousies. There is no vice more rare in the studio than that of envious detraction. The painter, busy with his

of the Press were all too late in their discovery of his transcendent genius, to do more than crown his head with laurels, a little while before it was time for him to lay it down for his last sleep beneath the turf of the village churchyard, steeped in the sunshine or shadowed by the clouds that he had loved to paint.

Let us pass to the grand, the final, the monetary test. It is notorious that the British public did not understand his pictures, and would not buy them. A few indeed of his friends bought them for a few shillings or a few pounds—and hastily sold them again the moment their market value increased, not guessing that the increase was the incoming of a tide that should sweep away all the old landmarks of the Societies' catalogues, or the picture-dealers' price-lists. Many of his choicest works hung through the season without finding a purchaser, or were taken reluctantly as Art Union prizes. The sale of a picture for £20 was to him an event. In 1846 he wrote: "You must know that with the sales of my drawings" (he exhibited twelve that year at the Water-Colour Society), "my July dividends, and the sale of my 'Green Lane,' altogether make me able to buy £200 stock." Did he write this in irony? Read a little further: "The parting with the 'Green Lane' was the most unpleasant part of the transaction, but I hope to do better things some day." Thus we come at last to his own judgment upon his own works. He had sold them by the score for a few shillings each. He had given them as presents to children, and had been troubled to find

they were not deemed gay enough in colour. He had exchanged them with a brother artist for a tube of colour worth sixpence; with a colourman for half-a-dozen canvases; with a frame-maker in payment for the trouble of mounting a drawing. And yet he knew, as no one else knew, that what he had done was right, was right as no one else's work was right. But this knowledge was mixed with such tender humility. Standing before one of his own works, he had been heard to say softly, "Not so bad, David, not so bad." And in the letter I have last quoted, after summing up the mighty product of £200, he adds: "The parting with the 'Green Lane' was the most unpleasant part of the transaction." He did not like parting with the "Green Lane." He hoped to do better things some day. That is to say, he had eyes to see and a heart to love. His pictures are indeed, after the pattern of his life, a singular blending of truth, modesty, courage, tenderness, and depth of feeling. He did not like parting with the "Green Lane," not through conceit in his own work, but because it was a reflex of the light upon a face which he had seen, an echo of a voice which he had heard. He hoped to do better things some day. And so he parted with the "Green Lane," as one is content to turn from the likeness of a friend when one hears his footstep at the door.

How clear the Landmark stands out against the sunset of his life. But for ourselves! We turn from the life of this great painter—its difficulties,

own dreams, may fail to see the splendours after which other men are striving; but, seeing them, he never fails to give them the tribute of his honour. No one can be so wide of the mark as the man who fancies that his pictures are rejected lest they should outshine inferior work. But let us look a little closer into this matter. David Cox was a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. For more than a quarter of a century he had been a constant exhibitor. The Society had no choice but to hang his drawings, whether they liked them or not; but still we can judge a little of the estimation in which his works were held, by the position given to them in the exhibitions. In 1845 he wrote: "'The Garden Terrace, Haddon,' is on the row above the line; 'Kenilworth' up quite at the top, consequently only a bold sketch, and I have put prices accordingly; 'Knaresborough' is in the next place; 'Brough' next. My 'Haddon' is my best work. If it could have been hung upon the floor it would have had the light falling upon it, and would have looked—I was going to say—beautiful." It seems strange now to think of this man mildly suggesting that his best work might be placed upon the floor!

In 1853 David Cox wrote again: "The Committee forget they are the work of the mind. I certainly said I would remain with them as long as I am able to paint for them; but perhaps I may not live to paint any more, and if I should be spared, I think I shall not be able to contribute much." Thus it seems that only a promise, which to him was sacred, restrained him from withholding

his drawings from the Water-Colour Society, as he had withheld his paintings from the Society of British Artists. And yet, in this case at least, there arises no question of professional rivalry; while De Wint and Cattermole and the others who were leading men in the Society, and of whose works David Cox himself speaks with generous warmth, were surely men of some judgment and knowledge of Art. What, then, does it mean?

Does it mean that there are no Landmarks in Art, or that the artists are a "bad lot" altogether? Then let us turn to the critics. *They* know everything, and are they not agreed that David Cox was a great painter? They are agreed—but since how long? In 1847—a few years only, that is, before he laid down his pencil for the last time—he wrote to a friend describing what he had done to his drawings during the few days usually allowed to a Member of a Society while the catalogue is being prepared: "The members were very anxious I should do but little—do nothing, indeed—to my 'Bolton Abbey,' which they all seem to agree is the very best drawing I have ever made; and they have used the most expressive words of praise I have ever received. I do not expect the newspapers will have the same feeling." So that, however slow his brother painters may have been in learning the lesson he was teaching them, they *did* learn it, from the master himself, without waiting for the intervention of the critics. It would be an endless as well as a graceless task to cite from the reams of newspaper articles in which he was assailed. It is sufficiently known that the writers

historic and *histrionic* painting. If we turn to any Encyclopædia or Dictionary of Artists, we shall find that painters are divided into Schools. They are called figure painters, or landscape painters, or painters of still life. The figure painters are again divided into separate groups, some painting portraits, some genre, and others historical subjects. Then follows the popular assumption that the painter of historical subjects is a painter of History. The assumption calls for revision. I think it involves a confusion of terms. It may be said that, if our ideas are clear and sound, it matters little what words we choose for their expression. And this is true, if our words are only for ourselves. If, however, we use them as current coin in the realm of Art, for the interchange of thought, it matters very much. In that case they should bear the stamp of the realm—and the stamp of the realm is truth.

Now look at the first of these two pictures. It is Turner's great painting of "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," and hangs in the National Gallery. The incident is taken from the ninth book of the Odyssey, where Ulysses recounts his adventures in the land of the Cyclops. The land of the Cyclops is Sicily, where the dreadful Etna threatens its visitors—much as naughty boys threaten strangers—by throwing stones. The Cyclops are believed to have only one eye. That indeed is the meaning of the word in Greek. This peculiarity arises from their custom of wearing shields over their faces, corresponding with the vizors of our knights in the days of chivalry,

but with only one aperture in the middle through which to peep at the enemy. Of these Sicilian gentlemen, Polyphemus was king—and one day, catching a foreign prince, Ulysses, with half-a-dozen companions, on his Island, he proceeded to eat five of them, and to threaten Ulysses with dire destruction. But Ulysses was prepared for that sort of thing. He invited Polyphemus to drink; and when the king had taken a little too much, put out his eye, and escaped. That is the story, as Ulysses tells it to Alcinoüs and his Court. How finely it is translated by Pope!

> Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
> As far as human voice could reach the ear,
> With taunts the distant giant I accost.
> Hear me, O Cyclops hear! ungracious host!
> Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
> The god, the god revenges by my hands.
>
> These words the Cyclops' burning rage provoke;
> From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
> High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
> And near the ship came thundering on the flood,
> It almost brush'd the helm.

Now compare this with Turner's picture. The poem is a drama recited in our ears; the picture is the same drama acted before us in dumb show. But the reciter speaks as one whose eyes are filled with visions of beauty or terror, and the actor's face is a revelation of his voiceless passion.

Is not the motive the same, then, in each? By no means. In the poem it arises in the narrative,

and springs to the event. Will the huge rock, hurled by the Cyclops, sink Ulysses' ship? In the painting it is purely æsthetic, and asks for no event beyond the perfect correlation of light and darkness and colour in a splendid sunset.

But now turn from this picture of Ulysses' ship to one that hangs side by side with it, "The Fighting Téméraire Tugged to her Last Berth." The motive, so far as Art is concerned, is the same in the two pictures—it is æsthetic, it is the correlation of light and darkness and colour in a splendid sunset. But there is something in the picture of the "Téméraire" which we do not discover in the "Ulysses"—and which goes far beyond it—something not founded on imagination, or tradition, or research. It is the witness of an epoch in our national life—of the passing away of the old order, and the bringing in of the new. While the picture of Ulysses' ship is only a historical painting, the picture of the "Téméraire" is Historic Art.

I know that these definitions are somewhat defiant of the old traditions, which lay down that "Historical painting is that highest branch of the art which can embody a story in a picture, and invest it with the warmth of poetry," and that "histrionism" is "stage-playing." But I am not afraid of breaking away from old traditions, if by so doing I can give to the terms in which my subject must be stated, clearer and truer values. I say, then, that History is the living soul of the past, while Art is its visible incarnation. When Art, abandoning its higher function of speaking with original, independent, undivided authority from

one age to another, accepts the humbler rôle of emphasizing or illustrating the speech of the historian, it ceases to be historic, it ceases to be a living voice—it becomes only the echo of a voice. Art thus related to History, of which the "Ulysses" is a magnificent example, is really not historic—it is histrionic Art. But when Art becomes the record of a nation's life—when it brings us face to face with generations which have passed away—when it makes us laugh with them, and weep with them, and think their thoughts—then, whether it be landscape or figure, painting or architecture, sculpture or the drama, tragedy or comedy—before all things and above all things it is Historic Art. And this is true of the "Fighting Téméraire."

Consider for a moment how all this affects our view of one of the vexed questions of the day, viz. the use of Art for the purpose of story-telling. In the *Quarterly Review* a distinguished writer attempts to define the faith of the Impressionists. He says that they came to destroy the evil ascendency of Millais, which had "overwhelmed Art in a flood of common-place sentiment and obvious narrative." He says that Whistler, in his earlier works, committed the same faults as the wretched men who had preceded him—that he gave to his objects solid relief, enveloped them in a warm atmosphere, allowed his figures to live as if capable of motion and tender human feeling—but that in the end his conscience as an artist led him, as a point of honour, to make things unpleasant to the mass of mankind. Real beauty he held to be medicinal, and he protested against

diluting the drug with sugar and water to render it palatable. I do not accept this as a true definition either of Whistler's faith, or of the faith of the Impressionists. Whistler's banter has been taken too seriously—and the higher aims of Impressionism have been lost sight of altogether. But, if it be true, it is the last confession of a dying school. It is the frank avowal that Art is at its best neurotic—that it can reach the nerves and set them in commotion—but that it has nothing to do with heart or brain. If this be so there are no more any Landmarks in Art for us to care about —we are only on a mud-bank.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, R.B.A.

Love Locked Out. One of the loveliest of the Landmarks in the realms of Art has been discovered within the lifetime of most of us. I mean the formal, authoritative recognition of the fact that women can paint pictures. It seems strange that the men of our generation should have been so slow to find it out. But they can at least plead in excuse that they were the first to open their eyes to the corollary of the tradition that the Muses were only a pack of schoolgirls. The great painters of the Renascence do not seem to have been aware of it. In Sir Edward Poynter's history of Classic and Italian painting a few names begin with a promise of better things, Rosa—and Polly—and Margaret—but the promise is only to the ear; the three names lapse into masculine terminations, and we find with regret

that they stand for Salvator, Polygnotus, and Margaritone. Perhaps the women have themselves been a little to blame—in raising the question whether the most beautiful of the creations of God should go out of their way to improve the loveliness of the world—when they are in themselves all-sufficient. I do not know. I can only be glad that the discovery has been made not too late for me to have seen the painting by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, of "Love Locked Out."

But is *discovery* the right word? Should it not rather be *re-discovery?* In the old days of classic story the monastic seclusion of the studio was unknown. Indeed, the very first studio of which we have any record was that of a woman—Arachne, the Mæonian maid. Ovid tells the story in his Metamorphoses. Arachne had painted too well to please the authorities. At that time "the authorities" did not mean the Royal Academy, they meant Minerva. Now goddesses do not like to play second fiddle, and Minerva paid a visit to Arachne's studio to see what it was all about. She went in disguise, as an old woman, hobbling on a staff.

"Are you Arachne?" says the old lady.

"Yes. I am Arachne," says the Mæonian maid.

"And you call yourself an Artist!" says the visitor.

"Yes. I am an Artist," says Arachne, proudly.

"Oh, but," says the old woman—anticipating the art critics of to-day—"Oh, but this is very poor stuff you are painting—Minerva can paint better than that."

"Then let her do so," says Arachne, "and the world will be all the better for it."

"Ah," says the old impostor, "but goddesses don't sell their pictures as you do."

"Perhaps," said Arachne, thoughtfully, "perhaps there is nobody to buy 'em."

One perceives that the conversation is getting a little warm—but Minerva was not to be turned from her purpose.

"Where were you born?" was her next question.

"I was born in Hypæpæ," replied Arachne, "but I am renowned for my painting, not for my place of birth."

"But," said the goddess, "Hypæpæ is not the right place to be born in—not for an Artist."

What could poor Arachne answer to this? She had been born on the banks of the Caystris, where there were only swans to make the scene beautiful. She should have been born on the Pactolus, where even the sands are of gold, if touched by its waters. Minerva had her there.

"Madam," she exclaimed, "you are bereft of understanding. It is your misfortune to have lived too long. You talk as if you were Minerva herself."

At this the goddess rose to her full height, cast away her disguise, and stood revealed—in the midst of Arachne's studio—with the thunderbolts of Jupiter in her hand. And what did Arachne do? Without a moment's hesitation she challenged Minerva to a contest as to who should then and there paint the best picture. Ovid tells us that

the challenge was accepted, and that Arachne's was the better of the two.

The truth is, that if God only can do God's work, men can do men's—and women can do women's. To-day is Sunday. To-morrow we begin again the round of daily labour. Does it not occur to us that Eve came to Paradise on a Saturday, the sixth day, when work was ended—just in time for God's Sabbath, that is, for a day of perfect rest. Now, as surely as rest follows labour, so labour follows rest. No doubt Eve began her duties on the Monday morning. For when the Creator saw all that He had made, and pronounced it very good, He did not mean that there was nothing remaining for man to do—or for woman. All the strength implied in the word manhood—all the sweetness implied in the word womanhood—stand requisitioned by Him for the working out of His divine purpose. The Art which excludes women from its schools will surely perish—as surely as "He that shuts Love out in turn shall be from Love shut out, and on her threshold lie—howling in outer darkness."

Perhaps that may explain to us the fact that Classic and Mediæval Art *have* perished. In the meantime the sequel of Ovid's story is worthy of note. When the ladies had compared their paintings, and Minerva—who was not a fool—knew that she had been defeated, she lost her temper, and seizing a heavy mahl-stick, beat Arachne violently over the head and face. Note, also, the

difference between the action of the old authorities and the new. When our Mrs. Merritt had completed her picture of "Love Locked Out" she was not beaten over the head with a mahl-stick. She simply sent it to the Royal Academy, and the authorities, recognizing it as a work of genius, purchased it through the Chantrey Bequest, thus adding a new loveliness to the National Collection.

Guido Reni

Aurora. I have always thought that Aurora was rather a naughty girl. At any rate she was troublesome—calling us so early in the morning. Besides, she was a little uncertain in her temper. I am sure that her brother, the Sun, and her sister, the Moon, must have had a hard time of it, to say nothing of Hyperion, her father—with whom she appears to have been scarcely on speaking terms. Even when she drove out in Apollo's carriage—though some say she had horses and a chariot of her own—it was arranged that she should have it all to herself. If she chanced to pass Phœbus on the way she would hastily alight, before he sprang into her seat and took the reins.

But in this picture Aurora is seen at her best. She has quitted the chariot without assuming a fit of the sulks. Her brother has taken her place, while she herself leads the dance of the Hours, as they all climb the arch of heaven together. As Guido paints seven of these Hours, with clasped hands, surrounding the bright god, I suppose he meant that the sun rises at seven o'clock. This

seems a little late in the day, does it not? But then the picture was painted late in the day. Guido Reni was born, as Minerva said to Arachne, at the wrong time. He was born in 1576, with the Eclectics of the Decadence, whereas he should have been born a hundred years before that, with Correggio of the Renascence. What could you expect of a painter living a century after the "golden age"? One thing, however, is certain. Guido has painted a very fine picture. Original in conception, graceful without affectation, and full of life and movement.

The "Aurora" is then one of the Landmarks of Art. It is painted by the old method of fresco—of which we in England can see so little, because of our changeable climate—as one of the mural decorations of the Palace of the Rospigliosi in Rome. There is a story told by Malvasia, which illustrates in a few words the characteristics of the painter. A patron of the Arts, much impressed by the grace of Reni's figures, questioned him as to the name of the woman by whose astonishing loveliness he had been inspired. "I will show you," replied Guido. Summoning the servitor who ground his colours, a huge, uncouth fellow with a look more like that of a demon than a man, he made him sit down, with his face turned upwards towards the light. Then taking a pencil he drew a Magdalen, in the same attitude, but with a face as lovely as that of an angel. His visitor attributed it to enchantment. "No, my dear Count," replied Guido. "If the beauty and

purity we seek for exist in the painter's mind, it matters very little what or who shall be his model."

How many are the devices of the poet and painter, in describing the passing of the night. Perhaps the loveliest of them all is the oldest. "The evening and the morning were the first day." That is not Classic, or Renascent, or Claudian—it is simply Impressionist. But if that is painting with too broad a touch, what shall we say of the familiar words—"When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy"? That is of another school, with more affinity to what we call the Romanticists. Finally we come upon this picture. "Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move. The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, and they haste them away together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening."

I will not define this school. But the school of painting which shall surpass it has yet to be invented.

When I was in Rome, and—climbing one of its Seven Hills, which Guido must so often have climbed—passed through the court of the Rospigliosi—worn by his footsteps—and stood before the "Aurora," I asked myself whether this Landmark in Art meant that we were in a valley or on the

mountain top? I do not care to answer the question. If a valley — then the next forward movement will be towards higher ground; if on the mountain top—then the range of vision will be wider. But of one thing I am sure. In passing from the painting of Aurora to the painting of the rising sun, Art did not lose, but gained immeasurably in its appeal to our hearts. There is this curious difference between Landscape and the Drama. If Cordelia is strangled, and Ophelia drowned, our compassion is awakened—but we do not suffer with them. We are *witnesses*, not *partakers*, of their sufferings. But in Landscape, if our passions are stirred, they are *our own* passions. When the Princess Ida says—

> Let some one sing to us: lightlier move
> The minutes fledged with music:—

and the little maiden sings the song of tears—

> Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer morns
> The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
> To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square—

Why was it a song of tears? Because it was a song of sunrise; and the sun rises not for Aurora, nor for Apollo, nor for the Princess Ida—but for us all.

That, however, is Landscape Art in Poetry—and the "Aurora" of the Rospigliosi is a painting. Well, it is all the same in Art as in Poetry. Reni lived to see the sunrise painted without the intervention of Aurora or Apollo. He had left his

native town, Bologna, for Rome, where, as a disciple of the Carracci, he worked for twenty years. Before he returned from Rome, Claude, still little more than a lad, was beginning to be known. By the time Guido died, in his old home —in 1642—Claude had turned Art out of the studio, into the fields. The "Aurora" is one of the last of the old Landmarks of the Renascence.

Claude Lorraine

Sunrise. When Claude painted this picture he thought that he was painting a sunrise. And so he was—but the light which flashed upon his canvas proved to be more than the breaking of another day. It heralded the dawn of Landscape Art. It was a new thing in Claude's time for an artist to paint the opening of the gates of day, without so much as inviting Aurora or Apollo to sit for their portraits. Everybody does it now. For all the landscape painter cares, now, the horses of Apollo's chariot might never be harnessed, and Aurora might wear the neatest of neat gloves upon her rosy fingers. It is a great change. How did it all come about?

The answer is to be found in the story of another Landmark in Art. The old road had become a little blocked. After the splendid "march" of the Renascence the question arose where we should go next. The army of progress became divided. Some were for harking back to the old ways. Some were content to keep what

they had won. Some were faint-hearted. Da Vinci, Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio had all passed away. The Catholics had burnt the Protestants, the Protestants had "iconoclasted" the saints—what was there left for the artist?

About this time, the year 1600, Claude Gellee was born, on the banks of the Moselle. It was the same year in which Shakespeare wrote his "Midsummer Night's Dream." I recall this coincidence, as it reminds us of the fresh morning air that so often comes with sunrise. The boy was of a reserved and thoughtful temperament, intensely affected by the sight of anything beautiful, but otherwise apparently dull, because he found no means for the expression of the one passion of his life. He was of humble parentage, counted a dunce at school, and taken thence to be apprenticed to a pastry-cook. But he was surrounded with scenes of great pastoral beauty—fine forests, rich meadows, watered by one of the loveliest of the rivers of France. He ran away. That is what Claude did.

He crossed the Alps. Poor and despised, he found his way to Rome. His manners were so untaught, and he was so ignorant of the language, that he found it difficult to obtain employment. At last a painter hired him to do his household drudgery, and to grind his colours. Well, here Claude's life begins. He who could not work in the school or in the shop can work very well now. His master taught him some of the rudiments of Art—what shall we expect him to paint?

He must realize his ideal of beauty in some form. To him it has been given to see and hear and feel through his eyes. The Divine Master did not inspire him to paint jam tarts and sugar-plums. He would scarcely care to paint the companions who had dubbed him dunce. He positively could not paint the great heroes in whose presence he had never stood, and of whose glorious deeds—being a dunce—he had never read. The skies, the rivers, the trees, these are his gods; these only have not thrust him from them, offended at his stupidity; these only have recognized in him the divine gift which his soul cherishes. How could it have been otherwise than that Claude should be a landscape painter?

The story is a simple one, but it is true. In looking at such a picture as this, do we often enough think of the travail of soul by which it was wrought? or of the debt we owe to the painter? It is three hundred years since France lost this son of hers to Italy. But the sweetness he has brought into our lives is not for Italy alone but for France, and for the world. The surprising thing is that Claude did not know that the picture was a sunrise—at least he did not realize that to be a sunrise was sufficient. He called it "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba." See, there she is!—coming down the steps of the palace. Not Solomon's palace — but one of Palladian architecture, familiar to the man in the street, when Claude lived in Rome. There is the ship in the offing—not a Tyrian galley, such as traded

with Egypt and the Isles and brought gold from Ophir — but a three-masted frigate — like the "Great Harry" itself. And look at Her Majesty's luggage! Two hair trunks! If that is her retinue, there is no wonder that the sight of Solomon's glory left no spirit in her. Of all the hard questions she asked the Wise King, none could be so difficult to answer as the question which faces us in looking at the picture—Why should it be called "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba"?

That is the use and value of Landmarks in Art—to show the painter how the land lies. Even Claude was a little confused, not knowing the full glory of landscape, in itself, and for itself. He led the way into the Land of Promise—but it was still only of promise. O that weary journey over Alsatian fields! O that climbing of the Alps! Child, child, hungry and footsore, where art thou leading us? O serene glory of the eternal hills! O first sight of the Italian plains! Claude, Claude, what if we follow thee? New splendours upon our path. The face of Aurora growing brighter until, behold, a sunrise! Diana no more stooping to kiss Endymion—but the moon fringing the dark forest with her silvery light. Apollo no more in his chariot—but a blaze of sunshine in the meridian sky. Ceres no more garlanded and drawn by oxen—but the oxen ploughing the cornfields, and bearing the harvest home.

Ford Madox Brown

Ford Madox Brown was a painter of more than ordinary daring and independence of thought. With English and Scotch blood running in his veins he found himself as a child surrounded with Continental ideas. He was born in Calais in 1821 —the very year in which Napoleon died—not so long, that is, after the great wars but that the pride of race and the sufferings and humiliations which come of pride must have coloured his conceptions of national and international life. His father held a commission in the navy, and had, perhaps, fought at Trafalgar; so that he must have heard stories told in his nursery that we should find it difficult to realize now. For at that time it was France, not Russia, that served us as "bogey"—the Czar was on our side. But what is more interesting is the fact that, within the space of a few years, quite a number of such lads were born who should grow up to be artists to the honour of England. George Frederick Watts, Frederick, Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir John Gilbert, George Mason were all children together at school. Not at the same school, indeed, for Madox Brown's school was on the other side of the Channel.

All schools, however, lead to the same end—if the scholar is a true man. In one sense it is true that the master makes the disciple; but in another sense, equally worth noting, it is the disciple that makes the master. This is specially true in Art. The greatest work of Ghirlandaio is Michael Angelo; of the Bellini, Titian; of Perugino,

Raphael; and in like manner the greatest achievement of Baron Wappers, of Antwerp, is that amongst his pupils may be counted Ford Madox Brown.

Both parents died before the young painter came of age; and in the prevailing melancholy which marks his choice of subjects for painting may be traced something of the peculiarity of his temperament. His pictures are never mere transcripts from nature, made for the sake of some beautiful form or lovely flash of light and colour. They are all that—but they are much more. The transcript he makes is of the soul. The flash of light he sees is the lightning flash of passion, which in Art carries with it life or death.

After his Belgian training he visited Paris and Rome; and it was not until he was about twenty-five years of age that he settled in England. I suppose that the great frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall must be accounted the chief work of his life. They represent, in eleven coloured pictures, the history of Manchester and its industries—from the founding of the Roman camp there, to the invention of "the flying-shuttle." But I have not space even to mention the many noble works he has achieved—some of them may be seen in the National Collection, in Manchester, in Liverpool, in Australia. One example must suffice to illustrate the splendour of his art, and the depths of his thought and feeling as a man.

It is the picture of Our Lord washing the feet of His disciples. To understand the incident we must realize the difference of climate and custom,

between our own day in England and the Orient of two thousand years ago. The feet were not then confined as they are now, as a protection from the cold and wet of the North. They were shod only with sandals; and after a long journey it was delightful to refresh them with water. The disciples had walked many miles that day. Peter and John had been sent before to prepare the Passover. Moreover, an incident had recently occurred, which must still have been fresh in their minds—Christ had been visiting at the house of a rich man. As He sat at meat a woman had entered the chamber, with an alabaster box of very precious ointment, which she brake, pouring it upon His head. And the disciples murmured—Has Christ become the Christ of the rich? We cannot give Him tribute like this.

We cannot give Him anything. Look at the beautiful head, bent to its lowly task. Whatever other men may have done with Christ, the artist has never driven Him out of the studio. The face, as Madox Brown has painted it, is taken direct from an old likeness in the Catacombs, painted over the grave of one of the first martyrs. Look at the gracious bearing of the Master, as He kneels before Peter—losing nothing of dignity even in this example of His great humility. Observe the sturdy face of the Apostle—impetuous, yet true to the heart's core. That also is from a portrait—an actual portrait, drawn while St. Peter was still living. See also the other disciples bending forward with wondering eyes.

One is loosening his sandals that he may be ready. Well, I am but an artist, not a preacher, or I should like to say with Peter: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands, and my head." Why should I hesitate to say it? Is it not precisely what Ford Madox Brown, who was an artist, has said in his picture? He died in 1893, but the picture is saying it still.

III

THE ARTIST AT SCHOOL

Italy revisited—St. Peter's—St. Mark's—The Cardinal's Letter—Artists in London—The King Castles—Pushing a Pawn—Against Odds—Choosing a Subject—The Artist at School—Conflicting Views—Killed in good Company—Milan—Its Space, Height, Forestry, Winding Paths, Jewellery


Wyke Bayliss

THE ARTIST AT SCHOOL

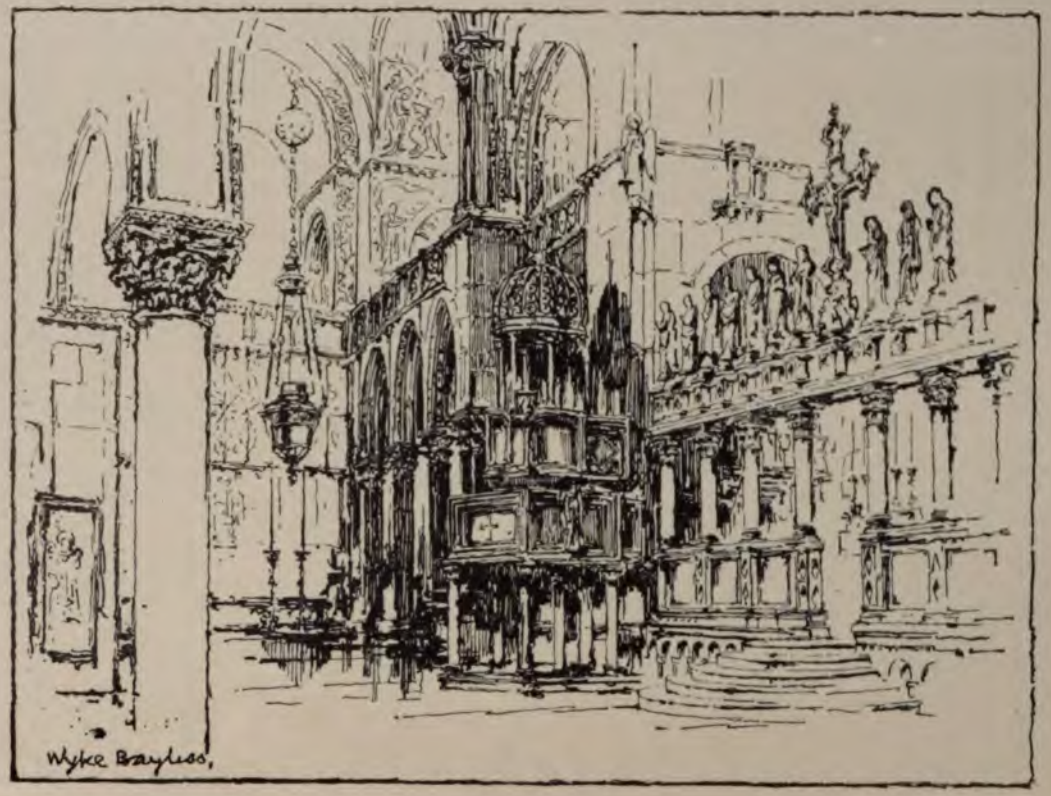
THE charter of the Royal Society of British Artists directs that the election of officers shall take place in June, and that those elected shall take office in December. When, therefore, in 1888, I was chosen as President there lay before me five months, during which Mr. Whistler would still occupy the chair. And as I differed from him as to the policy which should guide the action of the Society, I determined to refrain from attending the meetings of the Council, feeling that the worst thing which could befall the Society would be to suffer from divided counsels. I went to Italy, revisiting many of the Cathedrals which had been my delight from my childhood. Rome and Venice filled my eyes with beauty and my heart with gladness. St. Peter's with its memories of Angelo and Raphael. St. Mark's with its mosaics designed by Titian — Parma with its dome of angels—Correggio's angels—the dark aisles of Milan, under whose shadow Leonardo made his home. Orvieto and Perugia, each safe upon a rock of its own, laughing at each other—they used to fight—across the country. Siena with its streets locked together by arches, like men reeling home from a debauch with clasped hands, lest the earthquake should shake them to the ground. Florence,

all too lovely to describe, and Pisa, and all the rest. Here are two faint outlines of the work and thought which filled my season. They are made with my pen, for during the long hours it takes to paint a great Cathedral one's imagination does not lie idle. I talked to St. Peter's, and St. Peter's talked to me. This is what it said—

Angelo built me in this city of Rome;
Laid the cross low upon the earth, and hung
A dome above it—like that mightier dome
Where sang the angels when the world was young,
And the Creator loved it. Now it is old,
And the Redeemer loves it, and has thus,
Creator and Redeemer of the fold,
Stretched out His arms upon the cross for us.

So Angelo built me, with the golden rod
Of the "Seventh Angel," who, in Paradise,
Measured the walls of the new city of God.
Angel or Angelo—for in that blest place
Angels and men see God with equal eyes,
And all His servants serve Him face to face.

And this reminds me that I am a Protestant of the Protestants! Religion never appeals to me through ritual. Ritual always seems to me to be Art—Art, as distinct from Religion. If I were arranging the worship of Christendom I should not include Cathedral Churches, or chapels, or Parish Churches, or Little Bethels in my ecclesiastical scheme. To me the words—"the time


Wyke Bayliss,

cometh when neither in this place nor in Jerusalem shall the Father be worshipped"—have a wider meaning than is usually attributed to them. Worship I think should begin at home; then friends should join each other: then if their rooms were too small they should hire the neighbouring lecture hall, or obtain leave to meet in the Board School or Town Hall. And yet I give my life to painting Cathedrals, and delight in the dim arches, and long-drawn aisles, and groined roof, and mosaics of jasper, and *lapis lazuli*, and gold. To-day I have finished an interior of St. Mark's, Venice.

Do I understand it? I will put it to the test. Here are the thoughts which filled my heart as I stood on its magic pavement, and carried home with me to my studio, and wrought into words while through long months I watched the picture grow under my hands.

From Christ who sits upon the great white throne,
  To Christ in the little shrine where pilgrims kneel,
It is Christ first, Christ last, and Christ alone:
  The Dragon writhes beneath His bruisèd heel;
  The Mother holds the young God in mute appeal
For worship—veiled with incense, lost in light,
  Drowned in sweet music—till the mystic seal
Is broken, and there is silence in God's sight.

This is none other than the House of God,
  This is the gate of Heaven. The Apostles stand
With Mary and Mark, Christ in their midst, to greet
  Those who will enter. Come—with naked feet—
Fearless—while yet the golden measuring rod,
  And not the sword, is in the angel's hand.

I sent these lines to my friend Cardinal Manning, asking him to tell me frankly whether they expressed the passion of San Marco to him, as a Catholic, as the picture expressed to me, as an artist, its architectural construction. He replied that it did. He wrote: "If your picture—which I have not yet seen—is as beautiful as your inscription, it will be very successful. But I would suggest one change. The expression 'young God,' though capable of a right meaning, is more easily suggestive of an erroneous corruption. 'The Mother and Child' is the Christian and Catholic phrase of universal acceptance." I should like to transcribe many passages from the Cardinal's letters; they are full of interest. He says: "I cannot draw a line, and for sixty years I have never written a verse. But Art and Poetry—outside of the sacred science—are my refreshment. Ruskin began with visible nature, but he has gone up to the unseen beauty of the higher world of reality and of Art. It was not Dante that made the Paradiso. It was the Paradiso that made Dante. I lament over our Art. Its highest range is a portrait. A portrait may be a great work, if the artist has a mind, and can read character. But few have. Our world of beauty is limited to man, and the horizon. The Cathedrals point to a higher, but it needs a higher intuition to see it."

The Cardinal's letter reached me just as I was leaving home for the anniversary dinner of the

A. G. B. I., and I read it in golden twilight as I passed his house at Westminster on my way to the Hotel Métropole. The letter contained another passage to which I do not now refer, because it does not touch the question to which my thoughts were addressed. I may perhaps deal with it a little later. At the hotel were gathered nearly two hundred artists, including nearly every painter and sculptor and architect of distinction, with many visitors besides, resident in London. There were Leighton, and Millais, and Sargent, and Herkomer, and Ouless, painters of portraits. There were David Murray, and Ernest Waterlow, and Alfred East, painters of landscape. Landscape-painters and portrait-painters — portrait-painters and landscape-painters: the Cardinal's words seemed true. The Art represented at our table was limited to man, and the horizon. I doubt if there was one amongst my hundred friends—for I think I could count a hundred of them as my friends—who ever gave a serious thought to a Cathedral interior as the subject for a picture. But we were all agreed upon one thing—the very thing, happily, for which we were there together—and that was to give loyal support to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, in its wonderful work of charity. The Marquis of Lorne pleaded the merits of the Institution, and Lord Leighton responded for the Academy. It fell to my lot to reply for the Royal Society of British Artists and other Societies connected with the Fine Arts.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution, May 9, 1891. *The Marquis of Lorne in the chair.*

My Lord,—it seems a happy arrangement that once at least every year so many artists, representing so many interests, should meet together for a common purpose, in which even the friendly rivalries of the Studio, or the Society, shall take no part. However we may be opposing forces at other times and in other places, we are to-night, at this table, like the white men in a game of chess, all on one side.

And there is another reason, my Lord, why we are like the white pieces in a game of chess; and that is, that we are all fighting against the black pieces. The black pieces against which we are fighting are sickness, and poverty, and death. They come in different order; but they are always the same enemy. Sometimes poverty leads the way, and sickness follows. Sometimes sickness is in the van, followed by poverty. But, however they come, the Artists' General Benevolent Institution does its level best against them.

My Lord, this simile of a game of chess contains in it more than would at first sight appear. We are playing the game to-night. The many white squares of these tables, with their interstices of shadow, are the board, and it is your hand that moves the pieces. Many moves have already been made. The King has castled in safety—that is to say, the loyal toasts have been duly honoured. The Queen has taken up a strong position, as represented by her prime minister in Art, Sir

Frederick Leighton—for you know in the game of chess the Queen is only a modern name for the prime minister. At least one of the knights, Sir James Linton, has skipped about the board in his usual lively fashion, and if no bishop has actually appeared upon the scene, we have at any rate paid our tribute to orthodoxy by singing grace.

And now, my Lord, in calling upon me you have pushed a pawn. In the name of all the pawns I thank you; observing only that the one particular characteristic of the pawn, in which it differs from the other pieces, is that it never retreats, never turns aside, except to make a capture, and that it ends its career by honourable promotion.

The simile might end here but for one consideration. When you look on at a game of chess, you always perceive that as the game progresses some of the pieces disappear from the board, and are pushed back into the box to take no more part in the game. It is so with us: the victory comes to some of us, but not to all. Many of our comrades fall in the struggle, which grows keener and harder every year, and we meet to-night to see what we can do to succour them. Here my simile really does end, for I never heard that chess men, when taken and put back into the box, leave widows and children to suffer for their fall or to lament their loss. But our comrades do, and I ask you to remember that in the battle we fight against such odds, we fight not for barren victory, but for the love of God and for our own flesh and blood; and that so far as our festival dinner to-night is concerned, our work begins when our game ends.

I have already described two or three of my Cathedral interiors, and the *motif* underlying my work. To-day I am selecting another subject for a painting. I might spare myself the trouble. It is not I that shall control the subject, it is the subject that will control me. I find that I am in love—with Milan Cathedral. When a young man sets out in life thinking that he will choose a beautiful woman to be his wife, it happens not seldom that the beautiful woman chooses him, and it is he who becomes the capture—to the light of her eyes. It is so with me. I say to myself I will paint a solemn vista, with a shrine in the distance, at which a solitary figure shall be seen, kneeling. The vista is painted, the shrine, the kneeling figure —and then, something in the composition, I know not what, calls for another figure, and the two for a third—just to balance it, you know; and after the third a fourth, and fifth, and sixth, till a procession is suggested, and after a little waiting it comes, through the chancel gates, and the nave is full of life, with lights glimmering in the choir, and incense climbing to the roof. How different the end from the beginning. Then comes another experience. I am impressed with the splendour of some great ceremonial. I make countless studies of singing men and boys, of fat priests, of acolytes, of cardinals, and monks, and nuns, and worshippers prostrate on the pavement, or holding their babies up for the Bishop or Curé to bless them as he passes. The Sacristy is

ransacked to show me banners, and crosses, and images, and reliquaries carried in such processions, while courteous ecclesiastics explain to me the pattern and meaning and uses of vestments; that is the flowing tide—then the ebb comes. A figure in the crowd displeases me. I paint it out. A lean monk disappears, choristers vanish behind a column: a vista opens before me—the pavement is deserted, and shows only reflections upon its polished marble — the lights are extinguished, and the Cathedral stands empty, with perhaps only one solitary figure kneeling at a distant shrine. I have lost much. I have lost six months of hard work; but I have gained more — I have gained the knowledge that I know nothing.

Happily, however, the artist is not left without guidance. What would become of him if it were not for the Press? It is so kind of the Art critics to come down to our galleries, and tell us of all our little faults and shortcomings. Think of the trouble they take, to inspect four or five hundred pictures, and make notes of their defects, and go home and write long articles about what we have not done, and which members of the Society are not exhibiting this season, and what we might have painted had we known how, and had not, unfortunately, had views of our own. Ah! how much trouble it would spare these kind amateurs if they would be content to walk round our galleries with us, and without taking the public into their confidence, just show us how to do it. Think also of the advantage it would be to Art. A painter,

in the course of an afternoon would see his picture painted, and re-painted, half-a-dozen times. How beautiful it would become! How differences of opinion would be reconciled, or authoritatively settled. We should have San Marco as approved by the critic of the *Times*. He says that "the most successful of the pictures is the large view of St. Mark's, Venice, a most elaborate and careful rendering of that glorious interior. Few of the innumerable artists who have attempted the task have succeeded better in representing the harmonious magnificence of the mosaics, and the marbles, and the magic of the light that falls transfigured on that wonderful floor." The *Saturday Review* says that "it is a grand work, but somewhat spoilt by want of room." Now if, instead of confiding that information to his readers, the Saturday Reviewer had given his assistance to the hangers, how inestimably precious it would have been!

Ah, no! In many counsellors there is often much wisdom. But if the "Unknown Artist" of the *Star* is right, it is a hopeless case. He says that "the most pretentiously bad things in the Exhibition are the productions of the President." In the lowest of low spirits the President turns to what the same writer writes about a painting by G. F. Watts in the same Exhibition. It is the famous portrait of Lord Tennyson. "A weird sight attracted me from afar. A 'soul-shape'—for does not Mr. Watts paint souls?—floating on an ocean of caper-sauce." That was a dozen years ago; but the same kind of criticism still exists.

A few days ago I read an article in a respectable newspaper describing a painting by Millais in these words: "Let the unthinking applaud this display of superficial and soulless skill; it can give no pleasure to those who demand sincerity as the first essential of a work of Art. Pish! let us clean our vision."

It is pleasant to be killed in good company, but I will not linger even in the company of the gods. I want to paint a picture. And every time I place a fresh canvas on my easel, I determine that it shall be the best I have ever painted. But what is the best? I will get the Reviewers to help me. Here are ten subjects, hung in a row. The *Times* says that the San Marco is the best. The *Standard* declares for Milan. The *Daily Telegraph* gives the palm to Treves. The *Globe* to Westminster Abbey. The *Graphic* prefers Coutances. The *Saturday Review* thinks that the artist is at his best in St. George's Chapel. The *Daily News* selects La Sainte Chapelle, describing it as a dream of rich colour and graceful form. The *Morning Post* says that La Sainte Chapelle cannot compare with St. Madeleine Troyes. The *Academy* prefers the Chapel of St. Gabriel. The *Manchester Guardian* turns from them all to "quaint and delightful" Nuremberg, in which it thinks the artist is most successful of all.

I thank these critics, every one. It is ten to one, of course, against any one of them being right. But they write courteously, without fear or favour. As to what I shall paint, or not paint, the choice still lies with me. And the choice is hard to make.

As I am, just now, in love with Milan, the difficulty is a little narrowed. But there are so many Milans! There is Milan when the sun—the sun they keep in Italy—is high in the heavens, and floods the mosaic pavement with light and colour. There is Milan when the same sun steals round towards the west, and looks up the nave, towards the great oriflamme, the windows of the choir, which appear like an army with banners. There is Milan when the nave is crowded with worshippers. There is Milan when night falls, and the last straggler hastens his steps lest he should be locked in till to-morrow. Then there is Milan when it actually is night. I remember in one of my journeys arriving very late—after the doors were barred, and the Cathedral stood dark and silent. Sorrowfully I turned away, when I saw an ecclesiastic coming out by a little door. Before he could close it I told him my desire, and he took me back into the dark aisles. There was the vast interior, invisible, but alive with a vibration of the roar of the city, that seemed like the beating of a heart. Invisible, I say, except that the windows showed traces of the light of a summer's night, as if they were another kind of midsummer's night dream, and hung there, at an immeasurable height, like pictures on the walls of Erebus to remind weary souls that they were on their way to Paradise.

But it is not only the change of light and colour that is so lovely. It is also the change

MILAN CATHEDRAL

A. 78

of form. If you prefer it so, Milan is the expression of colossal height. It is the apotheosis of the vertical line. If you look for breadth, it is the apotheosis of space. Here are five little studies which express these differences. The first gives the impression of height, the second of its width, the third of its complex forestry of pillars, the fourth of the winding contour of its aisles, the fifth of its gorgeous equipment for ceremonial worship. Which shall I choose to paint? And besides all this there is one point to be considered which is common to Milan in its every form. Like our Houses of Parliament Milan has a lower and an upper chamber. Lift your eyes to the level of the great clustered capitals, and you will see, crowning every one of them, eight statues, each under a canopy carved in stone. There are four thousand of these statues. They are the saints, the church triumphant, as the worshippers on the floor are the sinners, the church militant. How noisy the sinners are! How silent the saints! There is no tramp of feet on the floor of Heaven.

Which shall I choose to paint? I will leave it till to-morrow to decide—to-night I have to distribute the prizes to the Royal Academy Students' Sketching Club, and shall come into contact with fresh young minds who know very little of Milan Cathedral; but will renew my youth, and make me forget Erebus. Moreover, I have promised to distribute the prizes to the children of the London Board Schools; to welcome Lady Burne-Jones to a Kyrle Society of girls; and to

say a few words in the City. What has a painter of Cathedrals to say on such things as these? I shall see in a few days, when I read what I have said, in the papers. In the meantime Milan must wait.

IV

PRIZE GIVING

Halcyon Days—Environment—The Ascending Scale—"The Lord is my Shepherd"—In the City—God's Four Carpenters—London's Children—Raphael's Message to the Girls—David's Message to the Boys—God's Ultimate Gift—Heirs and Heiresses—Alma Mater—Counsel and Warning—Encouragement

PRIZE GIVING

In distributing the prizes to the Royal Academy Student's Sketching Club. Oct. 1893

GENTLEMEN,—I count it one of the greatest honours of my life that you should invite me to say a few words on this occasion. Such a competition as this amongst Art students makes me feel like an old war-horse who smells the battle afar off. I do not know but that the life of a student is the happiest of all lives. He has before him the hope of a great future. He has no failures to look back upon; for the failing to win a prize to-day may be redeemed next year. And in the meantime the effort made, and the work done, yield a reward greater than any prize that can be measured in money.

When I say that every student should have the hope before him of a great future, I do not forget that I am speaking to Englishmen—that indeed is the very ground of my hope. It is the fashion to decry English Art and English artists. Now I am not going to say a word in depreciation of the Art of other nations. I have seen almost every great work of Art in the world, and realize the splendour of the achievements of other peoples. But I ask you to consider that French Art and French training may

be the best for Frenchmen, and yet not the best for Englishmen, any more than the training of a French poodle is necessarily the best training for an English bulldog. You who live under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, or come up from the counties, where Salisbury, and Winchester, and Lincoln, and Durham, and York are shrines of unsurpassed loveliness, created by English architects—you need not be told that you come of a race of artists, masters in at least one form of Art. You who speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton need scarcely to be reminded that the creative faculty is yours by inheritance. You who know what Turner, and Cox, and Constable have done for landscape Art need not go trembling into the battle. You have with you all the noblest traditions of the past.

Gentlemen, it must count for something to come of a noble race. But that is not enough. A race may decay. A generation may be degenerate. Are you the unworthy sons of a noble ancestry, in this matter of Art? There is no reason to believe so. The schools of Art from which you come are sufficient evidence that Art is a living force amongst us. You have better training than your fathers had. The scientific, the technical side of your education is complete. It is true that in Art, genius is not hereditary, nor to be bequeathed by will. The artist dies, and

> Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burnéd is Apollo's golden lyre.

And yet there is progress in Art. To come of a strong race is much, but to be well environed is more. A strong people, well environed, must do noble things.

But there is a third and last question. Be assured that the future will repeat the past, and that amongst you are the men who will be great artists. Which of you will it be? Not all. Ah, no, that is impossible. What then is the individual characteristic that will eventually differentiate the true artist from the mechanical student? It is the faculty of seeing, discerning, discriminating what is beautiful. It is not the mastery of technique. It is not the facility of touch. It is not the trick of imitation. It is the vision. I am sure you will not wrong me by supposing that I am recommending simply the painting of pretty pictures. I am speaking of beauty in an altogether higher sense than that. I am speaking of the recognition of beauty as the highest faculty of the human mind. The great law of evolution has shown us that the first and lowest capacity of sentient creatures is fear; that as the creature advances in an ascending scale, he becomes pugnacious, then affectionate, then playful, then jealous; and so in a still ascending order are added the emotions of curiosity, emulation, pride, hate, shame, revenge, the sense of humour: and finally, the one faculty possessed by the human race alone—the sense of beauty. All other emotions we share with the brute creation; this only, this divine sense of beauty, is ours alone. And it is my conviction that the measure of it you possess will be the measure of your success in Art.

At the Stockwell Training College, on the occasion of a visit from Lady Burne-Jones to the Kyrle Society.

I think you would like me, as your President, to say a few words expressing your thanks to Lady Burne-Jones for her visit to-day, and for the interest and sympathy she has shown for your Society by the eloquent and instructive address with which she has delighted us. I shall not make a speech to you; my time to say what I have to say is when I speak as your President at your annual meetings. Words hastily spoken are of little value. Just as I expect you, when you come together to listen to my presidential address, to give your most careful attention to what I say, so I feel bound in honour not to say anything to which I have not myself given the most careful consideration. And yet there is one thought which, as it comes from you, I may give back to you. You have been singing that lovely quartette by Schubert, "The Lord is my Shepherd." How beautiful it is! I wonder if you all know the history of that piece of music. It was written by Schubert for a group of young girls, sisters, special friends of his, at whose home he was visiting. Let it be a reminder to you how Art can consecrate friendship, and friendship can consecrate Art. You are sisters, are you not? What matters it whether it is a quartette, a quintette, a septette, or a chorus? If you are many, you are all the stronger for work you have to do. And

let me assure you that such a sisterhood as yours will never fail (any more than the girls for whom Schubert composed that song failed) to find brothers who will aid in making the world brighter and happier through Art.

At the Worshipful Company of the Carpenters. In response to the toast, "Education and the Fine Arts."

Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Gentlemen,—In saying a few words in response to this toast, I feel that it is not a time to enter into any disquisition about either Art or education in the abstract, but rather to express very warmly my high appreciation of the great work which has been accomplished by this ancient company in bringing the two together. The technical schools, Mr. Master, which you have established, and the encouragement you have given to the practice of the lovely handicraft of wood carving, and applied art generally, are well known in this metropolis, and indeed throughout the country, and have made your name famous amongst the guilds which are not dead, but living forces in this city of London. I rejoice in this. I rejoice that we Englishmen, who have hearts of oak, should be taught how to use oak, not alone in the building of ships, where oak seems to have given way to steel, but in carving it into every beautiful shape that imagination can suggest, for the adornment of our homes. That you have addressed your energies, and are administering your trust

for such a purpose leads me to hope that education and Art will grow together. They both need to grow. How much we have, all of us, yet to learn! I remember a time, as most likely all of you do, when I as a child used to read books which I could not understand. Amongst them was the old book—the book of books—and I was greatly exercised by a passage which seemed to me quite unintelligible, but very curious. It was the description of a vision seen by one of the prophets. The angel of the Lord had shown him the four great evils which threatened his country, and he was sad at heart. Then, at the critical moment, what happened? I will tell it in his own words. "Then the Lord showed me four carpenters,"—it has taken me a good many years of education to understand that the four carpenters were your Worshipful Master and your three Wardens. But I turn to the sacred text. "What," said the prophet, "what are these to do?" And the angel of the Lord said, "These are they which shall fray and cast out the enemies of thy people." And is not that just what the "carpenters" are doing to-day? Are not they beating down the four evils of ignorance, and prejudice, and dulness, and ugliness, and giving us both education and Art?

Gentlemen, besides the technical and Art schools there is a process of education in Art going on in this country which must not be overlooked or neglected. You call upon me to speak because I am president of one of the Royal Societies of Artists. Let me say that in the Exhibitions of

the Academy and the other societies will be found the highest, the truest forces of education. But to understand it you must understand the position in which they stand to each other. They are not simply larger and smaller examples of the same thing. They exist for different purposes, and none of them can be spared from the great scheme. The Academy expresses the general view of Art taken in this country. It is drawn from wide sources, and represents practically the ground secured, and the work acknowledged to be successful. But those who know the Exhibitions of the Academy only, do not know all that is being done for Art in England. At the water-colour societies there will be found a lovely phase of Art which can scarcely be said to be represented at the Academy, and at the Royal British Artists will be found the works of artists who are in the very van of progress, works which are not yet fully recognized at Burlington House, but will be in ten years' time. If you wish to know what English Art has done up to to-day, you will find it fairly represented at Burlington House; but if you wish to look into the future and see the aspirations of the younger schools you must go to Suffolk Street. In the name of these four societies I thank the "four carpenters" for entertaining us in their beautiful hall to-night, and wish them long life and prosperity in carrying on their beneficent work.

London School Board; distribution of prizes for Drawing. In the Memorial Hall. Nov. 15, 1890.

Dr. Gladstone,—I am glad to think that the time has come for which many on this platform have been working before you lads and lasses, to whom I shall have the pleasure of giving these prizes, were born. It is now recognized that the education of an English boy is not complete unless he has been taught at least some kind of drawing.

When you consider how much there is in the use of the pencil to train the eye, to train the mind, to train the judgment, the marvel is that Art should ever have been neglected as a means of education.

Besides, it is not the individual only that is concerned. It is true that he first of all receives the benefit; he becomes a better man, a better organism, that is, for the work he has to do. But it is the nation which gains the accumulated advantages. I pray God we may never see a great war. But if war comes it will not be fought with fisticuffs on a playground, or with brickbats in the street: it will be fought with arms of precision, and the victory will not be to the clumsy-fingered.

Then again, in the great war which is continually being waged—the war of commercial competition—Art is every year claiming more attention. The people who can design best will take the prizes of fortune, as surely as you take these prizes

from my hand, because you were best amongst your circle of competitors.

And let me say a word or two specially to the girls. Do not dream for a moment that the purpose set before you in learning to draw is the ornamenting of your mantel-shelves with pretty toys of painted cardboard. As with the boys, so with the girls—it is the training of the eye, and the hand, and the judgment that we care for. Your fingers may indeed be more supple than the clumsy fingers of a boy, but they are not necessarily more clever; to all of you alike the same training is essential if you would do fine work finely. And remember, for your special encouragement, that the finest pictures ever painted —Raphael's cartoons—were painted not as pictures at all, but to be cut to pieces as patterns for women to work out in tapestry.

The good we seek therefore is, after all, not the fine drawings you may make for your friends to admire. It is the perfecting of your faculties of perception, and your skill in manipulation. A sword, or a watch-spring, is not made of iron, and then turned into steel. It is made of steel, which is made of iron—educated. Now think of this; the raw material of life is no more fitted for the finer purposes of thought and action, than the raw iron is fitted for the making of a sword. It gets its quality in the schools, as the metal does in the furnace and upon the anvil. And just as an army with shoddy weapons will suffer defeat, so the nation will suffer defeat if its men and women are not tempered by education.

I see lying upon the table a book containing the poems of Robert Browning. Let me tell you the story of one of them. Saul is seized with that terrible madness with which he was from time to time afflicted. Abner sends for David, and the lad comes from the fields, with his harp. He creeps into the tent, where the king lies—alone, blind, dumb; caught in the pangs, awaiting his change. And David begins to play. First, the tune that the sheep know, as they follow him to the fold. Then the tune of the reapers—their wine-song—when hand clasps hand. Then the song of the funeral march; then the glad song of the women at the marriage feast; then the chorus of the Levites as they go up to the altar.

And now David perceives a tremor in the tent, and knows that it is the trembling of Saul. He changes his tune.

He sings of the strength of manhood, the wild joy of life, the plunge into the cool river, the chase of the lion and the bear, the memory of the father whose white locks he had guarded, of the mother whose thin hands he had kissed, of the friends of his boyhood, of his ambition, his kingship.

And David, looking up, sees Saul standing before him leaning on the pole of the tent, looking down upon the lad. Death is past, but life is not fully come, and again the singer changes his tune. He can speak to Saul now face to face: and Saul can listen and understand. He has sung the whole round of creation. He now sings of life, of law, of God's ultimate gift to man—love. The struggle is ended, the evil spirit has

departed; Saul is once more the leader, the king of men.

Now to many of you children this will seem to be only a story. But there are men and women on this platform to whom it will have a meaning. To me it means that the service which the shepherd lad rendered to the king, is the service which Art can render to a great nation.

Royal College of Art. In distributing the prizes. July 28, 1897.

I do not think that anything could give me greater pleasure than that the first occasion on which I have to speak after the Queen has so graciously included me in her Honour List, should be to address a gathering of young students. My love of Art is not so abstract a thing but that it includes the love of artists; and of artists the young men and women who are entering the profession, seem to me to have a very special claim upon the affectionate consideration of their seniors. Potentially the future lies with you, rather than with us. Amongst you are the men who will make broader and safer the old paths. Amongst you are also the men who will discover new paths —paths leading to fresh fields yet untrodden— where grow flowers we have never gathered, nor perhaps even so much as seen. Amongst you are women who will still further justify the action of our schools in recognizing that there is a sisterhood, as well as a brotherhood in Art, and that the sisters have as much right as their brothers

to the inheritance of the beautiful things of nature.

Amongst you, again, are the designers, who will make our cities more noble, and our homes more bright; who will bring the colours of the East to temper the cold shadows of our Northern climate; who will make sun, and sky, and beast, and tree, and flower yield up the secrets of their special loveliness for your palettes. In a word, it is for you to do all that we have failed to do. We have carried the flag of Art through a campaign; it is for you to carry it to victory.

I notice, in the interesting report to which we have just listened, how this succession is perpetually maintained. Mr. Barnard and Mr. Morton go to places in the provinces where they will need great self-reliance. Mr. Crook goes to a city which is already a centre of Art, where he will find comrades worthy of him. Mr. Armstrong passes to one of our Colonial Universities, where he will not forget what he has learned in England. They all carry the same flag—a flag consecrated by their labours here.

To those who go I would say, "Do not forget your Alma Mater." To those who remain I would say, "Do not forget those who have won these honours not for themselves only, but for you." The *esprit de corps* of a seat of learning is one of its most valuable assets, and the students of the Royal College of Art should cherish it as their very life.

For you have much of which you may justly be proud. In your principal you have a leader second

to none. The name of Mr. Sparkes is honoured not only in every school of Art in London, but throughout the kingdom. You have, moreover, a community, as the report tells us, of more than twenty thousand. You have travelling students and gold medallists, like Mr. Thorogood, and Miss Twiss and Miss Steele. You have quite an army of prize-winners. You have won a Royal title to live up to.

Let me now add three words—of counsel, of warning, and of encouragement. And first of counsel.

You are living in the heart of London, where the battle is raging between conflicting schools. The different Exhibitions stand for different aims and methods. The daily press is as divided in its Art criticism, as it is in religious and political questions. If you discover that one school is vehemently condemned by a clique of writers, that is the one for you specially to study. Try to understand it. Try to get at the heart of the matter —the root of the difference that separates it from the other schools. Ask yourselves why a score or a hundred of men—trained artists as you have been trained—should band themselves together to pursue an unpopular style of Art. Then look at the picture you least appreciate, but that, to your surprise, they have hung in the place of honour, and seek to discover why they placed it there and what it is that differentiates you from the artist who painted it—in mind, in knowledge, in vision. When you have made sure of that, and not till then, you will be justified in turning away from it, or in taking it into the arcana of your life.

My second word is of warning. Do not cramp your souls into the recognition of one school only. As working artists it will be necessary for you to decide definitely as to the aims and methods of your work. There are excellences in painting which are not simply difficult to combine—but are actually incompatible with each other. Life is not long enough for the pursuit of opposites. The artist cannot figure both as a lily and a rose in the paradise of Art. But you are more than artists—you are men and women. And men and women should understand the beauty of both roses and lilies, delighting in the crimson of the one and the whiteness of the other.

Finally, of encouragement. The study of Art, the profession you have chosen, is worth some effort of heart and brain. There are only three things which the human soul can learn. The first is the knowledge of good and evil, the difference between right and wrong. We may call it duty, or honour, or religion, but the end is the same, the perfecting of our moral nature. The second thing we can learn is the distinction between truth and falsehood, fact and fiction. We may learn it by deduction or induction, we may call it philosophy or science, but again the end is the same, the perfecting of our intellectual faculties. There is only one thing more we can learn, and that is to discriminate between beauty and ugliness. This comes to us through Art. So that this little word of three letters spells one-third of the whole round of human life. It is for the students of the Royal College of Art to see that it is spelled correctly.

V

WORK AND PLAY

The Passing of a Century—The Old Game—George or Harry—The Glory of Seeing Nothing—A Sheepfold—The Classic Orders—The Trinity of Loveliness—The Gothic Orders—The Means—The End—The Floral Year—Liverpool—An Artist's Club—A Message

WORK AND PLAY

THE prizes having been duly distributed, it is time for the holidays, so I propose a game at Chess. But I must ask the reader of these reminiscences to skip over the date which confronts him on this page. I know that the commonest way of losing a game is to make a good move at the wrong time. The penalty is defeat. But I will keep to the strict rules of the game, and having touched a piece will move it. The occasion is a great gathering of chess-players at the Crystal Palace, by invitation of Captain Beaumont, President of the Surrey County Association, in celebration of the opening of the century, Jan. 5, 1901.

Of all the prize-winners to-day, I count myself the most fortunate in having been chosen to say a few words, on behalf of this great meeting, of thanks to Captain and Mrs. Beaumont for their hospitality to the chess-players of their county. It was a happy and gracious thought on the part of our President to delight us at the beginning of the new century by reminding us of the achievements of the past. The blindfold play which we have witnessed, by Mr. Blackburne, of whom England is proud, as one of the greatest players of the world, and of Mr. Curnock, a

distinguished amateur, who runs Mr. Blackburne hard, in that curious development of chess, has been most attractive, while in Mr. Hofer, who has played twenty-four games simultaneously, we recognize a leader who, by his courtesy and learning in chess, has shown us that the gentle game is really a game for gentlemen. But I must not only thank Captain Beaumont, I must congratulate him on the success of the Surrey Association. Under his Presidentship it has run for seventeen years a very distinguished race; competing for many trophies, and seldom, if ever, coming off second best.

Captain Beaumont reminds us of the passing of the old century, and the beginning of the new—that is, putting big thoughts into our minds. Just think of the great games now being played, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, which is cut up into squares, black and white, like one of our boards; and in America, where the stake at issue is the friendship or enmity of our own flesh and blood. Think of this, and then say if anything can exceed the passionate longing of every one of us, that those who represent us, who sit at *our* side of the board, may make for us the best possible moves.

But there is another thought suggested by the game of chess. How it tests a man! his brain power, his patience, his temper, his disposition. Why should not we avail ourselves of it to get rid of some of the troublesome things of life—to solve some of its difficulties? For instance, instead of the cost and turmoil of a general election, why not invite each constituency to send up its

best chess-player? Then, when parliament met, why not dispense with the troubles of cabinet-making, by choosing the fifteen (or, if you like, twenty-one) best players in the House? Finally, let the cabinet choose its generals, and judges, and bishops in the same way. If I were a merchant in the city, and wanted a clerk, I would ask all the applicants into my little room, and play them each a game at chess, and take nobody who could not beat me. If I had to go to law I would invite my solicitor or counsel to show me his record in county matches. If I wanted a doctor I would ascertain whether he could checkmate me with a bishop and a knight. If I were a young lady—you see I am speaking only for myself, but this fair assembly may take it as good advice—if I were a young lady, and George wanted to marry me, I would first invite him to meet Harry over the chessboard. I would not promise hastily to marry the winner, though that might be preferable to the old custom in tournament days when the lady became the prize of the strongest man on the biggest horse. I would watch whether he won modestly and lost good temperedly—and if, instead of that, he knocked over the board and men, I would see him further, and fall back on Harry or Tom.

Now let me remind you of a story you all know. A man once played the devil for his soul. Presently he found himself in a position in which whatever move he made he would be mated. What did he do? He postponed his move, and asked the devil to call again. Next day he was

still unprepared, and the move was never made. The moral of the story is this: that game was played in the old days, when chess-players sat over the board as long as they liked—there was no time limit. We are more advanced now; we have a time limit—and I intend to apply it to my speech by once more thanking Captain Beaumont in your name, and sitting down.

Art without imagination is nothing. It is not what we see in a painting that delights us; it is what we think we see. The surface of paint, its colour, its brush work—even its story, if it tells a story—are only the bars of a gate leading to a shrine: the bars may keep us out. It is when the gate opens that we pass in. Conceive that a Cathedral could be built of lath and plaster, and yet that it could be shaped as Chartres is shaped, the columns and arches actually modelled from the real thing, as are the beautiful scenes of a theatre. It would only be by forgetting what they are, and thinking they were what they are not, that you could learn to love them. Now the glory of a Cathedral is that you see nothing—you only think you see. To paint a Cathedral is to paint thought, not matter. The distant windows may be rubies or amethysts—for all your eyes can tell you. If you desire to know whether the lead is sound, or the tracery corroded, or the vaulted roof in good condition to face another two or three hundred years of storm and sunshine, you do not ask the artist; you ask the architect, who

will climb a great ladder and after due inspection report to the Dean and Chapter.

That is why the Cathedral is greater than the little chapel; greater, not in the sense of being bigger, but æsthetically greater, in appealing to the higher faculties of perception. In the Cathedral you never see enough. In the little chapel you always see too much; you see the surface of the marble, and can tell whether it came from Carrara or from Purbeck. You can see the texture of the fabric, the technique of the sculptor or the architect. And yet the little chapel is not without beauty of its kind—a lower kind. Look at this rough sketch of the porch of the Dom Kirche of Aachen. It is really a little chapel, through which has been made a passage from the outer to the inner door of the Cathedral. That screen reminds me of the hurdles set up between two meadows, to keep the sheep from straying from the fold. Beyond it is a half-hidden shrine—it is always the hidden treasure that is worth searching for in the fields of Art. But it is the lovely sweep of the ribbed groining which springs from the floor and seems to bend beneath the weight of the great tower it carries on its back, that lifts the thing from "still life" to the level of the "living life" which stirs in our hearts. To paint a Cathedral is to paint thought—not matter. I sometimes question whether it is possible for the same mind to appreciate all forms of architecture. Sir Christopher Wren condescended to design a west front for Westminster Abbey, but he called it "Gothic"—that is, "barbarous"—in contempt. Westminster

Abbey was at first like Durham Cathedral, but the king, Henry the Third, considered it out of fashion, and rebuilt it as we see it to-day. Even the Greeks were divided. And yet, if we look into it, there are only three alternatives open to the architect; only three ideas or concepts which can control his design.

There is no doubt that the man who first dared to go beyond the felling of trees and ranging them as pillars, to support an entablature of timber, must have been considered a very daring fellow. The fibre of wood enabled it to bear a lateral strain; but if stones are piled one upon another, will they not topple over? And so the first idea of the builder is to build strongly. That is the primary concept of all the earliest forms of architecture in every country, in every age—the building for *strength*. Among the Greeks we find it in the Doric, the first of the classic orders. But with experience comes confidence. The columns did not topple over, and the architect was ready to assimilate another principle. The new idea was *grace*. We see it in the Ionic, the second order of Greek architecture, in which the capital is shaped into a scroll, and decorated with an enriched moulding. But now, with an increased desire for ornament, and at the same time higher scientific knowledge and improved mechanical appliances, the architect still further develops his aims. To strength he has added grace, to grace he must add richness of decoration. This we see in the Corinthian, the third order, and it completes the trinity of loveliness.

It completes it, because, not only has no new concept of beauty arisen, but the mind seems incapable of imagining a fourth, any more than of imagining a new colour for the rainbow. The Tuscan is but a variation of the Doric; the Composite, as its name implies, is only a combination of the Ionic and Corinthian. For a thousand years the world knew no standard apart from these orders, and they are still the unrivalled models on which we form our taste.

But although classic architecture cannot be surpassed in the science of construction of the beauty of form, there has grown up another school, just as a rose might grow and blossom beside a lily. The evolution of Gothic architecture is as simple, and as interesting as that of the Greeks. In the classic it began with the column; in the Gothic it begins with the window. The theatres of Athens might be open to the sky; the churches of England and France must give shelter from the inclemency of a Northern winter. Thus the Greek architect had to deal with a façade, and he made it glorious with pillars. But the Norman or early English architect had to make windows, and he made them glorious with tracery.

This is the way it all came about. Just as the Greek and the Englishman speak different languages, and yet may utter the same thoughts, so the classic architect spelled out the same three words that we are spelling to-day—strength, grace, ornament; and we spell them in the same order. First strength: the earliest form of Gothic architecture is the round arch. We see it at

Durham, at Caen, at Treves. It means the building for strength, and corresponds with the Doric. Then in the thirteenth century came the conception of, and the desire for, a more delicate form of beauty. We find it in the pointed arches of Westminster Abbey, Amiens, and Coutances. Like the beauty of the Ionic, it is expressed by the word grace. And last of all, for the old story is repeated—to strength and grace is added ornament; that is the richness of decoration. We see it in the hanging roofs of Lyons Cathedral, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the canopied screen of Chartres. Again the trinity of loveliness is complete.

Now, of these three great principles—strength, grace, and ornament—the natural order is as I have placed them. Unless we build strongly we had better not build at all. In adding grace to strength we do well. If to grace we add richness we again do well. But just as strength comes before grace, so grace must come before decoration. If the lines of our Cathedral are ugly, the decoration of them will only emphasize their ugliness.

And yet, after all, the greatest of the three is grace. Only to be strong is not Art. Strength is the means to the end. Decoration is the triumphant assertion that the end has been accomplished—the glorying in its accomplishment. But the end is beauty.

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

LADY BAYLISS

p. 107

THE FLORAL YEAR

One of the happiest reminiscences of my life is that of seeing grow before my eyes, day by day, through many seasons, a paradise of flowers, the creation of my wife. It is called "The Floral Year," and contains a flower for every week of the year, painted by her own hand, from a flower in her own garden, while the flower was still in its fresh beauty. As the leaves of the book are turned, the seasons with all their lovely transitions pass before us. Winter changing into Spring; Spring blossoming into Summer; the fall of Summer and the coming of Autumn and Winter, all in the beautiful order of nature. With every flower is a hymn or sacred song, so that the book becomes a garland with which to crown the Christian year.

Thus the Morning hymn comes first, with the golden glory of the bold Sun-flower; then the Evening hymn, with the pale petals of the Evening Primrose. Then Advent, with blossoms that linger through November, and Ivy, and Hazel, and Mistletoe and Holly, which consecrate the darkness of Winter. With the Spring come Daffodils and Lilies of the valley, and Crocus, and Hyacinth and the rest, leading to the Iris and Palm for Easter, and Heliotrope and May blossom and roses for the early Summer. Clematis, and Passion-flower, and Carnations follow, with Myrtle and Chrysanthemum, as the Autumn days approach. And the last page is the picture of a Rose, from which the

crimson petals have fallen, and the words are from Heber—

O most merciful,
O most bountiful
God the Father Almighty.
By the Redeemer's
Sweet Intercession
Hear us, help us, when we cry.

The flowers, like the words, are chosen, not for their rarity, but for their beauty, their appropriateness to the season, and the order of their coming. The Rose, however, is with us in some form almost throughout the year; and advantage has been taken of this to give to it its royal place as the queen of flowers, by associating it always with the great festivals of the Christian year. Thus Advent begins with the last Rose of Summer, which often lingers late into the Autumn. Christmas has its own Christmas Rose; Easter the red Rose of early Summer; Whit Sunday the white Rose; and Trinity Sunday the Wild Rose, which may well remind us how the Creator made all things very good.

Every flower was painted direct from Nature, week by week, as it blossomed into beauty. Whenever the painter failed to secure a perfect example in its natural sequence, she completed it when the time came round again next year. So that the work was several years in preparation.

The Floral Year is indeed a flower from the King's garden and a song from the King's singers for every Sunday in the calendar. It is not given to many men to see such a work carried out in his home. I have seen it while the flowers were still fresh with the dew of heaven upon them.

I see by the *Liverpool Courier* that I was speaking last night at the Artists' Club. I wonder what I said. One never quite knows till the next morning; for, with the best intentions, the best points one would have liked to make are sometimes forgotten, while, in the stress of the moment, words are apt to slip in unexpectedly. But our friend the reporter makes no mistakes. He shows us up. Like the man with the snap camera, he takes you as you are, not thinking whether that is quite what you would wish to be. The occasion yesterday was a dinner given by the artists of Liverpool to the London hangers of the Autumn Exhibition in the Walker Art Gallery. Mr. Philip Rathbone had entertained us—Mr. Yeames, R.A., and myself—during one of the most delightful fortnights I remember; and now that our work was finished, our brothers of the brush in Liverpool greeted us with the courtesy of true comrades. The president, Mr. Hampson Jones, called upon me to respond to the toast, "The London and Provincial Art Societies."

At the Artists' Club, Liverpool,
Aug. 30, 1894.

Gentlemen,—I suppose there can scarcely be a greater pleasure to an artist, living and working in a great city, than to be received by his brother artists in another great centre of Art with the courtesy you have extended to me to-night. My only regret is that we have not with us Mr. Yeames,

an accomplished artist, a most conscientious hanger, a genial companion, and the true friend of all artists who are doing their best, whether within or outside the Academy. An engagement in London made his return necessary, and he very unwillingly left Liverpool yesterday afternoon. Gentlemen, if there is one overmastering feeling in my mind with regard to Art, it is this: that Art is not metropolitan; that Art is not provincial; that Art is not in its highest sense even national. Art is greater than a city, than a province, than a country. It is cosmopolitan. Every splendour of thought the world possesses should be swept into the treasury of Art. And yet, while this is true, it is also true that Art is at its best in a nation when it is at its strongest in its cities. When Art flourished during the Renaissance there was a school at Venice, a school at Naples, a school at Florence; not merely a school at Rome. And it is so now with us. Our hope for the future does not lie in what we are doing in London alone, but in what the nation is doing in Edinburgh, in Glasgow, in Newlyn, in Manchester, in Nottingham, in Bristol, in Birmingham, and above all in Liverpool. How broad are the foundations on which the temple of Art is built! Art is like a great Cathedral, with its choir, its transepts, its nave, its aisles, its little chapels, each one beautiful in itself, but the whole a splendour than which there is no greater splendour in the world. In the case of Art there is the choir—that is the Royal Academy, the place where incense is offered and Te Deums are sung. There are the transepts—

SIENA CATHEDRAL.

the two water-colour societies; always, by the very fate of the scheme, placed as far away as possible from each other. There is the nave—that is the Royal Society of British Artists, built seventy years ago, and as strong to-day as ever. There are the aisles, and the little chapels—that is where splendid work is done by our provincial societies; the *little* chapels, mind—the little chapels, Newlyn, and Glasgow, and Liverpool if you will—the little chapels where the miracles are wrought, that is the point. For in Art miracles *are* wrought—miracles of daring at Newlyn, miracles of colour at Glasgow. Well now, I am speaking to members of the Liverpool Academy. I understand that you are about to build a great Cathedral in this city; may I venture to leave with you a message? It is this: Do not wait for that Cathedral to be finished. Let me hope that when, in the ordinary course of events, I come down to paint it, I may find that you have already turned your studios into sacred shrines, and consecrated them for ever by the miracles of Art you have wrought there.

VI

LANCASHIRE WITCHES

The Witches in London—Mentors and Tormentors—Eternal Truths—Mahomet's Counsel—Minerva calls for a Song—Helen of Troy—Penelope—Quite up to Date—The Bright Gods—Venus Complains—Hebe Laughs—Leighton's Defence—The Silver Trumpets—At the River—Another Landmark

LANCASHIRE WITCHES

WHAT a matter for satirical comment! what a lifting of a dark veil that hides the proceedings of clubland! what a revelation of the nakedness of the land itself, is implied in that unfortunate, solitary word—Gentlemen. And in Liverpool too, where the men are particularly handsome, and the women specially beautiful! Lancashire, and no "witches" present! But it is not always so; that was *only* a club. Sometimes the wise men (wizards) of Liverpool come to London, and bring the witches with them. At the annual dinner given by Mr. Lea, as chairman of the Art Committee of the Corporation, to the artists of the metropolis, the table is graced, and Art is honoured, by the presence of ladies. How could it be otherwise? The galleries of the Academy and the Royal Societies are rich with the work of women artists. If you want to know how a horse should be painted you have only to ask Miss Lucy Kemp Welch. If you wonder what "Love" would look like if he found himself "locked out," you would consult Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt. You would only have to walk round to the Tate Gallery on the Embankment in either case to get your answer. And so it fell out that one of the toasts of the evening was "The Ladies," and I had to propose it. This is what it came to.

Mr. Lea, my Lord Mayor, Ladies—and here I had to stop and reconsider my words. Ah, no! I could not ask the ladies to drink their own health; and so I had to fall back on the old word—Gentlemen—just as if I were in clubland.

I think that if I were of an inquiring mind I should be disposed to ask why, in the presence of so many distinguished guests, the honour of proposing the toast of the evening should have been conferred upon me. Perhaps it is because you suppose that, as I am President of the only society of artists which has no lady members, I know very little about them, and am therefore better fitted to deal with the subject. Such a supposition, let me say, would be erroneous, but even if it were true I should not accept it as a disqualification. The Academy has had its Angelica Kauffman, the water-colour societies their Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway, but I, long before many of you to whom I speak were in the field, I nearly forty years ago, made the discovery of the girl I loved, persuaded her to be my wife, and from that day to this never regretted the choice I made. So that, with some claim to be considered an expert in the matter, I accept the responsibility of inviting you to honour this toast—"The Ladies: Our Mentors and Tormentors."

And first, "Our Mentors." What have we not learned from them? It is a curious thing, but it is a fact, that while everything else we have learned seems to suffer change—while the new criticism makes havoc of the old, while Darwin has to be interpreted by Huxley, while Lyttleton has to be

followed by Coke, while even Mr. Ruskin is not infallible—it is a curious thing that our mothers taught us eternal truths which never change. I remember what fell from the gracious lips of my mother, when I was so small a child that a pin through my frock held me to her knee as with a chain, which if I had wished to break I would not have dared to have broken. And what did we learn? First, that a gentleman is never to tell a lie—that is honour. Second, that we must not punch our little sister's head, because she was a girl—that is chivalry. And third, that we should do as we would be done by—that is religion. And so I give you the first part of my toast—"The Ladies: Our Mentors."

But presently things take a turn. "The Ladies our Mentors" become "The Ladies our Tormentors." What torments can be compared to the anguish of the young man who feels, for the first time, the pangs of unrequited love! The terrors of Dante's Inferno are as nothing to it. It is worse than the toothache. I have known a youth who heard the fatal "No" in the morning, to be so affected by it as to miss an easy stroke at billiards in the evening. Of course that was a first experience; the mind of a man is so elastic that he can get used to it in time—practice makes perfect. But I will not prolong the painful subject. I think I have said enough to justify the expression, "The Ladies, our Tormentors."

And now happily things take another turn. The heavens become propitious. The lady is gracious; the gentleman unexpectedly finds himself accepted, and lo! the tormentor becomes once more the

mentor. How happy an ending of the story! To think of being for ever relieved of the responsibility of knowing what to do—for of course one's wife knows best. To have no further anxiety on social matters—for one's wife knows exactly who you ought not to bring home unexpectedly to dinner. To feel no more doubts as to how you shall fill up your time in the evening, or where you will go in the summer—for your wife will settle where the children shall take their holiday at the seaside. Is not this being in the haven where you would be? Even that great leader of men, Mahomet, felt the advantage of such a position. He used to say that in all ordinary matters he decided on his own judgment, but in difficult or critical affairs he always consulted his wife, and did the exact opposite of what she recommended.

Gentlemen, I know that I might have treated this subject very differently. I might have considered women chronologically, as Mr. Shandy would have done—from Eve to the youngest of her lovely daughters. I might have considered them vertically, as Solomon did, from top to toe. But whatever way we take them, it is all the same; whether as our Mentors or Tormentors we find in them all that we admire, all that we reverence, all that we love.

I don't know, but perhaps it is well to keep things of the same sort together. A few days after my escapade at the Grand Hotel, my punishment came at the Trocadero, where I was a guest

of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, on the occasion of their annual festival. Again the same toast was placed in my hands, and I felt at my wits' end. It would never do to repeat my speech, for many of the company had been present when I talked about Tormentors, and they might resent it. But the date of the gathering was shortly after the opening of the Royal Academy, and the speaker who preceded me made allusion to the fact that at the famous banquets of that august body the ladies were conspicuous by their absence. This gave me my chance. The rest followed as a matter of course.

At the Trocadero, June 1902. *Lord Saye and Sele in the chair.*

My Lord,—I should like to tell you of a little incident which, so far as I know, has not been recorded by any of the Greek or Latin poets, and yet might interest the ladies present. It occurred—or should have occurred—on Mount Olympus, when Minerva was presiding at a banquet given by her for the encouragement of the Fine Arts. Jupiter was from home, and Juno had a little headache. After dinner Minerva called for a song. Now, a goddess should be obeyed at once; but there was a pause. We all looked round to where the Muses sat, but there were nine empty chairs. No Polyhymnia, no Clio, no Urania, no Euterpe. The ladies had just slipped away, and it was reported that they had gone to the banquet of the Royal Academy.

Minerva was very angry. She put her foot down. We did not call it putting her foot down at that

time, but it is the same thing. She said "Never again." She said that never again should the young ladies go to the Royal Academy. That is no doubt the reason, though it is not generally known, why to this day you never see a lady at the dinner of the Royal Academy.

But they come to us; and having them with us, we have the delight of drinking to their health, as we do to-night in this toast with which I have the honour to be entrusted—"The Ladies," not collectively, as if they were one big thing that we toast and have done with—but the Ladies, each one in her own lovely personality. How different they are! and yet each one worthy of her sisters! When I entered this room I saw one that I mistook for Helen of Troy, she was so beautiful. I always think that Helen's nose was a little too straight. But it does not matter; it satisfied Paris—and I am only an Englishman. Let Helen keep her nose as she likes—but still, I don't say that it should have been Roman, or that it ought to have been snub, or that it might have been turned up. I will go no further than Tennyson, and suggest that it would still have been lovely if it had been "tip tilted, like the petal of a flower."

Well then, looking round the table—how delightful!—I see another. It is Penelope. I will tell you something about Penelope not to be found in the books. Penelope was the wife of an artist, who went abroad sketching. He was too long absent. There came rumours of his death, but Penelope would not believe them. Then many suitors came for her hand, but she remained true to him. At

last, driven to decide, Penelope went to her husband's studio, and brought out his palette and brushes and a canvas, and with these she faced her persecutors. "I will marry," she said, "the man who can paint as good a picture as he did." Just then the lost Ulysses returned, and clasped her to his heart. Again I look round, and this time I see Judith. Now it is not generally known that Judith also was the wife of an artist, and that Holofernes was the chairman of the hanging committee that rejected her husband's picture. There is a lovely Judith here to-day who would not hesitate to cut off Holofernes' head in the interests of justice. For it is not the gentle and tender-hearted who are indifferent to the redressing of wrong. We all love Judith. Well then, I see Cleopatra, who likes to be rowed up the river, because she knows how beautiful she looks on a summer afternoon, under a sunshade of the right colour. Then there is Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. I always think she overrated those young gentlemen. For myself, I think much more of the mother than of the boys, who may have been troublesome. At any rate her husband was right in considering it safe to entrust to her his jewels. And then there is Miss Milton, the daughter of the blind old poet, who read to him in his darkness. What is sweeter than a woman's voice reading? I know of one who, after a tiring day in the studio, will read, read, read her husband actually to sleep. And then—are there really more? Yes, there is Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound at the risk of her own life.

Ah, how many there are who, when we go home, heart-wounded by some cruel disappointment or criticism ill deserved that wounds more smartingly than poisoned arrows—how many there are who, at the cost of their own happiness, draw out the poison and give us peace.

My Lord, are these old stories of old times? Not they. They are all up to date. These things are going on now. These women are with us now —Helen with her beauty, Penelope with her true-hearted faith, Judith with her inspiring courage, Cleopatra with her fascinations, Cornelia with her maternal love, "Miss Milton" with her filial piety, Eleanor with her self-sacrificing affection. Let us drink to their health, and thank God that we still have with us "The Ladies."

It is Schiller who tells us that the gods, the bright gods, are always with us. He says—

> Sie nahen, sie kommen—
> Die Hemmlischen alle,
> Mit göttern erfüllt sich
> Die irdische Halle.

I may hope, therefore, to be forgiven if on more than one occasion, when I see before me the flutter of rosy garments and the flashing of bright eyes—or, if these be not present, the clouds of incense which arise when the loyal toasts have been duly honoured, veiling from me the face of the chairman, if then I should chance to see strange visions

and hear echoes from another place. Last night, however, the visions took a somewhat different shape, perhaps because there were no ladies present, and they were seen through a cloud.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution. In response to the toast, "The Royal Society of British Artists, and other Societies connected with the Fine Arts." The Duke of Fife in the chair. May 11, 1895.

My Lord Duke,—It is generally understood by men of light and leading that all artists are descendants of the gods. If I were called upon to assign a reason for this, I should hazard the suggestion that it is because while other men "arrange" or "adapt," the artist alone "creates," and so partakes of the immortal fire. But it is not necessary for me to explain: it is sufficient to remind you of the fact, and to recall to your mind a little incident that occurred when we were in our old home, on the knees of the gods; when instead of toiling in London studios we wandered by the streams of Helicon; when instead of dining at the Hotel Métropole we sat at Jove's table; when instead of having our glasses filled by the grave functionary who officiates to-night, we were served by a little maid we called Hebe, the daughter of the House. You will remember, my Lord, that a little scandal arose about poor Hebe, and she was dismissed from her office. But it was not Hebe's fault; the scandal arose through a freak of jealousy on the part of Venus—the fact is, Venus had been complaining to Jupiter that the

Royal Academy did not invite ladies to their banquet. At first she laid the blame on Mr. Horsley. She thought that perhaps he might have objected to her attire; but she soon gave up that idea. She came to the conclusion that it was not Mr. Horsley, but Sir Frederic Leighton, who was the wicked one. She knew it was Sir Frederic because he had never painted her portrait. He had painted everybody else. He had painted Ceres, who was certainly *passée*. He had painted Proserpine, who was but a chit of a thing. He had even painted Phryne, who was no better than she should be. He would go and paint Hebe next! At this Hebe laughed, and so incurred the displeasure of the beautiful goddess. But that, my Lord, was not the real cause of her dismissal. Jove did not care for that; he only puffed another cloud. He was accustomed to these disputes between the ladies of his household. What really angered him, and lost Hebe her situation, was that she, instead of attending strictly to business, insisted upon making a speech after dinner. Hebe was a very good girl; we all liked Hebe. But when she began to prattle, it is no wonder that Jove made an end of her, and appointed Ganymede in her place. My Lord, I know that I am not following the Homeric legend, which attributes the wrath of Jove to Hebe's unseemly laughter: I am speaking only from my own memory of the event, and I challenge all who were present to confirm my recollection. The remarkable thing is that, notwithstanding the severity of Jupiter, the custom of making after-dinner speeches has

continued to this day. We all do it. We are dreadfully ashamed of it next day, but we all do it. I remember the sense of gratitude, mingled with surprise, with which seven years ago I received your courteous greetings, speaking as I did then for the first time and as a stranger to you. To-night my gratitude is not less, but my surprise takes a different form; it is that you, having heard me speak so often, should still receive me so cordially. But I do not speak for myself, any more than I take your courtesy as personal to myself. I speak for the Royal Society of British Artists, and the other great institutions that fill our land with Art. There is Liverpool, that has fallen in love with Art, just as Pluto fell in love with Proserpine, and carries her off for six months of every year to a place they call the Walker Art Gallery. There is Manchester, which learned its trade from another of the gods, Mercury, and has discovered that Art has also its commercial side. There is Birmingham, where you will find forges equal to Vulcan's, and where a shield could be made any day as good as that which Vulcan made for Achilles. There is Glasgow, decked with colours as radiant as the garments of Iris. There is Newlyn, that like Neptune comes of the sea. For all these I thank you, and I have only one word to add. My Lord, it is difficult sometimes to know whether to speak gravely or with a merry heart. The distress that prevails amongst many of our comrades, and to which you have so eloquently referred, might well make us sad. But then we are here to-night for the very purpose

of relieving that distress, so we have a right to be happy. The absence of our President, Sir Frederic Leighton, is a matter of keen regret to us all. But we have heard that he is better, and so we are glad. It was only last year that Millais was absent, and we grieved to know that he was ill: but he is with us to-day, and so will Leighton be next year. If therefore I have seemed to speak too lightly,—I pray you to forgive me, because I think you know that I feel very deeply.

. . . . . .

Ah! how little we can see into the future. Leighton was then in Italy, but he read my speech in the English papers, and wrote immediately from Bologna—

"My dear Wyke Bayliss,—But I *did* paint her. She was kicking off her shoes for a bath."

It was one of his last letters. He returned to England to be made a peer—and to die. Neither Leighton nor Millais ever sat at our table again. On the death of Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais was elected President of the Royal Academy. But the "silver trumpets" were calling. Even while we heard them in St. Paul's Cathedral calling for Leighton, we knew that they would soon be calling for Millais also. The two now sleep side by side.

AT THE RIVER

"Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis—
Corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina."

I. LEIGHTON

Far off, in the Elysian Fields, they rest,
  Whom the Gods love; while slowly, one by one,
Their number grows complete. For us the West
  Glows, flashes, crimsons, with a setting sun;
  And darkness falls before our task is done:
For them there is no darkness; they shall climb
  The eastern slope where Jove sits, they shall run
To meet the hours, triumphing over time.

Hark! with what sudden force the waters rise!
  Ah, Friend! is this the river we so dread?
  Must thou seek passage with the silent dead
To keep thy tryst in the far Paradise?
Take then the Golden Bough Æneas tore
From the weird tree that grows on Acheron's shore.

"Morere, et fratrem ne desere frater."
—*Æn.* x. 600.

II. MILLAIS

How low the sun on the horizon lies!
  Its rim dips, and the land is overcast
With darkness, and the air is thick with cries
  Of ghosts unhouseled in the pitiless blast:
  I stand upon the shore where Leighton passed;
Will he look back to greet me, with the eyes
  I know so well?—those eyes which see at last
The beauty they desired—in Paradise.

Then lo! on the other side, as in a dream,
  Stood a great company; of whom came one—
    Alone, down, into the tenebrous shade,
Even to the very margin of the stream—
    And it was Leighton; but the rest were made
  Invisible for the glory of the sun.

ANOTHER LANDMARK

It seems such a little while since I heard the silver trumpets in St. Paul's Cathedral calling Millais to his last rest, that I often find myself thinking of him as one of my living friends—one whom I shall meet again in Council next week, or at a Private View of the Royal Academy. It is so long a time since I first saw the painting by which he flashed a new light on the world of Art, that I might well be forgiven if the impression it made upon me should have grown a little dim or confused. But the impression has not grown dim or confused; it is as clear and strong to-day as it was half a century ago, when it proved to me a Landmark in Art.

I was a young traveller then in the realms of Art, and did not know very much about landmarks. The picture was hanging on the walls of the Royal Academy. It is now familiarly known as "The Carpenter's Shop," but the catalogue, dated 1850, describes it as "Christ in the House of His Parents," and quotes the following verses from the Messianic Prophet: "And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." My friend the late Dean of Canterbury assures me that these words have no reference

whatever to Christ. But I suppose that Millais, being only an artist, thought differently.

All this, of course, was in the old days, when the Exhibitions of the Academy were held in the old rooms, which are now devoted entirely to the National Collection. The Academy Schools were also in the same building, and we, the students, before the day's work was done—if the claims of hunger upon growing lads were not too pressing—could pass, without forsaking our roof-tree, from our own humble work in the ateliers below to the works of the living masters in the galleries above, and even to the masters who had the glory of being "old."

And what did we see in Millais' picture? We saw a Landmark. We saw the road before us divided, and that different paths led to different issues. We were less sure that our guides were to be trusted. Millais' work—and Millais himself was not much older than we were, he was only twenty-one—Millais' work was the equivalent of what we now call a search-light. A new country lay before us. We thought we were on Pisgah. We thought we recognized the Promised Land.

I have been looking at the picture to-day. I began with the shavings on the floor. They are real shavings, cut from cedar wood. I looked at the drawing of the figures. Every line is worth the medal he won downstairs in the life school. I observed the lovely colour and the blaze of Eastern light. I perceived the tender solicitude of the kneeling mother—the trustful affection of the child, who kisses her anxious face;

the loveliness of the boy who is bringing water to lave the wound; the grave dignity of the old man who sees a wound, not for the first time; the inquiring look of the young man, "Is the lad much hurt?" the hand stretched out by the lad's grandmother, whose help is not needed, seeing that the child is already at Mary's breast. Ah, but that is not all. It is not the hands only —a drop of blood has fallen upon the feet. It is not a bowl of water that St. John brings; it is the laver of Baptism. They are not sheep which turn their eyes to Christ; they are the flock that He shall feed as a Shepherd. It is not a dove that by chance broods over the child's head; it is the Spirit of Love that shall overshadow Him. Is the painter also amongst the prophets? Even Angelico—Fra Angelico, Angelico the beatified—never told the divine story with deeper spiritual insight. At least that was the impression of a group of young students who stood looking at the picture, on Saturday afternoon the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty.

And then they go home. The day closes without an earthquake. The little fountains in Trafalgar Square still fling their refreshing drops of water on the dusty pavement. The muddy Thames, below the Strand and before the Archbishop's Palace, still clamours for an embankment. Clapham Common still laughs in its new suit of summer green. And yet there is commotion in the air. That very night Charles Dickens lays upon my table, in the pages of his new weekly

journal, "Household Words," his view of Millais' picture of Christ in the house of His friends.

This is what he says: "You behold the interior of a carpenter's shop. In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-headed boy, in a bedgown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy, with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that distorted throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster, in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England. Two almost naked carpenters, master and journeyman, worthy companions of this agreeable female, are working at their trade; a boy, with some small flavour of humanity in him, is entering with a vessel of water, and nobody is paying any attention to a snuffy old woman, who seems to have mistaken that shop for the tobacconist's next door, and to be hopelessly waiting at the counter to be served with half an ounce of her favourite mixture. Wherever it is possible to express ugliness of feature, limb, or attitude, it is expressed. Such men as the carpenters might be undressed in any hospital where dirty drunkards in a high state of varicose veins are received. Their very toes have walked out of St. Giles's."

I say that these words were the views of Charles Dickens. Whether they were actually

written by him matters very little. The article is unsigned, like every other article in the number of "Household Words" in which it appeared, but it bears strong internal evidence of its authorship. The point is that Charles Dickens placed it, as an editorial, in the very forefront of the journal through which he was seeking to redress some of the wrongs inflicted by ignorance on poor humanity. Whether he thought the same of the picture in after years I know not; but I do know what Millais thought of his critics. In a long letter to me, written while he was painting "Murthly Water," he summed it all up in the three words—"Let them rave."

Charles Dickens was buried in Westminster Abbey—that is St. Peter's, where the arches are pointed: John Everett Millais, in the Campo Santo of the painters—that is St. Paul's Cathedral, where the arches are round. We know that at one time even St. Peter and St. Paul had their little differences, but they understood each other at last. We know also that on a very clear day we can discern the loveliness of the stately dome in the east, and of the delicate tracery in the west. I wonder what Dickens would write about Millais if he were editing "Household Words" now.

VII

THE BASILICAS

On the Downs—Sta. Prassede—The Golden Duomo —San Marco—Siena—Monza


Wyke Bayliss.

THE BASILICAS

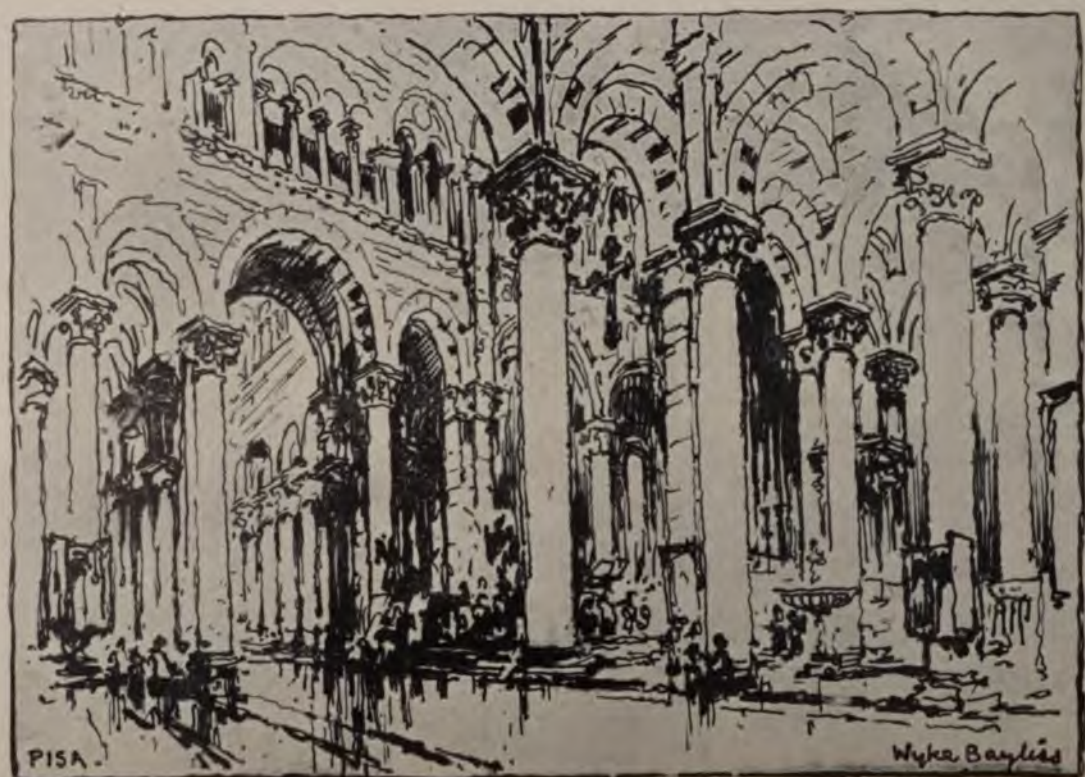
THERE is nothing in the face of Nature that touches me so deeply as a meadow on rising ground, when the slope of it is seen against the sky. The lovely curve—for it is always lovely—the mystery as to what lies beyond, stir the imagination, and one realizes that the round world is in the lap of heaven.

I have been spending the week's end with a friend in Sussex. On Sunday morning we strolled upon the downs—ascending many miles to a stretch of pasture where, losing sight of the sea, we had nothing but the zenith above us and the wide veldt below. There we lay upon the grass, where Proserpina had evidently been before us, for it was bright with flowers; the summer air was soft, and flooded with golden light, and there was no sound except the singing of a lark at an immeasurable height. Suddenly the line against the sky formed by the brow of the hill was broken with moving shapes, and almost before we could spring to our feet we were surrounded by a countless flock of sheep. On they came, like Dante's lost souls in the Divine Comedy. To me they seemed all alike, but the shepherd told us that he knew every one of them, as a schoolmaster knows his scholars. My friend and I

exchanged thoughts. He was a landscape painter, and our conversation fell on the limitations of our vision. We found that a traveller — we were both travellers—in a strange country is quick to discern the difference between race and race; but slow to discern the difference between face and face, in the same race. To an Englishman, visiting for the first time a plantation in the Southern States, the negroes are black—that is all. To the African in London, we are—white. To both of us all pigtails are alike. The subtler differences of form and expression, by which we discriminate character and disposition, and which we count beautiful or ugly, have to be learned like a new language.

And then we questioned each other as to how this limitation of our vision affected us in our special work. He with his landscapes, I with my cathedrals—could we understand each other? or were we speaking in different languages? He told me that though he had studied in Paris and Düsseldorf, he had never seen the interior of a continental Cathedral. He had always been too busy. Either he did not care, or he had not time. He had seen the towers of Notre Dame and the spires of Cologne. To him they seemed much the same thing, only in one case they were square and in the other pointed.

For whose eyes then am I painting? I have just turned over a folio of sketches by David Cox. Amongst them is the interior of a City Church. A dark oak pulpit is seen against a white column. The column is bowed, as if it were Ionic or



THE DUOMO, PISA

Corinthian, but it is really Gothic. Did David Cox use his eyes at all? From whence did he get that swelling of the shaft and narrowing of the neck of a pillar, so dear to the classic architect, but so impossible in Gothic? The sketch is a poem in itself, but the poet, to maintain the simile, has used a word in it of which he did not know the meaning.

Now between the great classic schools—the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian—and the schools of Gothic architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was an interregnum of a thousand years, just as there was between the language of Virgil and the language of the poets of the Renascence. Virgil I suppose must have talked Latin; Ariosto spoke Italian. No doubt many of the old words were retained; but some were lost, and others changed their meaning. No doubt the new grammar was slow to take its final form. Even now there are dialects, lingering amongst the villages of Apulia and Calabria, which are scarcely intelligible to the ordinary Latin or Italian scholar. And it is the same with architecture. It was during this interregnum that the basilicas were built. S. Paolo fuori le mura, with its colonnades of classic pillars, Santa Maria in Trastevere, which might have been a pagan temple, but for the figure of Christ on its triumphal arch, Sta. Prassede with its aerie dome, where live the angels, S. Mark's, built of the spoils of the East—these have been restored, and restoration too often means alteration; many of them have been rebuilt, and sometimes rebuilding means

destruction, but they bear the marks of the old order changing to the new. Sta. Prassede has still the Agnus Dei round the apse, "these follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth," and the mosaics of Christ and the saints in glory. It is almost the pure dialect of the early Christian Church. S. Mark's has caught the accent of Byzantium, as though the East and West were amusing each other with a game of Esperanto. Pisa has more of the classic, and less of the oriental spirit. Siena has assimilated new forms, without despising the old. And in Monza the new language is almost complete.

How can I paint all these? And if I paint them, who will perceive that I have painted anything more than just another cathedral? The critics seem to have a passionate desire that I should paint something else. One says: "More cathedral interiors! have we not had enough?" Another laments that "Sir Wyke can see nothing in the world except the inside of a church." And still another suggests that ecclesiastical architecture does not give the artist much opportunity of displaying humour. While all of them criticize my pictures according to their predilections for the round arch or the pointed. But the merit of a cathedral interior does not depend upon whether the arches are pointed or round, any more than the merit of a landscape depends upon whether the trees are elm or oak. As to painting other things, like my friend upon the downs, I have not time. I am not a hundred years old yet, and it would take me quite that long to get through the basilicas.

MONZA CATHEDRAL.

P. 140.

VIII

THE R. B. A.

The Ideal of Unity—A Creed—A Lion in the Path —Now and Then—The Immortals—The Launching —An Unnecessary War—The Saucy Arethusa—Royal Courtesies—An Epithalamium—Decade by Decade —Through Stress and Strain—The Last Decade— Dragon Slaying—A Ship of the Line—Forward— The Oriades—The Last Advance—The Roll Call— "Non Vi, Non Dolo, Sed Dono"—Another Landmark

THE R. B. A.

In the year 1897 the Royal British Artists celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Incorporation of the Society by Royal Charter, and the Queen was pleased to command that my presidential address should be submitted to her. Her Majesty returned it to me with a gracious message of approval, with sincere congratulations on the valuable work accomplished by the Society in the past, and best wishes for the future.

For the first, and I suppose it will be the last time, it became my duty to speak to my colleagues from a written MS. I could not alter a word approved by the Queen, any more than I can amend my address now. It stands as one of the records of the past, the only speech in this diary that was not absolutely extemporary.

To the Members of the Royal Society of British Artists, at the Trocadero, on the occasion of the Jubilee Dinner, March 15, 1897.

There are two dates which will always be regarded as red-letter days in the annals of our Country. The first is the 24th of May, 1819, on which our Queen was born; the second is the 20th of June, 1897, the sixtieth anniversary of her glorious reign.

Now, by a coincidence of happy augury to the Royal Society of British Artists, the events of which I have to speak to you to-night are precisely covered by these two dates. It was in the year 1819 that the first gathering took place which resulted in the formation of the Society. It is in the year 1897 that we meet to commemorate the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Incorporation by Royal Charter.

It is interesting to note that of the many Associations organized for the purpose of holding Exhibitions of Works of Art the Royal British Artists is the only one that is Incorporated; and the question naturally arises—What is the meaning and purpose of this differentiation of the Society from other bodies, such as the Water-Colour Societies, the Painter-Etchers, the late Grosvenor Gallery, or the latest adventure called the "New"?

The answer is—that the Royal Society of British Artists originated, not as a private enterprise, but in response to a national requirement; and that it sought for, and obtained, from Her Majesty's Government, the sanction of a Code of Laws, embodied in its Charter, giving it Perpetual Succession, and lifting its responsibilities and work from the lower level of personal interests to the higher level of the fulfilment of a National Trust. Unlike other Societies, the Royal Society of British Artists can never administer its affairs for the benefit of its own members only. It can never alienate its possessions

or turn them to private uses. It can never be dissolved by resolution. Individuals may withdraw from membership, but so long as ten men, loyal and true, remain—the Society remains, and its Trusts must be carried out for the promotion of the Fine Arts in this country.

Now there are so many instances in life, and in the management of affairs, in which unity of action is the first and last condition of success, that the thought inevitably occurs—whether it would not have been better if the forces of Art, instead of being divided amongst several Associations, had been welded together permanently into one great central body. It is a noble conception. It is, indeed, the idea underlying the first institution of the Royal Academy, when in the year 1768 King George the Third named it "the Royal Academy of Arts."

But the thing is impracticable. You might as well insist upon growing roses and violets and snowdrops under the same conditions; you might as reasonably expect to further the advancement of Learning by forbidding the establishment of a Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge because there was a Classical School at Oxford. Even the great globe has its two hemispheres on which the sun cannot shine at the same time; and Art is too delicate a flower—too strong an element in our life—too mighty a cosmos in itself—to be dealt with by any uniform or forced rule. The Academy of Arts has become practically an Academy of Painting. It is true that

every year it fills one of its fifteen galleries with architectural designs; but the men who really control the profession of Architecture do so as members of another Society, the Royal Institute of British Architects. It is true, also, that if you turn aside in search of the refreshment-rooms, you come upon a miscellaneous collection of Water-colours, Pastels, Enamels, Miniatures, Etchings, and Drawings in Black and White, but the Art of Water-colour Painting has long since outgrown the guardianship of the Royal Academy, and its Engravers are extinct.

The truth is that a great central authority like the Academy can reward the Artist, but it cannot initiate a forward movement in Art. It is based on Faith. It is a Creed, and a Creed does not reform itself. Stability and Authority (elements of inestimable value in the progress of the Arts) come from within the charmed circle of official sanction. Reform—advance—new forms of life—must come from without. If Art has accomplished all that can be accomplished, and has only to be conserved, there is nothing more to be said. But so long as Art is a living force amongst us, throwing out fresh leaves and blossoms, as well as yielding fruits to be harvested—so long the necessity will exist for other Associations, in friendly relation with the central authority, but independent in their aims and government. If the time should ever come in which there would be no need for a Society of British Artists, it could only be because British Art was dead.

Of course this is understood now, but it was not always understood. We have now, besides the Royal Academy and the Royal British Artists—a Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour—a Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour—a Royal Society of Painter-Etchers—an Institute of Painters in Oil—a Society of Women Artists—a New English Art Club—a Society of Portrait Painters—a Society of Painters in Miniature:—all these holding their Exhibitions in London, and exchanging courtesies with each other in the true feeling of friendly rivalry, and yet rejoicing each in the success of the others.

But it was a very different matter when, in the year 1819, a few brave men gathered together in London to consider what measures should be taken to secure for the Artists of this country a more adequate representation and recognition than could be found in any institution then existing. I say *brave* men, because there was a lion in the path. In any profession where there exists an established authority it needs courage to act independently of that authority. It is always more easy, it is generally more safe, for the individual to leave stagnant waters undisturbed—and at that time the waters were a little stagnant. A Society of Painters in Water Colours had, indeed, already been formed, and was doing excellent work. But that afforded no relief for the great body of Artists who painted in Oils. The Academy had existed for half a century, and had absorbed all the Royal favour, all the Court patronage, all the Government support that was given to Art in those days.

And the Academy was dead against the formation of another Society.

It is necessary here to note the difference between the Academy as it exists to-day and the Academy as it was constituted at the time when the Society of British Artists was founded. In that year, 1823, the Royal Academy lost one of its strongest men, Sir Henry Raeburn; but it still included in its Roll-Call (as it always has included from the days of Reynolds to the days of Leighton, Millais and Watts) some, but not all, of the most illustrious of English Painters. Lawrence was still living, though his election dated from the last century. Mulready was doing scholarly work, which we recall with respect; Callcott was painting the sea and sky with dignity. Above all there were Wilkie and Turner, each a host in himself—Wilkie at the zenith of his power, who had just painted his "Blind Man's Buff," and Turner, who was passing from his second period, his mood of tranquil contemplation, to the more stormy and impassioned rendering of Nature. But beyond these great Artists, whose names you may count on the fingers of one hand, and a small minority of Sculptors and Architects—Who were the men who sat as gods to determine the destiny of Artists, and of Art, in England? I will read the names of the Painters who were elected to the rank of Academician during the twenty years preceding the foundation of the Society: — Henry Thompson, William Owen, Samuel Woodforde, Henry Howard, Thomas

Phillips, Nathaniel Marchant, James Ward, Henry Bone, Philip Reinagle, George Dawe, William Bigg, Edward Bird, John Jackson, William Hilton, Abraham Cooper, William Collins, William Daniel, Richard Cook. If these men were gods, it is clear that the gods die; for their names are not amongst those of the Immortals.

They were, however, the Royal Academicians of the day. Let us compare them with the same number of men, who—although living during the same twenty years—received no Academic honours, but were only British Artists:—George Morland, David Cox, John Sell Cotman, the two Cromes, James Stark of Norwich, Patrick Nasmyth, John Linnell, Peter de Wint, Copley Fielding, George Barret, George Cattermole, R. P. Bonington, James Holland, C. Stanfield, William Hunt, David Roberts, Samuel Prout. Do we wonder that the conference, of which I have spoken, resulted in the formation of a Society of British Artists?

But Rome was not built in a day. And for the Society of British Artists it took three or four years to secure a site and to raise the necessary funds. In 1823, however, the beautiful Galleries in Suffolk Street were completed, and on the 27th December of that year the Articles of Association were signed. In 1824, the Society held its first Exhibition. The occasion was celebrated—according to British custom—by a dinner, at which His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Queen's uncle, presided. In a speech, full of eloquence and good humour, the Duke set forth the claims

of the young Society, and urged upon the Members a spirit of pride in their organization.

Who said the good ship was launched? It must have been Clarkson Stanfield; or Old Jock Wilson;—for they were both Officers of the Watch, and knew a good ship when they saw one. At any rate the ship was launched; and carried a crew of thirty-two, all told.

The ship, however, was no sooner launched than the winds began to whistle in its rigging. The gods were displeased—and, with two notable exceptions, Sir John Soane and Mr. Northcote, refused to come to the dinner. But that was not all. Notwithstanding the gracious appeal of its Royal Founder, the Academicians, from their rooms in Somerset House, allotted to them by the Government, formally declared war against the British Artists in Suffolk Street. It was an internecine war, as cruel in its effects as it was unnecessary in its initiation. And it very nearly crushed the younger Society.

There were, of course, faults on both sides. The Academy passed a law debarring any member of the British Artists from becoming a candidate for Academic honours. The British Artists passed a law inflicting a penalty of £100 on any member withdrawing from the Society. Both laws have long since been repealed—but they created much mischief at the time. Both Institutions suffered the inevitable loss that must follow a narrow or ungenerous policy. The British Artists failed to retain David Roberts and Clarkson Stanfield, who

paid their fines and passed over to the Academy —the Academy missed from its Roll-Call names greater even than these, the names of James Holland and Frederick Yeates Hurlstone.

But not only did the winds whistle through the rigging of this *Saucy Arethusa* of a Society of British Artists, but the timbers began to creak. I say the "*Saucy Arethusa*" because, although only a frigate of thirty-two guns, she was not afraid of firing a shot across the bows of a much bigger vessel—a ship of the line. The fine Galleries built for the Society in Suffolk Street are lighted by a roof of great span. Now, if the sky were to fall, it would not be more disastrous to young larks than the falling of their skylight would be to a young Society of Artists. And the roof showed signs of giving way—it threatened to fall. The first season was scarcely over when this was discovered. The Galleries had been built for the Society at a cost of £4085, and the contractor was responsible; but it was a responsibility not easily enforced. The right of the Society was by tenure of a lease from the Crown. Various interests were affected. Experts were called in, disputes arose, litigation followed. It was *un mauvais quart d'heure* for the Members. Their beautiful Temple of Art had to be abandoned to axes and hammers, while that famous engineer, Sir John Rennie, made the thing safe. He did make it safe. He propped up the roof with iron pillars—ungainly pillars—which trespassed on the floor space, cut up the walls into sections, and

impeded the fine distribution of light. The sky would, indeed, be no more in danger of falling; but it was a sky under which it was hopeless to expect that larks, young or old, would care to sing. I need not recount the details. I mention it only as an object lesson of the difficulties that our courageous and determined predecessors overcame. The Government intervened, and right was done at last. The unsightly pillars were removed, the roof reconstructed, and the Galleries are, to this day, amongst the finest which exist in London.

Then came the event which we specially commemorate this year — the Incorporation of the Society by Royal Charter in 1847. This was the act of "Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen, in the tenth year of her reign"—the Queen, who has always been our friend—whom God preserve!

Since then there have been many pleasant events to record. Visits of the Prince Consort; visits of the Prince of Wales, and with him of one whose name is as dear as it is sacred in every English home—the Princess of Wales. Visits of younger members of the Royal House, maintaining the gracious traditions of courtesy which have made us all one people.

Amongst the most interesting of these records is one of recent date. On the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York the Society presented to their Royal Highnesses a portfolio of drawings, with an *Epithalamium*, describing its contents, and expressing the affectionate loyalty of the Members.

The jewels that do flash from Nature's eyes
  Art brings as offerings to a Royal bride:
  Sunsets for rubies; evening clouds that hide
Their fires like opal; tender amethyst skies
  That make a darkness for the silver stars
  To shine in, till the day through golden bars
Breaks, and all heaven is sapphire, and earth lies
Rapt in the light that dawn'd o'er Paradise.

Accept, dear Prince! Accept, O Princess sweet!
  These pictures of the land where you were born;
    Painted by artists born within that land;
Painted because we love you, and would greet
  With some fair gift the happy marriage morn
    When you together at God's altar stand.

Still turning over the records I come upon the "burying of the hatchet" between ourselves and the Royal Academy, a body too strong now to fear rivalry, and too enlightened and magnanimous to feel anything but satisfaction at the well-being of a Society in which so many of themselves have been Members or Exhibitors.

And finally I come upon a great pile of books. How can I deal with one hundred and seven old catalogues? It seems impossible—and yet they contain the very heart of the matter, for they are the record of the work done by the Society during the long period of three-quarters of a century.

I will take them in decades, glancing only at a few well-remembered names in each decade, as typical of some special characteristic of the time which marked the progress of British Art.

The first Exhibition of the Society was held in 1824, and during the "twenties" the galleries were rich with the architectural paintings of David Roberts and the grey seas of Clarkson Stanfield. Both these men were in their time Presidents of the Society. With their pictures might be seen the curious imaginings of John Martin, the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Deluge," "The Plains of Heaven," and other Mysteries—visions that Artists seem to see but rarely nowadays. This phantasmagoria of Art, however, must find a place in our records; for it is the reflex of an imperishable instinct of the human mind—the love of miracle. Side by side with these weird dramas were seen the quiet, strong, sincere landscapes of the Norwich school—Stark, Nasmyth, and Crome.

In the "thirties" landscape is finely represented by George Barret, Creswick, and that young genius—Müller of Bristol; while J. B. Pyne—who has left his mark even on the great continental schools—was rapt in the splendour of Italian scenery. At this time also A. J. Woolmer and Paul Falconer Poole were painting—in colours of magical light—their dreams of romance; the pictures of master and pupil hanging side by side, until the younger painter passed into the Academy. W. Shayer, with his gipsy encampments, and J. J. Wilson, with his rough weather on the English coast, adhered to the older traditions of Art. I think the Exhibitions of the Society must have been fairly strong during this decade, for they included the works of twenty-nine men who were

afterwards elected to the full rank of Royal Academician.

Then in the "forties" came David Cox and James Holland; Clint, with his broad serene skies —an English Cuyp; Tennant and Boddington, maintaining the traditions of the earlier men; Mark Anthony, more ambitious, with less staying power; and J. F. Herring, one of the best known of many British painters of animal life. And the figure-painters were equally strong. Hurlstone, named by the Queen as the first President of the Society, had become the English Murillo. His "Eros shaping his Bow" is a classic in British Art. Then there were Charles Baxter, with his beautiful types of English women; J. J. Hill, whose lads and lasses might have been the field labourers that Geraint and Enid met in Tennyson's Idylls; and Daniel Pasmore, who lived to see one of his pictures exhibited at Burlington House amongst the Old Masters, and engraved in *The Graphic*, as a fine example of the work of J. M. W. Turner!

In the "fifties" landscape, a strong feature in the Society's Exhibitions, gained strength in the virile work of George Cole, and delicacy in the more tender handling of Vicat Cole, his son. The two exhibited together for a time — both being Members of the Society — and this distinction between their works was very marked. Their Surrey cornfields, shining rivers, and English lanes made the seasons memorable. With them were

John Syer, another famous Bristol man, who brought a fresh rendering of foliage, that made one realize for the first time that it is possible to paint not the trees only, but the wind whispering in the branches; and Henry Dawson, whose fine work is found to have a very living value now that he himself is dead.

In the "sixties" came a band of young painters whose work gave an impulse to the older men—E. C. Barnes, and R. Physick, and Val Bromley—who lived long enough to make other men paint better; and then died, leaving tender memories. During this decade also, Henry Moore—not then limited to one subject only—was showing in these galleries great canvases of open country with infinite skies, as well as marine subjects in silver and amethyst and pearly grey.

In the "seventies" came that daring yet poetic genius, Edwin Ellis; of strong individuality, swift and sure in his method, dealing with sea and sky as if he were their lord and master, as indeed he was, on canvas. With him were Ludovici, who painted English—as Edouard Frère painted French—children; and L. C. Henley, whose lovers quarrelled, and made it up again—as lovers should—with a good grace. And I must name also two masters of brushwork, R. I. Gordon, whose "Esmond" will be long remembered for its fine quality, and J. S. Noble, whom we could not but elect—for the manly strength and beauty of his work — although he was so very, very young.

W. L. Wyllie was also showing for the first time how lovely is the flash of sunlight on a murky river. The Exhibitions of the Society during this decade were distinguished by a note of singular charm in the works of a young painter, F. H. Potter—who made but little impression on the public, but won the profound respect of his brother artists. As other painters turn their eyes to the light, he seemed to look into darkness; but he saw there visions of subtle beauty that filled us with delight and astonishment. After his death the Society honoured his memory by exhibiting a collection of his pictures.

So, always in the very van of progress, the Society passes to the "eighties." The "eighties" began with the Presidentship of John Burr, a Scotch painter, distinguished by his tender feeling, fine colour, and strong technique. They include that of James McNeill Whistler, the Royal Society of British Artists being the only English Society which had thus recognized his bright genius by electing him to membership. In the year 1887—during his Presidentship—was celebrated the Queen's Jubilee; when Her Majesty was graciously pleased to command that the Society should be called "The Royal Society of British Artists."

It will be observed that, amongst all the men whom I have mentioned as having added a lustre to the annals of the Society, I have named none of those who are most in my mind—and dearest

to me — my living, working colleagues. The time will surely come when another, standing in my place, will do justice to them. In the meantime, those who now bear the responsibilities as well as the honours of the Society speak for themselves in their own works. In passing to the latest decade I will only say that it is marked by a great forward movement. All that is expressed by the modern use of the word "tone"—all that is real, and beautiful, in impressionism — everything that tends to substitute a living force for a convention, finds welcome in our Gallery. It is impossible for an army to advance into an enemy's country without some risk. And in the advance which Art makes against prejudice, conventionalism, and smug contentment with past achievements, the vanguard must expect casualties. Pictures have appeared on our walls for which the public were not yet prepared. But if the public wish to know what will be done at Burlington House to-morrow, they must look at what is being done in Suffolk Street to-day. One thing is certain. Pictures which ten or twenty years ago were met by storms of criticism and derision —like fire mingled with hail—are now regarded with respectful attention, and would be sorely missed if they were not forthcoming. The truth is that since the foundation of the Society there has never been an Exhibition in its Galleries which did not include something new and strange —some effort which, however much it may have been wondered at, has eventually proved to be of enduring beauty. The golden rule of the

Society is—that in movements in Art it is for the Artist to lead and for the public to follow.

I pass now to the record of the last ten years. It begins with the distribution of the awards in the Fine Art Section of the greatest of the International Exhibitions—that of Paris in 1889. Of the hundred English Artists who received medals, no less than fifty-five—and of the twenty gold medallists no less than fifteen — proved to be Members or Exhibitors of the Royal Society of British Artists. At this period also commenced that splendid series of studies by Lord Leighton seen nowhere else, and revealing him in a new light. They began with his first sketch for the *Daphnephoria*, and ended only with the last, made but a few weeks before his death. They were arranged in groups; one hundred and twenty in all. They will live as long as the name of Leighton is remembered. During these last few years the Galleries have been enriched by the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Sir John Gilbert, Honorary Members of the Society, as well as by a collection of the works of the late Cecil Lawson. Mr. Watts has been represented by many of his finest portraits, including those of Lord Tennyson, Lord Salisbury, and William Morris. The works by which Sir Edward Burne-Jones will be remembered in connection with these Exhibitions are the magnificent series of studies for his paintings of "The Briar-Rose." The pictures by which Sir John Gilbert is permanently represented at the Guildhall

were first seen together in these Galleries, where hung also the first paintings he ever exhibited.

Before closing this brief record I must draw special attention to the steady advance that has been made by the Society during our own time. Let me recall to your minds the one great purpose for which it was founded—its *raison d'être* throughout its long history. It was founded to remedy certain evils arising from a too exclusive system of centralization. The Dragon it attacked —and has slain—was *clique*. But the danger of Dragon-slayers is that they are themselves apt to become Dragons. If it was wrong in 1819 for the control of Art, and the distribution of the honours of the profession, to be altogether in the hands of a little charmed circle—it is equally wrong now. Moreover, a narrow and selfish policy would be as fatal to the interests of the Society as it would be contrary to its spirit. The life and force which have marked the advance of Art in the Victorian era are not to be attributed so much to a few manifestations of singular genius, as to a vast increase in the army of skilled workers. The advance has been along the whole line. And if the Society is to keep pace with the times, and to meet its requirements, it must take account of this increase. Now a University does not refuse its degrees to a man who has passed its examinations for fear there should be too many Members of Convocation. The standard of qualification is the only proper check upon the numbers admitted. And the Society has recognized and acted upon

this principle. Its roll-call, beginning with thirty-two, advanced to fifty—to one hundred. To-day it is one hundred and fifty. The Society of British Artists is no more a frigate of thirty-two guns—it has become a ship of the line—and it carries the Royal Flag.

A Society with such a record as this is worth loving; a Society with such a purpose before it is worth working for. And the Royal Society of British Artists has never been without its lovers or its workers. During three generations it has maintained in this great metropolis an Annual Exhibition to which Artists, known or unknown, might send works, to be judged according to their merit. The Society has held one hundred and seven Exhibitions, including in the aggregate about seventy thousand pictures. It has effected sales for Artists to the amount of more than a quarter of a million sterling. And the service it has thus rendered to Art and to Artists has been honorary service—no member receiving salary or dividend, or bonus from its funds—but, on the contrary, every member contributing his share to the cost of the maintenance of the Exhibitions, and the administration of the affairs of the Society.

Such a Society is, as I have said, worthy of our affection and loyalty. To such a Society the Past —with all its traditions, its difficulties, its achievements—is but the prelude to a still more useful and honourable Future.

. . . . . .

It was during this year, 1897, that the Queen, on the advice of Lord Salisbury, conferred upon me the honour of knighthood—not the first or the last act of Royal courtesy which I have received from her. The message she sent to my home when she missed me from the happy prize-winners at Marlborough House, and learned why the sick boy was not there, is never to be forgotten. Her command to submit to her my first picture exhibited at the R. B. A. was a gracious expression of her continued interest in me, and now she called me to be one of her Round Table.

I was at the time engaged upon the chief study of my life—the history and authenticity of the Likeness of Christ; my book "Rex Regum" was just published, and the Queen permitted me to dedicate it to her. When she had read the book, which she said greatly interested her, she sent me her jubilee medal, commanding me to wear it for her sake.

I will say no more about "Rex Regum" in these pages. The book speaks for itself. It is not an "Olive," to be taken or left according to the caprice of taste. Nor is it a sketch-book from which fragments may be torn to illustrate an Artist's method of work. One incident, however, should be recorded, as it marks the fineness of the Queen's taste. I had written, in accordance with court usage: "To Victoria, Queen-Empress, this tribute to the King of kings is dedicated." She returned it to me with the order of the words inverted, so as to read, "This tribute to the King of kings is dedicated to Victoria."

I wear the Queen's image on my breast often; but I wear her image in my heart always, as I saw her for the last time at Osborne when I signed my name in her birthday book.

. . . . . .

Another decade has very nearly passed since my Commemoration Address was laid before the Queen, and the Society received her gracious message. We are in a new century, and another sovereign sits upon the throne. The Royal Society of British Artists has moved forward with swift and sure step. Its charter is, of course, the permanent record of the conditions under which Art struggled in the early Victorian period, and of the necessity for the liberation of the artist, if Art itself was ever to be free. The artist has been liberated, and Art is now free. During the Queen's reign the conditions changed. The result of good work is always that the conditions change. To change them is the very purpose of the work. When the Society was founded the difficulty which faced the painter was that he had nowhere to exhibit except at the Academy, and that a very little misunderstanding with that august body would suffice to banish him from the world of Art altogether. That injustice has been overcome—partly by the great liberal movement within the Academy, by virtue of which the tyranny of a clique is made impossible; and partly by the establishment, not only in London but throughout the provinces, of Exhibitions to which the most daring

of experimenters may send without fear of being considered too advanced.

But now a new danger has arisen. The danger to the artist is not so much exclusion, as disintegration. Large Exhibitions, controlled by small groups of men, become miscellaneous. Small Exhibitions of small schools become narrow. The safety of Art lies in breadth of view and clearness of vision. But breadth of view and clearness of vision are not sufficient without strength of purpose and unity of action. To win a battle the forces must be co-ordinated and move together. When I was elected a member of the Society in 1865, its roll-call was thirty, its exhibitors four hundred, and its walls, packed to the ceiling, like at the Royal Academy, were covered by nearly a thousand pictures. When I was chosen President the roll-call was one hundred, the exhibitors numbered three hundred, and there were four hundred and seventy-five pictures on the walls. To-day the roll-call of membership is two hundred, and the catalogue contains three hundred and seventy-nine works. This means two things. It means a broader basis, and a higher standard of Art. A broader basis, because the question whether an artist shall exhibit at the R. B. A. is not to be determined by a hasty decision of a hanging committee limited in number, but by the vote by ballot of the whole Society assembled for the election of members. A higher standard, because every member is elected for some special qualification as an expert in Art, and membership implies that he shall send to the Society's Exhibitions his finest work.

With this advance came another change, as necessary as it was delightful. So long as the Society consisted of a little group of members, who supplemented their Exhibitions with the works of outsiders, the question of the election of women did not press for solution, and the old traditions were maintained. But the moment the Society limited its Exhibitions to the works of members, to have excluded women from membership would have been to assume that women could not be British Artists. Mrs. Louise Jopling, the founder of "The Immortals"; Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, the painter of "Love Locked Out"; Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, who keeps Pegasus in her studio at Bushey; and Mrs. Mabel Lee Hankey, who paints the loveliest of lovely children—have saved the Society from the reproach of being a brotherhood without sisters.

. . . . . .

One of the most delightful of my reminiscences is the designing of the Diploma of Membership. This was entrusted to me by the Society—and I have tried to express in it not only the rights and privileges of members, but the high purpose set before us in taking Art as our profession.

The Diploma is contained in a square, measuring twenty-two inches. In the body of it is the Charter of Incorporation, with the obverse and reverse of the Great Seal of Victoria, under which it was confirmed by letters patent. Beneath is the clause of attestation and certificate of election,

signed by the President, the Treasurer, and Secretary, sealed by the seal of the Society. Above is the hope set before us that the light kindled by God shall never be extinguished. It is Michael Angelo's great fresco in the Sistine Chapel, of the Creation. Adam lies prone upon the earth. God has made man, but has not yet breathed into him the breath of life. Now the Creator stretches out His hand, and with a touch the man lives. It is the old Promethean story. Prometheus could make a man of clay—just as a painter can paint a picture—but he could not give to it life. He tried to buy the divine flame, but heaven cannot be bought. He would have taken it by force, and was hurled down from Olympus. *Non vi, non dolo, sed dono.* Not by force, that is, nor by fraud, but by free gift—that is the motto of the Royal Society of British Artists. We do not claim for the artist more than God has given him, but we say it is a gift.

The design was submitted to the King on May 15, 1901, and received his approval; His Majesty graciously retaining a copy "for his own pleasure."

. . . . . .

ANOTHER LANDMARK

(*This is a brief account of, and an appreciation of, Whistler.*)

Mr. Whistler has written so much about me that I should be wanting in courtesy if I failed to write something about him. We were thrown much together, and for me to be silent now would imply that the impressions of the great impressionist made no impression. And that would not be true. Whatever may have been Mr. Whistler's success as a president, or as an etcher, or as a painter, or as the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," he never succeeded in making an enemy of me. From first to last throughout our intercourse, whether to the music of social life, or to the clash of arts—not the clash of arms—we never exchanged an unkind word. We differed. Ah, yes, we differed—and the world took sides. But we never grinned in each other's faces, or misunderstood each other's purpose. His purpose was to make the R. B. A. a small esoteric sect, mine was to make it a great guild of the working artists of this country.

Our beautiful galleries in Suffolk Street were too extensive for Mr. Whistler's experiment. The world of Art does not contain enough of the genus *Papilio-Whistlerialis* to decorate its six hundred

feet of wall space. He was pleased to say that the society consisted of three elements, viz., the master, the pupils—and the British Artists, who were to be "weeded out." For such a select coterie one of the smallest of its rooms would have sufficed. The magician and his disciples could never have filled the great gallery except with incense.

People outside quarrelled over us, particularly the Press. I could fill twenty large volumes with cuttings from the critics. The *Times* and *Punch*, *Judy* and the *Athenæum* had a merry time. "Master James" was depicted as a Butterfly, I, as "Wicked Wyke," and the Society as "a ramping and a roaring lion." Nevertheless, we also had a merry vein of our own. On one memorable occasion the postman was knocking at my door all day. In the course of the morning I received six telegrams from my friend the Butterfly, always with "*mes* compliments," drawing my attention to six letters he had written to six different newspapers.

I remember also a pretty incident in the hanging of our Exhibition. A carpenter held in his hand a piece of wood with which he was about to steady a heavy frame. It was a batten of yellow deal, with a large knot of lovely colour, pitch brown and gold, running the whole length of the board. Seizing the board, I made the carpenter saw out of it a fragment to fit a frame which stood on the mantelpiece. At a little distance the thing assumed the appearance of a golden sunset, seen across an open country, with

a little hill or clump of trees against the luminous sky. The gradation of colour was beautiful beyond description. At that moment the President entered. We pointed across the gallery to the new "harmony in gold and brown," and congratulated him on its loveliness. Mr. Whistler, hastily putting his eyeglass to his eye, exclaimed, "Eh, eh! What's that? Who lent that?" He was as much delighted as we were.

Why is it that such an incident is so high a tribute to the genius of the painter? It is because, while the raw material of Nature is always beautiful, the raw material of the painter can only be made lovely by the divine touch of Art. Observe, Mr. Whistler did not mistake a picture for a piece of wood—nobody could do that; what he did was to mistake a piece of wood for a picture. Wood in all its varieties of grain and colour is lovely in itself. Stone, from the commonest flags upon the pavement to the richest marbles on the altar, is always "right." But paint? It is not the paint of a picture that is beautiful; it is the quality it receives from the mind of the painter that redeems it from the commonplace. We stood too far away to perceive the texture of the material. But its tone conjured up to us a vision of the highest order. It was the vision Whistler had taught us to look for in his paintings.

I do not think this is sufficiently understood. It is, however, a landmark that divides the world of Art, as definitely as the meridian of Greenwich divides our little planet east and west, or as the line we used to score upon our nursery floor

marked off Tom Tiddler's ground when we played at picking up gold and silver.

In Art we are all asking for different things. One desires to see the paint, and how it is laid on, and what the thing is which the picture is supposed to represent; another regards the paint as of the earth, and asks for a vision of heaven. To Turner a distant mountain is veiled with blue or grey, as if it were wrapped in the mantle of a god. To Claude it is a map—showing trees and cliffs, and a winding path that he would like to climb. To Whistler the near-sighted, a tree across the Common is a silhouette, the beauty of which depends wholly upon its outline and colour. To Meissonier the long-sighted, it is the most complex entanglement of dancing leaves and interlacing branches. How can Whistler and Meissonier deal with them alike? or be judged by the same standard?

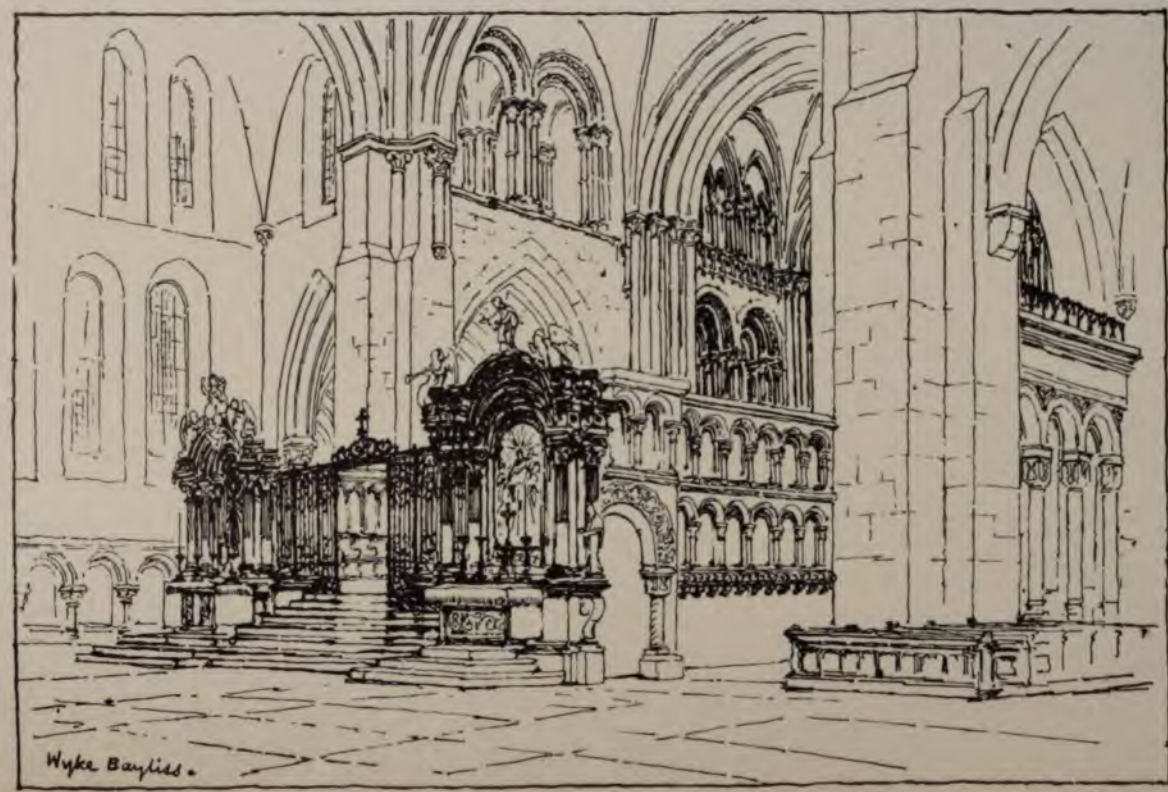
There are two phases of truth which cannot be expressed by the same formula—the truth of round numbers, and the truth of the actual figures duly certified by the accountant. In a village church you will hear the choir sing, "The age of man is three-score years and ten." When you pass out through the churchyard you will read the inscription, "Here lies Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, also Georgiana, wife of the above, and Alexander, Bartholomew, Tobias, Abraham, and Roger, infant children of the above." How are these apparently conflicting accounts of life to be reconciled? The first is a rough statement in round numbers, the second is the presentation of the actual balance-sheet.

Who shall say which is the higher truth? I believe that both are necessary in the studio, as well as to our lives. Mr. Whistler painted in round numbers. He only condescended to details when exercising the gentle art of making enemies —then he lost his reckoning. But the beautiful wreath of flowers we laid upon his grave was the witness, that "Wicked Wyke" was not so very wicked after all — that the R. B. A. did not "ramp and roar"—and that the Butterfly left no sting.

IX

AT NOVIOMAGUS

The Lost City—Antient Citizens—The Oraculum—The Lord High—The Lucid Interval—Mad as a March Hare—The Public Orator—Shakespeare's Day—The Seasons Change—The Cryptogram—Corporal Nym—Sir Henry Irving—The Corporal's Postcript—Mistress Gallup



TREVES CATHEDRAL

AT NOVIOMAGUS

"RAPIERS, gentlemen—only rapiers" might be the motto of Noviomagus. It is true that a rapier is never seen in the city of Cæsar; but that it is which makes the motto so thoroughly Noviomagian. Noviomagus never killed a man.

The search for the lost city of Noviomagus began in the year 1828. A little band of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries asked themselves—Why England should not have its Noviomagus? France has its Lisieux, Germany has its Treves, Holland has its Nymengen—all of these being cities founded by the Romans, and named after the New Wise Men. Why should not the Society of Antiquaries be the discoverers of the long-lost Noviomagus of England? That it did exist is certain, if we believe the pages of our own Archæologia, and in the famous Itinerary of Antoninus it is described as being between Londinum and the sea.

Now when Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries ask a question, and the answer is not immediately forthcoming, they determine to know the reason why. The inquisitors in this case were Robert Lemon, Treasurer of the Exploration Fund—for the thing could not be done without money; H. Brandreth, Poet Laureate for the occasion—for when the city was found it would surely have to

be celebrated with song; W. H. Brooke, Chief Artist—for the city would have to be pictured; W. H. Rosser, the Recorder, not only an antiquary but an antique himself, wearing to the last the dress of a past generation, which began with no neck-tie and finished with Hessian boots; and Crofton Croker to take the chair as Lord High President — for what would become of a Roman city without a Chief Magistrate?

It will be seen already that the citizens of Noviomagus had their little peculiarities. As they were all famous men, they must all bear office. They must have their records printed, so Bowyer Nicholls, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was appointed Typographer. They would receive guests, so the Rev. J. Lindsay was made High Chamberlain. They would have to know who was who—so Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms, served the gentle office of Genealogist. They might like to play sometimes, so J. R. Planché became their Dramatist. They might play too much (they never could play false!); to meet such a case William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was elected Father Confessor.

What they had to confess, however, is not to be found in the records. The archives of Noviomagus disclose only that these Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries made diligent search at Reston in Surrey, where some very interesting Roman remains had been discovered. But the city of Noviomagus was not identified, and to this day it is the quest of the citizens. When it is found we intend to take possession, and the

Club, as an investigation committee, will be dissolved. In the meantime, while the parent Society is in session, the citizens will meet once a month to dine together, gathering round their board the friends whom they love and delight to honour.

And then comes the fun. The first principle of Noviomagus is, that every citizen says the reverse of what he thinks. This system has the advantage of enabling one to mix things together, taking no account of time or place. The Unities, so dear to the Greek Dramatists, are unknown to Noviomagians. What does it matter whether a thing occurred yesterday or to-morrow, if it did occur? At first sight this way of looking at things might seem to be a little confusing, but on closer examination it proves to be the reverse. It simplifies life. If you make a photograph of a bas-relief, and of the die from which the bas-relief was cast, and place them side by side, you will find that they are indistinguishable from each other. Is it not the same with action and words? Language is so imperfect a means for the communication of thought that it may be compared to the *oraculum* of the gods. When Crœsus determined to invade the kingdom of Cyrus he consulted the Oracle at Delphi. The reply came—"If Crœsus passes over the river he shall destroy a great empire." That was strictly Noviomagian. Crœsus understood it to mean that he should destroy the empire of Cyrus. He crossed the river, with an army of about the same number we sent to South Africa. But the empire he destroyed was his own.

Noviomagus never makes this mistake—but by virtue of its curious code of speech, its citizens are quick to discern the true meaning of the Oracle. I think it must have been at Noviomagus that Shakespeare learned the great virtue of an "if." He knew of a case when seven justices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought him of an "if." "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. And if we say with Jaques, "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at anything, and yet a fool," the reply comes, "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that he shoots wit."

There is a delightful account of the City of Noviomagus in Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's novel, "The Son of a Star." He describes a visit of Cæsar. Hadrian is on a journey from Eboracum to Londinum, and is seized with one of his fits of depression. It is a very serious matter, for the death of Hadrian would bring in Severus. Every expedient of sport, and song, and medicine is tried in vain. His physician is at his wits' end, when Rufus, a soldier, suggests that they should persuade Cæsar to visit Noviomagus. Nobody can be dull at Noviomagus. It is only an hour's march, and Cæsar is persuaded. He will go with Rufus as his friend. The citizens receive him with courtesy, as the friend of Rufus, but when Rufus calls him Cæsar they laugh. Rufus has the reputation of being a funny fellow——that is again strictly Noviomagian. Then Dr. Richardson describes the customs of the city, and with a few

fine touches "takes off" the citizens. There is Colonel Edis, the Generalissimo, who salutes the quasi-Cæsar with mock military reverence; there is Francis Bennoch, the Laureate, who regrets that he has not a special ode for the occasion; there is Henry Stevens, the Recorder, who prays for Cæsar's signature; the Public Orator, who will speak to Cæsar presently; the Architect, George Godwin, who compliments him on the Coliseum; the Keeper of the Printed Books, George Bullen, who talks about the library sent to Rome by Sylla, containing the works of Aristotle; the Censor Morum, George Wright, who approves of a little austerity, if it is not carried too far; the Phœnix, that is Dr. Phené, who knows every inch of the ancient world better than Cæsar does himself, and can tell him why the Tiber runs in the shape of a serpent. Last of all, but not least, there is the venerable patriarch of the city, Samuel Carter Hall, nearly as aged as Fidelis the centurion. These, with Richardson himself as the Lord High President, form a group that promises anything but a dull evening for Cæsar.

During the evening there is a "Lucid Interval," when words of wisdom are permitted. And then the fun begins. The Recorder, who cannot write, gives us his minutes. The Treasurer, who cannot read, declines to give us figures. The Phœnix fascinates us with some new revelation in the old science of antiquarian research. The Minstrel sings. A new citizen is admitted with ancient ceremony. The Public Orator is called upon, and, it being St. George's Day, descants to Cæsar upon

Shakespeare and the Fine Arts. Then the Recorder, being a mimic, is requested "to play the fool." He begins with Julius haranguing his troops; he passes to Augustus finishing the comedy of his life; Tiberias defending debauchery; Caligula feeding horses on golden oats; Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, each touched with a sharp "rapier" of satire, and last of all—Hadrian himself!

"So much for Cæsar," cries the Recorder, as he sits down. Happy for him, his last criticism is to a shade what the last Cæsar can hear without blanching. The mirth is not broken, but presently it becomes Cæsar's turn. He calls for a lute. He is the son of a famous musician. He tunes it with a skill and grace which surprise the citizens. The Lord High proposes the health of the visitors, and has just reached the name of the so-called—when suddenly, there is a great knocking at the door, a quaternion of soldiers with a messenger enter, and the messenger lays at Cæsar's feet a dispatch sealed with the signet of the senate, summoning Cæsar to Rome. The Emperor breaks the seal and reads. He reflects a moment, and then with a peaceful smile and some tenderness of manner, speaks—"Citizens of Noviomagus, and henceforth knights of the Imperial City—know, that it has been your happiness to make Cæsar happy."

Vale, Cæsar! How it has all faded into the past! But not Noviomagus. Noviomagus does not fade. Sir Benjamin Richardson has passed,

with Cæsar. But we have still the same Recorder, who, being a wise man, still plays the fool. And the Phœnix is as brilliant and interesting as ever in his discourses. Moreover, we have still our Henry Stevens, but of another generation. We have a Huguenot, a Hermit, a Homo-recens, a Barometer, a Bookworm, a Physician-in-Ordinary, a Librarian, an Alchemist, a Master Carpenter, an American Minister, and others waiting to receive their titles, only we have now no Public Orator. He has become the Lord High President.

Let him then contribute from his diary something that shall remind the citizens of the happy days that are past. Here is the record of the speech before the *ave* changed to *vale*.

My Lord High, — When you informed our distinguished visitor that until I became a citizen of Noviomagus I was so poor a speaker that I could not say Bo! to a goose, whereas now I am promoted to the proud position of Public Orator, it is obvious that some words of explanation are due from me. I therefore offer the following line of thought, for the consideration of our guest. If when I came amongst you at first, I could not say bo! it must have been because I had little practice in addressing an anserine community. But now I can say Bo! to a goose—Bo! and I claim that practice makes perfect. But after all, whether I speak well or ill, it does not much matter. An artist is not to be judged by his words—but by his works. At any rate to-night, when we commemorate the birth, and life, and death of our great

Shakespeare, we shall all be content to leave the glory of words to him. And yet there is one thing I would say—because perhaps it can be said only by an Artist. Have we not observed that a great change has come, during our lifetime, over the choice of subjects with which our painters illustrate Shakespeare? When we were lads, the walls of our picture galleries, the Royal Academy, the British Artists, the British Institution, the Old Water-Colour Society, were covered with scenes from Shakespeare's plays—Romeos under the balconies of Juliets, Othellos smothering Desdemonas, Falstaffs hiding in clothes-baskets, Petruchios breaking crockery-ware, Malvolios, cross-gartered, playing the fool before the ladies—these were the subjects that Maclise, and Leslie, and Egg, and Gilbert, delighted to paint. Where are they now? They seem to be faded into the past. You may look in vain through half-a-dozen picture-galleries in London to-day, for any one of them. Nobody paints them now. They have been killed by the limelight, and the beautiful *mise-en-scène* at the Lyceum and Her Majesty's Theatre. And yet Shakespeare is with us to-day not less, but more, than he was then. I think he is with us in a higher form. We see perhaps less of the mask, but more of the man. To-day Shakespeare is illustrated not so much by the figure-painter as by the painter of landscape. And the landscapes which illustrate Shakespeare are not all of the same kind. They are not all Sidney Coopers. They are Leaders, and David Murrays, and Alfred Easts. They are Tom Robertsons,

and Laidlays, and Proctors. They are Waterlows, and Thorne Waites, and Wimperises. They are D'Aubignys, and Corots and Monets. If you go through our picture-galleries to-day, with Shakespeare as your companion, you will see not so much what Shakespeare put upon the stage, as what Shakespeare himself saw, when he dreamed of a Midsummer night, or strolled on the banks of the Avon, or wandered in his garden at Stratford. You will see Nature herself, in Spring—

> Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

You will see visions of Summer, as when Amiens sings—

> Under the greenwood tree
> Who loves to lie with me
> And tune his merry note
> Unto the sweet bird's throat.

You will see pale Autumn, when Perdita says—

> The year growing antient,
> Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
> Of trembling Winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
> Are our carnations and streak'd gilly-flowers.

You will see Winter sere—

> Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
> Though thou the waters warp
> Thy sting is not so sharp
> As friend remember'd not.

And so, led by Shakespeare's hand, you will see the year in its beautiful changes dancing round the walls of our picture-galleries. And I for one, as an artist, believe that this is better and truer Art, and nearer to the spirit of our master singer, than anything we have seen in Art before.

. . . . . .

It was in the year 1888 that the London Press was full of the great "Cryptogram" controversy, and I wrote to my friend Sir Henry Irving:—

MY DEAR IRVING,—I told Corporal Nim that none of the company ought to write to the papers without your leave. But though your authority will extend through the endless future, it does not reach back to the First Folio. The Corporal says he has "operations which he humours, of revenge," and he will not wait. Hence the enclosed letter.

Nevertheless, if you approve what he has written by my hand, it might rest his soul to know it, and it would be a satisfaction to—Yours faithfully, WYKE BAYLISS.

The following is the letter which the Corporal appears to have addressed to the editor of *The Standard*:—

SIR,—I am "Corporall Nim." It is all very well for you to be discussing who wrote the plays; but suppose it was neither William S. nor Master B. I can answer for one of 'em—"The Merry Wives of Windsor." I am Corporall Nim, and wrote it myselfe—and I have a cryptogram of mine own to prove it. It is not such a puzzling affaire as the one you are arguing about, but then I am plain Corporall

Nim, and when I speak I avouch. It is no use denying—I combat denial that I did it all myselfe. I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me of some honours; but I have a sword and it shall bite.

It came about this waye. The play is mine. I am a swan like Sh—peare—but I am a modest man. I am Corporall Nim. Neither William S. nor Master B. are to be trusted, so I wrote the playe downe mine on every page, in such kind that they did not observe it. This is how I wrote it. One word or two on every page, to be discovered by the figures with which the page is numbered. The playe doth begin on page 39. But the figures 3 and 9 would not do for my cryptogram. I did therefore make the printer, by error, print the title of my playe on the preceding page. That does give the year when the cryptogram should be discovered. The figures 38 mean three eights—that is the yeare in which three eights do stand—888, that is this yeare 1888. There is none other that doth contain three eights—and so the date is fixed.

Then on page 39 I did fix the name of the foreigner, for three plus nine equals twelve—and following the twelfth line you will read "Done" and opposite on the other column "lye"—that is the man you wot of. It doth impale him as a moth upon a pin. On page 40 he doth have to listen to my upbraiding of him. I say, "Thou forreyner, I challenge deniall of my labours here," for he doth denie to me the honour of doing all myself—and doth say that Master B. did do it all. Then I do claim from Master S. my Booke of Songs and Sonnets, and my Book of Riddles (that is cryptograms) the which I had lent to Sh—ake—p, on Alhallowsmas last, a fortnight afore the Michaelmas. On page 41—but I will make two columns of it: as I did in the First Folio. In the first column I will place the cryptic numbers of the pages where the words of my "Riddles," are to be found: and in the second column the cryptogram itself, as printed by Isaac Haggard and Ed. Blount, unwittingly, poore souls, in 1623.

page 39 3 + 9 = 12th line	Done-lye
page 40 The cue is the word forty; begin forty lines before that.	Thou forreyner, thou liest; I challenge deniall of my labours here. I had rather than forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here, my booke of Riddles why did you lend it to Sh—ake—p—re?
page 41 4th line, 1st col.	I, or else I would I might be hanged.
page 42 4th line, 2nd col.	I, forsooth
page 43 4 + 3 = 7th line	(did) doe all myselfe.
page 44 4th line	there's the short, and the long o' it. My name is Corporall Nim.
page 45 4 + 5 = 9th line	my name is B. only for a jest.
page 46 46th line	There is one Master B.
page 47 47th line	I will aggravate his style so that thou shall know him for a knave. (he was)

page 48 4 + 8 = 12th line	a good student
page 49 4 + 9 = 13th line of Scena secunda	and I as idle.
There is no page 50	
page 51 line 5, col. 1	see the issue.
page 52 Scena quinta line 5, that is 5 twice	If I be served such another tricke, I'le have my braines tane out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog
page 53 lines 3 and 53	That Master B—— was the rankest compound of villanies— Master B—— is latin for Bacon.
page 54 lines 5 and 54	Show me now William S—— He's but a dead man
	suspect without cause
	in the name of B——
page 57 5 + 7 = 12th line and 7th line	I have been transformed—— ——peare. I never prosper'd, since I forswore myself.

page 58 Act v. line 8, and the last line read on to the missing page	Master B—— I fear not. I feare not G. I'le tell you all. I'le tell you strange things. I, a swan like Sh'—peare.
There is no page 59	
page 51 for 59 5 + 1 = 6 + 5 + 9 = 20, also 51 reversed = 15	I am heere as W—— S—— Am I W—— S—— Speake I like. Am I a true S—— I do begin to perceive that I am made an Asse.
page 60 From top of last col. to the 6th line from the end	Upon my life then you tooke the wrong—tooke a B—— for a G. Be not angry, Mr. D—— This is your own folly. With Master S—— and Master B—— let us every one go home and laugh.

Thus my cryptogram ends in my Booke of Riddles as I wrote it, in the which I did give fair warning to Master B. and to William S—— and to the Forreyner Donelye. Now I doe claim mine own. CORPORALL NIM.

To this Sir Henry Irving replied in the happiest vein :—

MY DEAR WYKE BAYLISS,—Pray tell Corporal Nim that I am very much his debtor for his contribution to the great cryptogram discussion. His evidence is most convincing, and his personal authority overwhelming. Moreover, he is not a "dull dog," like some cryptographers, but is a gentleman of infinite humour, as well as unimpeachable character.

With many thanks and congratulations, Yours very truly,

HENRY IRVING.

LYCEUM THEATRE, *May 13th*, 1888.

Since then I have received a postscript to the Corporal's letter. A new figure came upon the scene. Mrs. Gallup took up the lost cause, and published an elaborate defence of the almost forgotten cryptogram. What could the Corporal do better than write a postscript?

POSTCRIPTUM.—When I did write my letter I said naught about Mistress G—— and the two pages which are missing. I was content to wait. But the time has now come for me to speke to them. As for Master B—— and W—— S—— the Devil take one partie and his Dam the other. So shall they both be bestow'd. I have suffered for their sakes. Master D. is also bestow'd. I have reserved Mistress G—— for the missing page. Yet in the very beginning I did warne her when I said, "I know the young G——. She has good gifts. She has browne hair, and spekes small like a woman." And again, "Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises, and what she thinks in her heart she may effect." All this I did write down to warne her. Count therefore twelve words from the end of page 48, for 4+8=12, and you will read "Peace, I say Gall——" Then turn the next leaf whereon is the missing page. To mask it I have written at the place where the word comes "master page" and "follow." That means follow the master page. Moreover I have changed the 0 into 8. The printers were very obliging. Count therefore eight words from the end, and you will find exactly following the words "Peace, I say, Gall——" the word "up," which doth complete the name of Mistress Gallup.

Yet another page is missing; there is no page 59: because I did make the printer print it 51. Count therefore fifty-one lines to the word "about," and you shall read a final note of warning to those ladies who do gallop too quickly.

Go you, and where you find a maid,
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie.
But those as sleepe and think not on their sins,
Pinch them arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

I say then againe, let Mistress Gallup hold her peace; say her prayers thrice, and think on her sins.

CORPORALL NIM.

May 1902.

X

MIRANDA AND THE MINX

Worshipping Together—At the Royal Societies' Club—The Minx—Flirtations—The Lady of the Castle—In the Elysian Fields—The Golden Age—Art in India—Matins and Evensong—Music in India—Towards Unity—Another Game—The King Mated—A Game for the Gods—Miranda Loses and Wins—A Free Translation

MIRANDA AND THE MINX

We have lost our Leighton, and Millais, and for a time darkness falls upon happy gatherings of the Art world of London. How can we go on? For long years Leighton was President, and Millais Honorary Secretary of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution—the one Society where artists of all "creeds" worshipped together; for charity is worship, with no jealousies, no rivalries, no thought except to achieve the common purpose of succouring the distressed. How can we go on without Leighton and Millais?

We shall go on, of course. Sir Edward Poynter, with his great knowledge of men and matters as well as of Art, his fine scholarship as well as courtesy, will fill the place of Leighton. Mr. Ouless, who like Millais is accustomed to read faces, and translate them, will be what Millais was to us. Mr. Douglas Gordon, who is too generous and sympathetic to pass over real suffering, and too wise as a Justice of the Peace to be deceived by pretended suffering, will keep us together. We shall go on—for sickness and poverty go on, and we can fight against them better as an army with banners, than if we rested each one only on his individual resources.

But I will no more attempt to tell the story year by year in strict chronological order. I will just

cut out a dozen pages from my diary, and string them together, having regard rather to their subject than their date. There are so many Societies—the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is only one of the two great Societies in London which address themselves to the relief of poor artists who have fallen upon evil days. The Artists' Benevolent Fund is also great, and powerful, and of very ancient date. But they work by different methods. The first is, as its name implies, a general charity, which takes nothing for itself, but aims at relieving suffering wherever it may be found, altogether apart from any restrictions to membership. The second is partly of the nature of an Insurance Society, in which its members have a first and special claim. Which is the nobler aim? I cannot determine. I know only that both Societies are necessary in the brotherhood of Art.

Then there are other Associations connected with Art—the Society of Architects; the South London Art Gallery; the Bristol Academy; the Royal Societies' Club, where Art and Science and Literature live under the same roof without quarrelling. There is the Savage Club, where artists, and actors, and critics keep their tomahawks, like knights of old kept their lances, at rest, and observe the laws of chivalry, by using them only upon real enemies. There are the City companies, which fill the loving cup to Art, and give a hearty welcome to the artist.

It was at the Royal Societies' Club, on December 3, 1896, that Sir Edward Poynter received the

welcome he so well deserved, on his election as President of the Royal Academy. *The Times* records the names of those who were present to do honour to the successor of Reynolds, and Lawrence, and Leighton, and Millais. It is a formidable list. Sir Clements Markham, President of the Club, was in the chair. He was supported by visitors of great social distinction—statesmen and foreign ministers. There were Professor Ray Lankester, Dr. Gunther, General Festing, Dr. St. George Mivart, Professor Weldon, Professor Stewart, Professor MacFadyean, Dr. Downing, and Dr. John Murray, Fellows of the Royal Society, to represent Science; Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Martin Conway, and Conan Doyle, to represent Literature; the Presidents of the great London Societies of Artists, together with a great company of Royal Academicians, including Alma-Tadema, Richmond, Orchardson, Thornycroft, and MacWhirter, to answer for Art. The fine flower of the intellectual life of London was gathered as a tribute to the man who had become the chief artist of the land.

At the Royal Societies' Club. In honour of Sir E. J. Poynter, on his election as President of the Royal Academy. In response to the toast, "Science, Literature, and Art."

Sir Clements Markham,—It is a gracious act on the part of a company of gentlemen, assembled as we are to-night without the presence of a single lady, to propose the toast of three sisters. But I note that neither the proposer, Dr. Murray, nor Professor

Lankester, nor Dr. Conan Doyle, in responding for Literature and Science, has so much as suggested which of the three is the eldest, or which is the youngest. And I agree that it is not necessary to inquire too particularly into the ladies' ages—for whether Art, in its primitive form of picture-writing, is the most ancient, or in its modern form, as we see it at the Royal Academy, is the youngest of the three, I claim that without dispute it is the loveliest. Science may be wiser, Literature may be more witty—but Art is Beauty itself. If I enter the lists to-night it is her sleeve that I wear as my favour—and I am content to stand or fall in the light of her eyes.

And yet, Sir Clements, I have a misgiving—I have a misgiving that, after all, Art is a bit of a minx. I use the word of course respectfully, in the sense of its supposed derivation from *minnoc*, a word the meaning of which nobody understands, any more than men understand women. I call her a minx, because of her behaviour. She is in love. I do not blame her for that—far from it. She is in love with one we know; she is in love with Sir Edward Poynter. I will go further, and say she is engaged to him—she is engaged to the President of the Royal Academy. And yet, Sir Clements—and this is the point—she carries on little flirtations with other Royal Societies of Artists, and gives them encouragement and hope. There are the Painters in Water-Colours, gentlemen of so simple a nature that they forswear anything stronger than a glass of the pure element, and are content to wash in their drawings with that mild fluid. Then there

are the Painter-Etchers, of a more acrid temperament, who actually bite in their drawings with vitriolic acid. And yet she smiles on them. Then there are the architects, who hop over their sheets of paper with a pair of compasses like a devil on two sticks. And yet she sanctions their proceedings. Then there are the sculptors, who chip, chip, chip their way to glory with cold steel. And finally there are the Royal British Artists, who paint their pictures with brushes like men. These all worship at her shrine—goddess or minx, whichever she may be—and believe that in return for their worship they are entitled to her love.

The truth is, that Art in its essence is one and indivisible. But she reveals herself in manifold forms. She is like the Lady in the legend of the haunted castle. Whoever visited the castle saw the beautiful vision of the once happy mistress. The children saw her, and said, "Yes, she was a child, with blue eyes and golden hair, like one of us." The young women saw her—and described her as dressed for her bridal. The old men saw her—and thought she had silver hair, and was like what the Madonna must have been when she was a little aged. One saw her, and was comforted—for he recognized the friend, the sweetheart, the wife, the companion of his life. And it is so with Art. We have all seen something: but we have each seen a different vision. Phidias saw it, and lo! it was Pallas Athenæ. Raphael saw it, and it was the Madonna di San Sisto. Turner saw it, and it was "The Fighting Téméraire Tugged to her Last Berth." And it is because I believe that

our artists have the vision, and are striving faithfully for higher revelations of beauty, that I respond to this toast with the certainty that the words in which it was proposed by Dr. Murray were not only generous but just.

. . . . . .

Is there a great gathering in the Elysian fields, that Burne-Jones has so quickly followed Millais and Leighton? Are there more walls to be painted in the New Jerusalem, of which Browning tells us in his "Andrea del Sarto"? I know only that the passing of these men means a loss to a nation, immeasurable and irretrievable. At their very source, fountains of Art which had strengthened and refreshed us are dried up. We can still speculate with our commerce in the City, or amuse ourselves with scientific apparatus at the Royal Institution, or tire ourselves with social functions. We find enough fighting to do abroad, as guardians of the peace of the world; and we practise keeping our heads cool over our political and ecclesiastical squabbles at home. But the great classic painter, the keen observer of the passion of human life, the magician who held in his hand the crystal of romance—these are *in prati di fresca verdura* of which Dante tells us—the meadows of fresh verdure, which we have never seen, and from whence they can speak to us no more. It is as though we had been children during a brief summer holiday, led every day into a lovely garden and shown the flowers, or given access to a library of books

such as children love. One day the garden disappears, and the library is closed, and we have to face the world—at Rugby or Harrow. There is a good deal for us to do; but there are no flowers in the cricket-field, nor fairy tales in Colenso. Happily the works Burne-Jones has left us, will keep alive at least the memory of the Golden Age.

The Golden Age was with us while he stayed:
  For the Seven Angels knew him, and their wings
  Were stilled for him to paint; the Wizard Kings
Showed him the Orient treasures, which they laid
At the Infant's feet; the Courts of Love obeyed
  His incantations; every Myth which brings
  Light out of darkness seemed imaginings
Of God, or things that God Himself had made.

O Painter of the Golden Age—return!
  Earth is less fair without thee. Our sad eyes
    Are weary of a dreamless day—and night,
Duller than darkness, lit by lamps which burn
  Only at earthly shrines—while Paradise,
    Lost for the second time, slips out of sight.

. . . . . .

Two years have passed, and the Royal Societies' Club is entertaining other visitors. Lord Curzon is appointed Viceroy of India, and on the eve of his departure is our guest. These pages have nothing to do with government or politics, or anything but Art, so that I cannot record the wise things that were said by the great men who bade him farewell. The toast "Literature, Science,

and Art," was proposed by Lord Reay, and responded to by Mr. Lecky, Sir John Evans, and myself.

Royal Societies' Club, Nov. 7, 1898.

Sir Clements Markham,—If in responding to this toast, proposed so gracefully by Lord Reay, I should stumble in the few words I have to say, I shall trust to your indulgence, on the ground that an artist lives, and moves, and has his being through his eyes. And to-night, after gazing steadily at the splendour of the land of the rising sun, I find that my eyes are a little dazzled.

Of course on any ordinary occasion my duty would be very simple. A painter is always delighted to stand shoulder to shoulder with representatives of Literature and Science. When he enters his studio in the morning, it is to the man of science that he looks, that his colours shall be well ground and permanent. When after the serious work of the day he takes up a newspaper, what can be more delightful to him, or more diverting, than to read the nonsense that some "man of letters" has written about his pictures? But I will not pursue that train of thought to-night. To-night we turn our eyes towards India, beautiful Hindostan, where the sun flames with a splendour unknown to our northern climate, where the palms grow; the land of many peoples—with a civilization older than ours, older even than the civilization of Greece and Rome, which gave us the Arts as we know them to-day in the West—the glory of form—

but could not give us what we have yet to find in the East—the glory of colour.

What shall an artist say of Art in connection with India? We have to consider the order of our going. Yesterday, the sword—the sword, that breaks up the fallow ground. To-day, the statesman, bearing precious seed—the seed of righteous government that shall bring peace. To-morrow the Arts.

Sir Clements, the Arts in the East and the West are not so very far apart as to be irreconcilable. They are alike founded upon beauty. They are no more opposed to each other than sunrise is opposed to sunset, or the birds which sing in the morning are opposed to the birds which sing at night. They are a kind of matins and evensong, coming from the same prayer-book—the human heart. When the sword has done its work, when statesmanship has unravelled a few more entanglements, then the Arts will move upon the scene. And they will come, not from the War Office as the sword comes, nor from Parliament as legislation comes, but from the Royal Societies' Club and its kindred institutions.

Again I find myself in India—at least it seemed so last night. Not this time amongst statesmen with wise heads, but with young men with warm hearts. A great company of Indian gentlemen, trained at our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and London, are gathered at the

Holborn Restaurant to give a "send off" to a young musician, who has been studying in England, and is now returning to Hindostan, carrying our song with him. I am called upon by the Moulvi, Raffiuddin Ahmad, to reply for the guests.

Moulvi,—In accepting your courteous invitation I intended to express my respect and love for beautiful Hindostan—and for the great Oriental race of which you are the representatives in England. But I did not know that you would further honour me by calling upon me to speak. You, however, have asked me not only to respond for your English guests, but to say a word on the subject of the evening—that is, the interchange of music between the two countries.

Now, speaking first for your guests, let me say how warmly we reciprocate the goodwill you have expressed towards England and the English, in the brilliant speeches to which we have listened with so much pleasure. From Moslem, Parsee, and Hindu, alike, we have heard words of affection and courtesy and wisdom that sink deeply into our hearts.

When we look straight into the sun our eyes are dazzled—and when we turn our thoughts to Hindostan it is not surprising that our hearts are ravished, entranced by the splendour of the vision. The land where the sun shines, the land of many peoples, the land of ancient civilization, the land before which lies a future of incalculable

magnificence. Sir, in the heart of this great metropolis, I see gathered together a company of Indian gentlemen, to whom the future of their country is as dear as our future is to us. And I see that they are prepared to work out that future, with the same loyal desire to unite East and West that animates us. I note also that many of them have recently been called to the Bar; and I rejoice to think that they have long lives before them in which to accomplish their generous and beneficent aims. It is young India that I have heard speak to-night, and the last word I would say to young India is this—Do not let the two nations ever misjudge each other by the wrongdoing of individual men. Every people may have unworthy sons. But while the individual wrong passes, the right of the nation remains.

And now, in obedience to the learned chairman, one word on the subject of the evening. I am not an expert in music, I am only a painter. But the arts are very near akin. They come from the same source, and have the same aim. Poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, are simply the reaching after the expression of some form of beauty—beauty which, if not life itself, makes life worth living. I believe that the East can give to the West as much as the West can give to the East. We would not give you our frosts and snows and fogs—nor do you desire them. You cannot give us your vertical sun, and graceful palms. But we might interchange our music, and the two nations would be better for

it. If it only brought us together it would be enough—for our happiness lies in being united.

. . . . . .

Is it not time for another game at Chess? Since I used to play at the old "Westminster," with Staunton, and De Vere, and Blackburn, and Steinitz, and MacDonnell, and Lowenthal, and Wormald, and Boden, and Lyttleton, Chess has always been my delight. London has never been without its Chess clubs—but the memory of the "Westminster" has a special charm, that can never be forgotten. Now our great city has brought Chess to the position of a science, as well as an art; and every afternoon or evening men of the finest thought and brain-power gather round the little black and white squares, which represent the battle of life without bloodshed. The British Chess Club, the St. George's, the City of London, the Metropolitan, are amongst the chief of the innumerable societies devoted to Caissa within the sound of Bow Bells. Moreover, every suburb has its club, and these have to play matches against each other, within the county, within the metropolis, county against county, counties of the south against counties of the north, playing a hundred boards a side; so that the land is full of Chess, and marked out as clearly into squares as any chess-board. To me this all makes for good; and when the Metropolitan Chess Club elected me as their President for the year 1901, I counted it one of the most delightful episodes of my life.

Last night I presided at the annual dinner,

and proposed first, "The King"—second, "The Club."

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—The first toast I have to give from the chair is that of the chief piece on the board—"The King." As your President I have to think of the King and Chess at the same time. What shall we wish for our King? He is already mated—with one who has brought happiness, not to him only but to us all. We are as proud of our lovely Queen as we are loyal to our Sovereign. Well, then, he has begun his reign with a "good opening"—let us hope that he will always move on the right square, above board, that he will be able to castle (when he desires respite from affairs of state), to castle in safety, to castle on the Queen's side—and throughout his course to receive no unpleasant checks. Now I do not say that we desire our King to be a Chess-player. The precedents are not in favour of that—indeed Chess appears to be an unlucky game for kings. The two who were particularly fond of it—King John and Charles the First—were not particularly fortunate. But while it is not necessary for the King himself to be a player, it is desirable that he should be served by men who really do know the game—by such men, for instance, as my predecessor your late President, Lord Russell of Killowen. My lord, has it been sufficiently considered, in affairs of state, how Chess can be brought into the service of the nation? You remember the case of the Grecian king, before the Trojan War, when

Ulysses sulked, and refused to come to the battle. What did the King do? Why, he sent to Ulysses a famous Chess-player, Palamedes, to bring him to his senses. Ulysses was too fond of his wife Penelope, and his little boy Telemachus. No doubt Penelope and Telemachus played Chess with him in the evenings, and he did not care to leave them. He therefore pretended that he was insane. Just think of that!—pretending to be insane to a man who was a Chess-player, and therefore a thinker, capable of gauging the thoughts of others. Palamedes, accustomed to the tactics of the board, took the little Telemachus, and laid him down in a field that Ulysses was ploughing. On came Ulysses, in a fine frenzy; but when the plough approached the child, Palamedes observed that it swerved aside, and Ulysses could no more dissimulate. Well now, don't you think that we as Chess-players, like Palamedes, may give our service to the King, and pray that he may never be beaten?

The second toast is "The Club"—and I am sorry that even for a moment a sorrowful note should be touched to-night. But since your last gathering you have lost, in your President, Lord Russell, one of the noblest men that the world of Chess has known. He was my friend for many years, and I know that he would not wish this tribute to his memory to cast a shadow over your proceedings. He was one who recognized that play is an essential element of life. No living organism can afford to disregard it. It is not

for lambs only in the fields, or for boys at school, or for young men at college, or for old men and women round the whist-table in the evening of life. It is for men and women in the stress and strain of life—men and women who work as some of us work, and take Chess as their recreation. And if we have to play, what game is there better than Chess? It is a game for the Gods. Think of its educational force! It so happens that I am speaking just at the time when the memory of Shakespeare is being celebrated in this country. What does Shakespeare say of Chess? In "The Tempest" we find Prospero cast upon a desert island, with his daughter, the lovely Miranda. Miranda has no mother — no companions — no teachers—but she is to be the ideal of perfect womanhood. Accordingly—she plays Chess. A shipwreck occurs. A King, with his courtiers, is cast upon the island, and Prospero greets them courteously. In less than three hours they miss Miranda. Do not suppose I am making a pun—I am speaking in earnest. They miss Miranda. There is a young man in the case, and he too is missing. It turns out that the two are Chess-players; they are discovered in a cave playing a game. Which wins Shakespeare does not tell us. But Miranda evidently knows the moves. "You play me false, my lord," she says to Ferdinand; and he replies, "Not for the world." And then—mark what follows—Miranda replies, "Oh, but you may"; perhaps she intended him to win. But how did she learn Chess? She did not learn it. Ferdinand learned it, at the court of

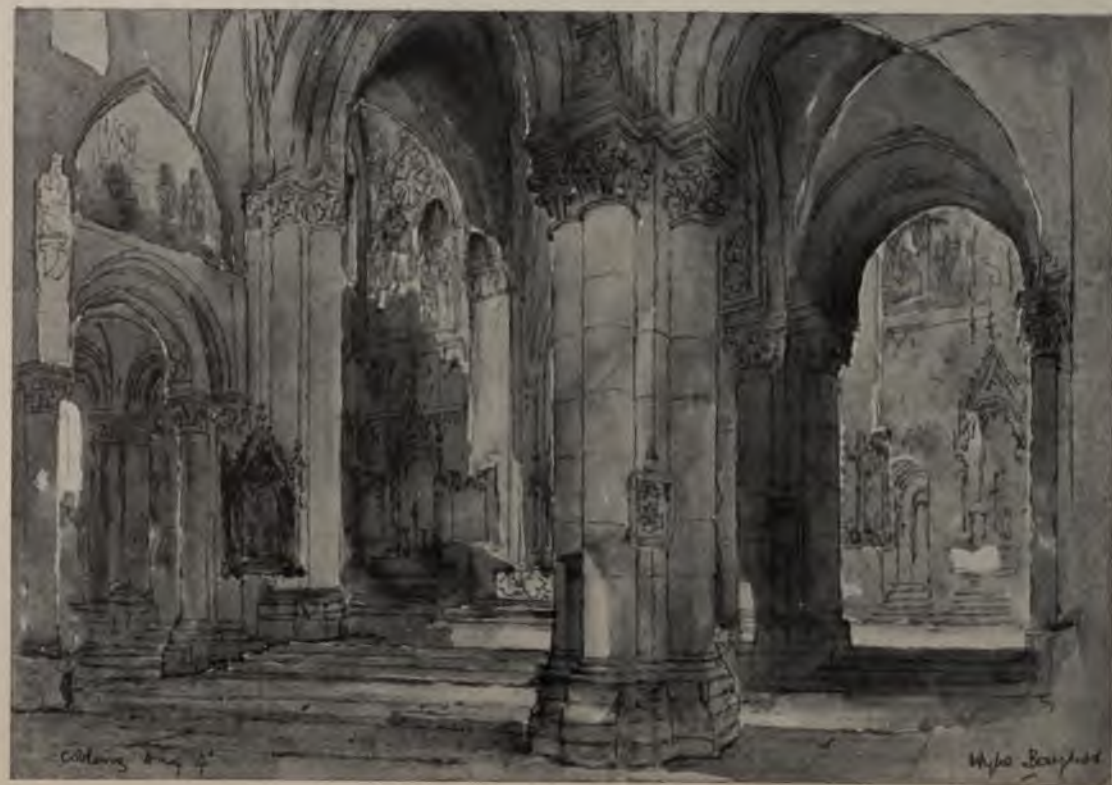
Naples; but Miranda, being a woman—the ladies present will bear me witness, or protest if I am wrong—Miranda, being a woman, knew the game by instinct. For Chess is not merely a mathematical study—Chess is a game of "tactics," in which women are supreme!

Then think of the humours of Caissa. There is a problem running the round of the Chess clubs of the Continent something like this—You take ten pieces, white, and you call them the British forces. You take one piece, and call it Old Kruger. You so arrange them on the board that apparently, whatever white moves, he must win. He has nineteen different ways of winning. The problem is to find a way in which he can lose—the answer is, "Ask Chamberlain."

Then, last of all, think of the game as the maker and knitter up of friendship. Two men play together—can they ever be otherwise than friendly to each other after that? When I was a lad, and played Chess with my brother, we read Franklin on the Morals of Chess. Franklin says that when we lose, of course, if we are gentlemen, we keep our temper. But he advises us, when we win, to compliment our opponent by some such words as, "Oh, you are the better player, but unfortunately you made a bad move." How my brother and I did taunt each other that way! "You are the better player," was the most provocative expression of the day. But we were children, and men know better. Men never quarrel over Chess; they respect each other too much. It reminds me of the German ditty:—

Sie schwuren sich ewige Liebe,
  Und brachen Beide die Treu;
Sie trieben es eine Weile,
  Dann faszte sie Beide die Reu—
Sie hatten sich vereinigt
  Und wieder geliebt auf's neu;
Sie trieben es eine Weile,
  Dann faszte sie Beide die Reu.

Perhaps, in the presence of so many German scholars, it is not necessary, but I should like to translate this. I take it to mean that these Chess-players, being sworn friends, continued so till they saw a Chess-board, then they repented and became adversaries. They fought over the board, but the fighting did not last for ever. They put the pieces back in the box and became once again friends. That is the beauty of Chess; and because it brings with it these delights, and the Metropolitan Chess Club is one of its chief exponents in this city of London, I as your President offer you this toast, and call upon Lord Westmeath, your Vice-President, to reply.



COBLENZ CATHEDRAL

XI

ROUEN AND NUREMBERG

The Seventh Colour—The Study of a Life-time—The Higher Life—Tender Memories—A little Chapel—Hide and Seek—Cœur de Lion—Taking Possession—Sculptured Stories—A Story of Paradise—The Grammar of Art—Nuremberg—The White Lady—A Pile of Stones—Grave or Gay—Italics in Art

ROUEN AND NUREMBERG

In my love of Architecture, and in making the painting of it the study of my life, I do not claim more than that it is one of many forms of beauty that should engage the attention of lovers of Art. The painting of History, of Landscape, of Genre, of Flowers, of Animals, of the Sea, will always find due recognition in our studios and exhibitions, but without Architecture the range of Art would be no more complete than the rainbow would be complete without its seventh colour.

Then also it is worth noting that such cathedrals as Coutances, and Chartres, and Rheims, in their subtle forms and finely balanced proportions, are in themselves schools of Art which neither the painter nor the connoisseur can afford to disregard. The beautiful and intricate curves of a vaulted roof are not random or arbitrary shapes, but the result of artistic design, disciplined and controlled by natural laws. As creations of the imagination they are full of grace and tenderness; as wrought in solid masonry they are stern and true as the rocks from which they were quarried. They train the eye to the perfect knowledge of beauty of line in relation to stability and force. To live under the shadow of one of these cathedrals is an Art education in itself.

Moreover, in these cathedrals we are brought face to face with the transitions in Art during the centuries of its rise and culmination and decadence. The massive pillars of the "Abbaye aux Hommes," the lofty columns of Milan, the delicate enamel of "La Sainte Chapelle," each is the manifestation of some ideal of strength, or grace, or richness of decoration, that has held mastery over men's minds. And as there is variety in age, so also there is variety of place. The difference between the solemn beauty of Westminster Abbey and the glittering splendour of St. Mark's, Venice, is as great as between the grey light of London and the radiant glory of the Queen of the Adriatic.

And all this is not to be seen by the first glance of a holiday tourist; still less is it to be rendered by an occasional sketch condescendingly made by one who, devoted to other subjects, is yet impressed for a moment, he knows not how, by the majesty of some cathedral he has chanced to visit. The painting of a cathedral is worth the study of a lifetime. For the effect of the finest architecture on the cultured mind, however certain and lasting, is not always swift. A church interior does not affect one, like the scenes of a theatre, at once or not at all. The effect grows. Sometimes, especially in the more ornate styles, the final impression is the first impression deepened. The stones of Venice are rich, and the effect is richness; the tracery of Amiens is elegant, and the effect is elegance; the proportions of Strasburg are magnificent, and the effect is magnificence. But there is

MILAN CATHEDRAL

not always this close correspondence between the first and the final impression. In Treves Cathedral the stones are rough and unpolished, with jagged lines of Roman brickwork showing red amongst them, the piers are rude and unshapely, there are no delicate shafts or fine tracery. Yet it is one of the noblest cathedrals in the world—its beauty is that of strength.

Barbaric strength, perhaps, but strength. The first impression as we enter is that of desolation. We realize the strength, but it is against us. It is as though a child had placed its tiny hand for the first time in the strong grasp of a man. But presently this feeling changes to one of reverence and trust; the strength is not against us after all. It is as though the child looked up into the man's face, and found only kindness there. And, finally, the trust gives place to love; the strength is on our side—and we find that through the gates of Treves we have passed into a higher life.

Last of all, there is no element wanting in these cathedral churches to make them worth painting. If a dilapidated barn or a tumbled down outhouse is worth painting, for the sake of the sunlight that falls upon it, the stress and strain of weather that it has borne, the human interests associated with it, the visible mark of Time's hand that has touched it—is there not sunshine, and strain and stress of weather, and the rime of ages on these cathedral and village churches?—do not the tenderest and deepest and most stirring memories cluster round them? At Rouen lies the Lion Heart; at Caen, the Conqueror; at Aachen,

Charlemagne. Titian and Tintoretto still live in the mosaics of St. Mark's; Dürer and Adam Krafft, in the paintings and sculpture of the great churches of Nuremberg. There is not a cathedral or church amongst them but is associated with some person or event that makes it dear to us. There is scarcely a stone in the pavement of any one of them but has been worn for centuries with kneeling worshippers, or bears the name of some dead hero, or has been wet with tears of blood. And yet, strip them of all memories of the past, and regard them simply as they stand, beautiful in proportion and contour and colour, dim with half-veiled flashes of sunlight, fretted and grey with age, and they are surely amongst the loveliest visions that make the world beautiful.

. . . . . .

I have decided upon a very simple subject for my next painting—a little chapel in Rouen Cathedral. The canvas is ready on my easel, and I hope I have chosen the right size—so that the picture shall neither seem diminutive nor run to waste. Before I begin to paint let me review my general scheme, and the sketches I have made for it.

This is the design as I first sketched it. We stand within the chapel, but are shut in.[1] Through

[1] It is true that the lovely screen work is now hidden by a great cupboard or press containing the vestments of the priests, but that is not my fault—I did not put it there, nor will I paint it in my picture, any more than I would paint a curtain drawn across a Madonna by Raphael.

the door is seen a dark aisle and the tomb of Cœur de Lion, and above the screen the triforium and clerestory of the choir and transept, where the light, which dances on the pavement, sleeps, as light sometimes seems to sleep on a distant hill. The choir is of the finest thirteenth-century Gothic, with arches slightly stilted. The screen is later, decorated, showing through its pierced tracery the iron grille which surrounds the sanctuary. I think I have the right proportions: the width is necessary to give the sense of space; the height just suffices to make one of the arches dominant, and at the same time to leave the columns at either side to be measured only by the imagination. That is my first impression, expressed in its simplest form, apart from colour.

I remember that, having made this little sketch with pencil, I had to wait for many hours—until next day, indeed—before the light fell as I desired it, and I could flash in the colour and light and shade. The changes of light and shade in a cathedral are very rapid: the light seems to sleep, but it is moving all the while. A column radiant with a luminous glory will in ten minutes pass into darkness, and a far away window which loomed mysteriously in the distance become the bright particular star of the picture. I have seen artists set up their easels in Westminster Abbey—I used to do so myself—and paint, and paint, and paint away, from morning till night, while every inch of the scene before them is changing from gold to grey, from grey to gold. What is the vision by which they are entranced? What are their

impressions? I find now that the outline must be made true, whether the day be light or dark, and that it must be made of such a size that, when the moment comes, it can be coloured from first to last within the few minutes it takes for the colours to dry—or for the sun to step round the corner and laugh at the upsetting of your scheme. To touch the sketch again after the light has changed would be to imperil your soul.

How, then, is the painter of a cathedral to be sure of his detail? By separate studies—a thousand separate studies if nine hundred and ninety-nine are not enough. The lovely forms do not change with the rising and the setting of the sun. The tracery of the screen has been there five hundred years, and will be there to-morrow. The triforium will be as graceful, the arches as true, the pavement as irregular, if you come again next week. But the flash of light, for the sake of which you are painting the picture, you may never see again.

There are scores of sketches I have made to assure myself that I quite understand my Rouen. The figure of Cœur de Lion is but half visible through the open door, but that is no reason why I should not have it complete in my sketch-book. I cannot, from where I stand, look down the long aisle; but I know it is there, and will make it my own in my sketch-book. The door in my little sketch is too small to show its design, but I will secure it for my sketch-book. There is no fire at this moment in the brass *réchaud* where the incense will be lighted presently; but I must have it, *pincettes* and all, in my sketch-book. There is a

spider climbing the wall over the money-box, which I do not require for my picture; but I will requisition it for my sketch-book. The pavement winds curiously round the curve of the apse, and I must chase it round the choir—but it shall not escape from my sketch-book. Rouen Cathedral is mine—mine, heart and brain; and if the fire in the *réchaud*, instead of kindling the incense, burned the cathedral down to-morrow—ah! God forbid—I should know how to rebuild it.

. . . . . .

At the Society of Architects, St. James's Hall, Feb. 19, 1895, *E. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.*

Mr. Hamilton, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It is a very formidable thing for me to rise amidst so many distinguished men to propose the toast of the evening. But I take it that you must have had some reason for selecting me for this honour. I take it first of all as a courtesy on your part to the great body of your brother artists, who, though not indeed architects—that is, "chief artists"—are yet one with you, in that they worship the beautiful, and endeavour to enshrine it in their works. Then, in inviting a painter to propose the "Society of Architects and Architecture" while there are so many men of science present, I gather that it will not be displeasing to you, if I lean rather to the æsthetic side, rather than to the utilitarian aspect of your profession. For Architecture

is many sided, and one has to choose what one can say, when one cannot say all that one would say. In the construction of a great public building it is not unusual to adorn its walls or its pediments with sculptures, and these sculptures generally take the form of figures typifying the various purposes for which the buildings are intended. Thus, in an Academy of Arts, one might expect to see one figure carrying a mallet that represents sculpture—another figure carrying a pair of compasses that might represent geometry—and yet another with a palette that would represent painting. But what figure could be said fairly to represent Architecture? There is no single figure that would suffice—the only device I could suggest to be the type of the "mother of the arts" would be a group of a mother surrounded by a pack of sturdy boys. Look at them. That young rascal with the strong shoulders shall carry bricks and lay them in order, square and true. That keen-eyed boy with the well-balanced thumb shall be a carpenter, and build your roof-tree of well-shaped timber, or mould and fit your sashes and doors till they shall be a delight to see and handle. That lad with the strong arms and sinewy muscles shall swing the sledge-hammer, and beat out gates of iron or brass for your temple of beauty. That runagate with ruddy cheek and blue eyes shall face the winds of heaven as your surveyor.

But what is this puny fellow that seems so slight amongst the others, and yet is one of the brood? this ricketty child—this——

Let me tell you a story. When our first parents

were driven from Paradise, God, always tempering judgment with mercy, made dim within their minds the memory of that blissful place, lest if they remembered they should be overwhelmed with too great sorrow. But when Eve gave birth to children these were content with their lot, not knowing what they had lost. And Eve was content with their contentment. But after the many joys and sorrows of a mother's life, Eve at last gave birth to a child unlike the rest—for this poor child would be found apart when the others were at play; and Eve's heart grew troubled, until, looking into his eyes, she saw the waving of palms that she remembered now to be the trees of the lost Paradise.

That is the type of what Art is amongst the crafts that are its fellows. And it is because I believe that the Society of Architects is true to all her children, and does not forget the ricketty one, that I as a painter have the sincerest pleasure in proposing this toast.

. . . . . .

It is not to be inferred from my last entry in this diary that Rouen Cathedral is my only possession. I have a dog: a little dog of extraordinary beauty. In her way she is as perfect a creation as the cathedral itself. She lies on the hearth in my studio. If I say "roley-poley" there is a sudden flash of silver and silk as she rolls over on the floor. She knows the moral difference between "gardez" and "prenez" as applied to biscuit, and acts accordingly. And if I sing to

her the right song, she dances as gracefully as if she had been taught by Mr. Turveydrop—or Terpsichore herself. But she does not understand grammar.

Is Art to be just that, and nothing more? Is it to be only the performance of pretty tricks? That depends upon whether Art is a *vox et præterea nihil*, or a living language, through which we can hold converse with Nature.

Now I believe that Art is a living language; that it is an affair of the intellect, the affections, and the senses; and that its highest realization is to be found in the perfect correlation of the perceptive faculties with heart and brain.[1]

That it is, which marks the difference between the artist and the performing dog. The artist not only performs—he knows the reason why. We love the dog, and laugh, but we do not trouble her with split infinitives.

Let me now turn the laugh against myself. This being a diary, it will not be considered egotism if I speak about myself. I am always striving to paint into my cathedral more than the limited vocabulary of the grammar of Art can express. Just as in writing my own language I am driven sometimes to borrow from our neighbours across

[1] For the artist is not a seer only, but a revealer: Art is not a sight only, but a revelation. The mystery of space, the mystery of force, the mystery of life, the mystery of passion—of all these things Art must give account. The artist is poet, and dramatist, and historian, and traveller, and story-teller, and satirist, and humorist; moreover, he is, besides, the master workman of all guilds, whose craftsmanship is the very crown and glory of finesse, and patience, and skill in labour.

the Channel, or from the ancient classics, a French or Latin phrase, so I am tempted to rely upon an idea that belongs rather to the realms of poetry than of painting. Such escapades of my brush should be taken as words in italics are taken, when they are so printed, not for the sake of emphasis, but because they are of a foreign tongue. At the worst, they leave to the reader only a hiatus: they are never the subject of a misunderstanding.

I have just returned from Nuremberg, where I have been painting "The White Lady"—the beautiful shrine that is in the church of St. Laurence. Not content to come straight home, I went down to the Danube, through Ratisbon, through Munich, through Innsbruck and the Tyrol, over the Brenner to Botzen, down again to Verona, round by Venice, and home by Milan and the St. Gothard. And of course through all these places carried my sketches with me. But not my sketches only; I carried with me ineffaceable impressions of the loveliness of Nuremberg—material and spiritual—in its buildings, and its historical associations. The Walhalla on the Danube is not dearer to me than Albrecht Dürer's grave on the Pegnitz. The Pinacotek at Munich does not make me forget the curious relics of Art in the little city which was once imperial. The splendours of Verona, and Venice, and Milan are of a different kind, but not greater than the splendours of St. Laurence and St. Sebald. How shall I paint Nuremberg as if it were only built of stone?

Moreover, in travelling there are many hours

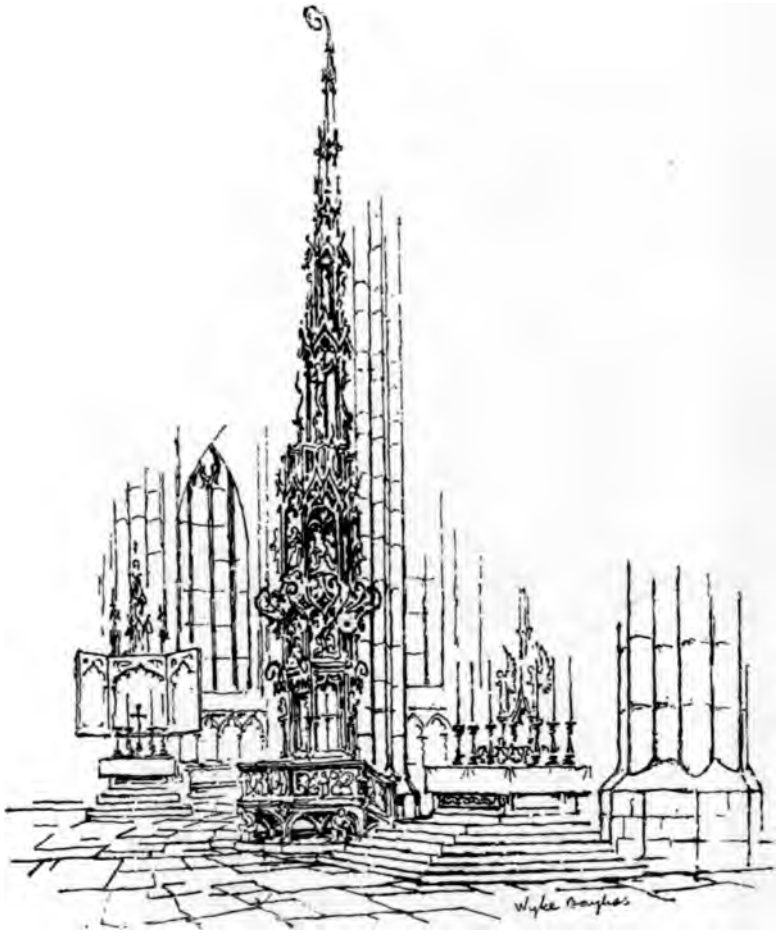
in which one cannot paint, but one can write; and if thoughts grow in the mind, what is one to do with them? And when the painting is begun, think of the days, and weeks, and months in which I shall be living, as in Nuremberg, with all its beauty before my eyes, and its associations in my mind. Then comes the temptation: "Put your thoughts into words," "put your thoughts into paint"—"mix the two together." I think I can hear the laughter of the gods.

I will begin with the pyx in the Church of St. Laurence—

Beautiful shrine! that in the olden days
  Didst rise to guard the consecrated bread
From violent hands, or the unhallow'd gaze
  Of eyes profane; but now untenanted,
With doors flung wide, a grave from whence the dead
  Hath passed—though still upon thy marble cross
With piercèd side, and thorn-crowned, drooping head
  Christ suffers to redeem our souls from loss!

He is risen! hath rent thy bars; thou canst not hold
  The Lord—the Lord of Hosts—at whose command
All things created were; before whose face
  The gates of Heaven and Hell alike unfold—
Who dwelling in the illimitable space
  Holds all things in the hollow of His hand.

That is how I think of the pyx of St. Laurence, Nuremberg. But to express it with paint on canvas is a very different matter. It cannot be expressed. The sonnet must stand side by side with the picture, as a word in a foreign language —italicized.



THE SHRINE OF ST. LAURENCE, NUREMBERG

p. 224

But what is Nuremberg without its associations? Only a pile of stones. The stones are of a very fine colour, and piled up in beautiful shapes, and brilliant scintillations—evidently first cousins of Iris—gleam through the windows. The sunlight falls in a wonderful glory upon the floor. But so it does upon the common pavement outside, where the refuse of the city lies and rots. How much easier it would be to paint a pig-sty! The same sunshine would fall upon it; the colour of the stone would be as rich, there might even be jewels. I wonder whether there is a humorous side to the question.

These men who built our Nuremberg were not particularly addicted to long faces. The shrine of St. Laurence is a "sacrament house." But they understood also the sacrament of laughter. They carved themselves, Adam Kraft and the sculptors who worked with him, as kneeling figures carrying the great shrine itself on their shoulders.

O Adam Kraft—with thy disciples twain—
  It needs strong shoulders and stout hearts to bear
This burden, self-impos'd! Even Atlas fain
  Would rest sometimes, and get a friend to share
His labour, else perchance, in sheer despair,
  He had fallen, and let the World go all to wrack:
But neither he nor Hercules would care
  To poise a Church for ever on his back.

See now! The incense climbs its snowy height;
  Can stone dissolve and vanish in a minute?
How like a ghost the thing slips out of sight!
  Ah, no! 'tis but a dream, the mischief's in it;
The west door opens—puff! a little draught—
Vanish the smoke, and lo! poor Adam Kraft.

Can the painter's Art discriminate between these two conceptions of the same thing? I think it can—but not without the use of what I have likened to italics. If Art is to be judged only by its appeal to our senses, without reference to heart or brain, I should count it as of less account than the performances of my dog. For Di has at least affections.

XII

ART IN THE CITY

Time's Emblems Changed—The Clock Strikes—Another Round — Art and Commerce — The Parthenon — The Lowther Arcade—Stars in the East—The Signs of the Zodiac—The Muses

ART IN THE CITY

I AM reminded that time is running on. Last night I was a guest of the Worshipful Company of the Clockmakers, and was called upon to respond for the visitors.

Worshipful Master, Wardens, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—I think I express the feelings of your visitors when I say that we are very much pleased to find that "Old Time," as figured on the beautiful decorations which adorn your table, has, under the auspices of the Company of Clockmakers, laid aside his scythe and his hour-glass in favour of the more hospitable symbols of knife and fork and glass of wine. No doubt Time is a very respectable as well as venerable old gentleman, and we must take account of him. His symbols must be respected in whatever form they are presented to us. But after the eloquent speech of the Admiral who sits on my right, I venture to suggest that the wine-glass has a distinct advantage over the hour-glass, as surely as the friendly dinner-knife has over the sword. For instance—Suppose you are in hot discussion with a friend; I think you would have a better chance of getting your way by saying, "Look, your glass stands empty; fill it up, and let us drink together," than by screaming at the top of your voice, "The sands

in the hour-glass are fast running out," and then laying your hand upon your sword.

Well, gentlemen, however this may be, time has to be measured somehow, and I say, with the assent of the Admiral and the Astronomer Royal, that the Worshipful Company of the Clockmakers has solved the difficulty. The clock is the thing. That is clear enough in the Navy, and in the world of Science. But what has it to do with Art, that you should call up an artist to respond for this toast? Between the eloquent speeches we have heard, I have been asking myself whether Art has ever listened to the striking of the clock. I think it has. It is too long ago for any of us to remember, but there was a time when we had no language in which to express our thoughts, if we had thoughts, and then somebody invented picture-writing. That was the beginning of Art. The clock struck one. A little later the picture-writing developed into the archaic efforts of Phœnicia, Egypt, Assyria, the quaint sculptures of winged bulls, and men with eagle faces. The clock struck two. By the time the clock struck three, Phidias was building the Parthenon at Athens, and decorating it with its wonderful metopes and friezes telling the weird stories of the Amazons. A little later the clock struck four, while Praxiteles and Polycletus carried Greek Art to a perfection as delicate as under Phidias it had been strong. And then what happened? Another two hundred years sped by and came the Augustan age. The Romans brought in the new practice of portraiture, just in time to record

the likeness of Our Blessed Lord. The clock struck five. Then there came a little irregularity in the striking; perhaps the clock was being wound up—but it did not stop. While it was striking six the Byzantine artists with their mosaics were filling Christendom with this likeness. Giotto and the rest of the Pre-Raphaelites heard the clock strike seven of the morning. The cathedral-builders of England and France and Germany heard it strike eight. The great painters of the Renascence heard it strike nine. Surely broad daylight was with us then. And what followed? The clock struck ten on the Moselle, when Claude began to paint the sea and sky. The clock struck eleven in England, when Turner revealed the full splendour of Landscape Art. The clock struck twelve, again in England, when David Cox gave to Art the new charm, and to our homes the exquisite delight, of water-colour painting.

Worshipful Master, I have only one word to add. The point I ask you to note is this. When a clock, going all round the hours, strikes twelve, it does not stop there; it begins again. And Art is beginning again, or going on—which you will—to ring the same beautiful changes in our lives. All through last autumn, and winter and spring, the Royal Commission for the Paris International Exhibition has been sitting, week by week, selecting works to represent England among the nations. We have sent over to France a collection of which Englishmen may be proud. I venture to say that Art—British Art—has again heard the clock strike one, and that the clock will go on striking for at least another round.

At the Article Club, May 3, 1900, Dr. Farquharson, M.P., in the chair, the subject being "Art in relation to Commerce." Marcus Stone, Sir J. Donelly, Sir F. Powell, Walter Crane, and Mr. Humphry Ward having spoken.

I should like to take up and emphasize a word spoken by my friend Walter Crane. He said that the relations existing between Art and Commerce are accidental. I agree with that, and believe the word "accidental," rightly understood, contains pretty nearly all that is worth saying upon the subject. Throughout all the speeches to which I have listened to-night I have heard the perpetual repetition of the word Art, but I am not sure that we have all been talking about the same thing. With the exception of an indirect reference in the speech of Mr. Humphry Ward there has been no definition of the word. We have heard about painting, and architecture, and have had many illustrations drawn from the work of the painter and architect. Let me for the sake of variety draw my illustration from that simpler—simpler and yet more subtle—that more primitive, that more universal practice of sculpture.

I know four kinds of Art. Let me ask you to create for yourselves four mental visions of which I will give you the types. The first shall be a statue by Phidias. If you have never seen one *in situ* you have seen many in our museums and galleries. Think then of the Illysus, or the

Theseus, at the British Museum. Colossal in its proportions, massive—compared with some of the delicate workmanship of to-day, perhaps even rude. You never saw a man quite like that. You do not want it as an ornament for your drawing-room. Then turn to another mental vision—a statue by one of the great Greek sculptors of the decadence, or even of the time of Praxiteles. You see a statue more delicately carved—softer, more elegant, more graceful, more academical. The difference is this. The work of Phidias represents Man—the work of Praxiteles represents *a* man. Now let your thoughts run on to the present day, and picture to yourselves an example of modern Italian sculpture. You cannot say "this is man" or "a man," or "woman" or "a woman." It is a woman with half her clothes on; it shows the very thread of the garments she is wearing, the lace edging of her bathing-drawers, the little frills that adorn her petticoat. It is purely imitative. Last of all, think of the visions that meet your eye in the Lowther Arcade—visions of wax, and lovely blue eyes, and golden hair. If imitation is the be-all, and the end-all of Art, then the Lowther Arcade is the place, and the doll you take home for your little girl the culminating glory of the sculptor.

But now I ask, what has Art, in any of these, its typical phases, to do with Commerce? What does Commerce ask of Art? It asks only that it shall sell. To Commerce that is the best Art which sells best. Commerce does not ask, nor care, which is true or beautiful or enduring—but

which will pay. And which will pay is simply an accident. I desire to put in a plea for toleration. Things are right only when they are in their right place. And all these phases of Art have their right place. The doll is for the child. That it is not monumental does not condemn it —you do not wish to give a monument to your baby. The imitative Art of the present day has its place—it is for the people; it will lead them in time to higher things, just as the doll will educate the child's eye. The works of the accomplished academician, pretty, and accurate, and highly wrought, and scholarly, have their use. They are for the average artist and the connoisseur. The highest works of all—that is the ideal—the imaginings of genius, have their place too. They are for those who live the higher life in Art.

But Commerce! Commerce can aid the artist, but it cannot aid Art. The relations between the two are purely accidental.

At Drapers' Hall. In response to "The Guests." C. N. Dalton, Esq., C.B., in the chair. June 1, 1901.

Worshipful Master, my Lords, and Gentlemen, —I quite understand and appreciate the courtesy with which you select the very humblest of your guests to reply to this toast. But your courtesy is my difficulty. It requires some courage to address you in the presence of such distinguished visitors as those I see around me. However, with a British Admiral on my left, and a General on my right,

it would be strange indeed if I did not strive to do my duty. Moreover, there sits within reach of my hand the Lord Chief Justice of England, who in case you as a jury should be too severe in your judgment will see that mercy is shown.

Mr. Master, there are stars amongst your guests to-night—stars in almost every calling in life which makes life and work honourable in our eyes. Stars of Parliament, both of the Lords and Commons; stars of the Navy; stars of the Army; stars of the Church: stars of the Universities; stars of Science—one of whom (Sir Fred. Treves) shone over our poor fellows as a star of Hope on the battle-fields of South Africa. But if I speak of your visitors as stars, what shall I say of you, Mr. Master, and the great company you so worthily represent? Why, you are nothing less than a constellation. I noticed that in proposing this toast you described the Drapers' Company as five or six hundred years old. That was a very modest estimate. I think I can suggest a much more ancient date. I have a profound conviction that the City Companies existed before the stars did, and that the signs of the zodiac were named after them. Oh! I can give my reasons. To begin with—they are twelve in number. And then look at their names. There is Aries, the Ram—that is no doubt the Worshipful Company of the Horners. There is Taurus, the Bull—that is the Company of Skinners or the Leather-sellers. There is Gemini, the Twins—that is the "—— and ——" who do not know which comes first, and so take precedence in alternate years. I need not name them all—but

there is Virgo—which must be the Clothworkers, for clothworker is only another name for spinster. There is Libra—the Goldsmiths, who actually have scales and weights of their own. There is Sagittarius—evidently the Bowyers, only now we have exchanged arrows for bullets. There is Aquarius, the man who pours out—though when I had the honour of dining with them, it was not water only that came from their vessels. There is Pisces—the Fishmongers. But where are the Drapers?

Mr. Master, I will tell you. You will have observed that I omitted to name one or two of these constellations. There are one or two about which I am not quite certain. That is a fair subject for antiquarian discussion. But to-night I have made sure of one of them—Scorpio. To-night I have discovered that Scorpio is the Worshipful Company of the Drapers; for they invite a man to their feast, and then, without remorse, slay him with the sting in the tail, by calling upon him to make a speech.

Fishmongers' Hall. Dinner to Sir E. Poynter, President, and to the Members of the Royal Academy. Sam Hope Morley, Prime Warden, in the chair. In calling upon me to respond for the guests Mr. Morley said that he had discovered in "Who's Who?" that Sir Wyke Bayliss was a champion chess-player.

Mr. Prime Warden,—It never occurred to me that upon coming to your hospitable board I should be challenged to a game at chess. Nevertheless

as you call upon me to move I will play at once "Pawn to king's 4th." And in relation to your remark that the East of London welcomes the West, I would say that we from the West are inclined to regard the East much as the inhabitants of Greece regarded Mount Olympus—that is, as the place where the gods reign. And now, Mr. Prime Warden, you honour us by inviting us to meet Apollo and the Muses. Let me say, in strict confidence, that I never did believe the old story that the Muses were only a pack of school-girls. I believe they were men—men, like my friend Mr. Frank Dicksee, like Sir Alma-Tadema, like Sir William Richmond, like Professor Herkomer, Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Brock, and the rest who are with us to-night. Moreover, I think I know how the story got about that they were women. At that time, just as in Shakespeare's time, women were not allowed to appear on the stage. Juliet, Imogen, Cleopatra, were all men and boys, dressed up. Thus, when the Muses moved with Apollo on the Hill of Jove, dressed as ladies, it was easy for a misunderstanding to arise, and for the common people to assume that they were what they pretended to be. And there is another curious thing. If you come to numbers, the analogy is perfect. You begin with nine. You add Apollo; that's ten. You count Mars and Venus and Minerva and Juno; that makes fourteen. You go on till you reach the magic number of forty; and there you stop. No one knows why—but you stop. That explains the constitution of the Royal Academy —and there I stop. There is indeed nothing more

to say except to thank you in the name of the visitors for the delightful evening you have given us. While speaking these few words, Mr. Prime Warden, I have made up my mind as to my next move. It is to sit down.

XIII

WATTS AND HOLMAN HUNT

A Sonnet Gone Wrong—Expert Criticism—Casting Out Poetry—A Painter's Dream

WATTS AND HOLMAN HUNT

My book on Leighton, Millais, Burne-Jones, Watts, and Holman Hunt, which I have called "Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era," has been received by the Press with a courtesy for which I cannot be too grateful. But I notice one very curious thing that should teach me to amend my method if not my manners. It is not adverse criticism, it is not reproof, it is not correction that troubles me. It is the ignoring of the only thing to which I attached value—the one attempt which I believe had never before been made in literature. As this is only a diary I may write down frankly what is in my mind. I prefaced the life of my friend George Frederick Watts with a sonnet.

The world is vexèd with an evil cry—
  A coward cry—fit for an idle throng:
  Hellas we know was sweet, and Rome was strong;
We can but live a little while and die;
See how the darkness creeps across our sky!
  We live not in the age of Art or Song;
  We think—but are not sure—that wrong is wrong:
O painter of Love and Life, make thou reply!

No puling pessimist reaches the highest height;
  Heaven suffereth violence and is taken by force;
  Life and Death follow each other in ordered course,
Moving together with Love to the triumph of right:
  For Life and Love and Death are one at their source—
As colour is one when blended in perfect light.

It will be seen that this sonnet is so constructed that every line conveys a complete impression in itself, as though, instead of being fourteen lines of poetry, they were a series of fourteen pictures. The full sequence tells the story of the painter's life and work. Taking each of these lines separately, and in its natural order, I made it the keynote of a separate paragraph, emphasizing the line as the theme of the paragraph by printing it in italics—so that in a very brief space there were fourteen verses wrought into the text, as clear to the sight as would be fourteen milestones on the road to Limnerslease. Now this was a very daring and difficult thing to do. I know of no precedent for it, and I trembled for the result. But the result proved to be nil. I have nearly a hundred reviews and notices lying before me of my "Five Great Painters"—some very elaborate and full of courteous approval, some equally elaborate in the search for defects. But not a single writer has so much as observed this attempt of mine to set the record of a great painter's life and work to music. The only recognition of it that has reached me came from the painter himself.

Is it the old story that just as the poet and painter are forbidden to trespass upon each other's domains, so poetry and prose must not look into each other's eyes, or interchange their dialects even for a moment? A delightful story has been running through the Press, of an editor who was determined to have a practical man to give an account of one of Mr. Watts' pictures, which had been added to a provincial collection. It ran thus:—

"Mr. Geo. Watt, the famous artist, is to be congratulated on the substantial job he has just turned out. He has painted a picture of a lady on a horse, and it looks very pretty. The lady's face is picked out in flesh colours, with arms to match, and the delicate rose pink on the cheeks forms a nice contrast to the ultramarine blue eyes. The lady's hair seems to have been laid on rather carelessly, and is very streaky, and looks as though it had been done with a new brush. It would have been better if the brush had been broken in on the body of the horse first.

"There are seven trees on one side of the horse and four on the other; this makes the picture look lopsided, but perhaps trees grow that way. The leaves of the trees are painted green, and the trunks drab, with sienna-coloured knobs.

"The picture seems to have had several coats of the best oil and lead colour, and the paint has not been spared on the sky, which is very thick and cloudy.

"The picture is painted on canvas. There is a lot of suction in canvas, and the job could have been done cheaper if zinc had been used instead.

"Taken altogether, and as the frame is gilded in a first-class manner, the artist deserves the custom of any one who goes in for that sort of thing."

There is no confusion of thought here. Art is Art, and the laying on of paint is not to be confounded with the fiddle-faddle of choosing words.

And yet, the casting out of poetry from the studio is not entirely to Mr. Watts' liking. He

read my sonnet in a magazine, before the "Five Painters" had been gathered together in a book, and wrote to me: "What you say is what I like to have said. But I regard my pictures not so much as works of art as endeavours to express reflections which I would rather have made in words, but for words I have no faculty. My painted utterances should be accepted as nothing more than a confused echo of the voices I seem to hear coming down through the ages. I wish you would write something appreciative of Holman Hunt. His 'Light of the World,' and many other of his pictures, are certainly to my mind the most religious ever painted."

When Mr. Watts wrote that, he did not know that I had already written as he desired. And now Watts is of the number of those we have lost. Full of life and honour, he goes to join Leighton and the rest. I will close this entry in my diary with lines to Holman Hunt, for which Watts called, and which he assured me gave him infinite delight.

I dreamed that once, the evening sun aflame,
  A painter whose tired eyes could see no more
Slept—when all those he had painted softly came,
  Lifted the latch, and crossed the studio floor
  Like roseleaves drifting through an open door:
Mary—and Joseph—then, unknown by name,
  The innocent boys who died for Christ before
Christ died for them: all these in sweet acclaim—

All these—and yet one more: One crown'd with thorn
  Came and stood with them. I, with glad surprise,
Knew Him—and saw around His head the morn
  Break; and the light of heaven was in His eyes.
He did not speak—but as He passed away
Stooped down and kissed the painter where he lay.

XIV

MORE OLIVES

The Thread of Gold—Three Ladies and a Poet—A Slip—Proteus To-day—Oil or Water—Spirit Mingling—Omnes Artes—Not a Judge—Shakespeare on Hospitality—Bad Examples—Shakespeare to be Watched—The Mouth of the Tweed—Kith and Kin—Country Cousins—Only one Gift—But not for One only—Nor for One Country only—Unity

MORE OLIVES

A LITTLE sunshine, a little shadow, days of lingering hope passing into sorrow, or of sorrow irradiated with hope—that is the pattern of our lives. But the threads of life are so much alike that it is difficult sometimes to be sure of their colour. As with the threads used in embroidery, it is only when the pattern is complete that we discern how white the white is, and how dark the dark. If, however, a thread of gold steals into the design, we recognize it at once, apart from the pattern, as a thing beautiful in itself, and to be desired. I think that poetry is the golden thread running through our lives, and that the painter should take account of it. But he must not confound the glisten of the gold with the light and dark of his picture. The gradations of his colours are constant —the glisten of the gold is fugitive, changing with the changing light. In a word, the poet and the painter may inspire each other, but they cannot do each other's work.

The scene is a suburb of London—one of those districts where the streets are called "parks" because they have taken the place of the trees, and the rows of houses are called "gardens" because they have taken the place of the flowers. The *dramatis personæ* are three young ladies and a poet.

The young ladies represent Art; they are

members of a sketching club: the poet, of course, represents himself.

Now it falls out that in the list of subjects to be illustrated by the members of the sketching club are these words, "A Slip"—chosen, no doubt, by some ill-conditioned member who happened to be ready with a study of a skating party, or a boulder-stone tumbled into a stream, or a ship in the slips, ready to be launched. But the ladies, whom we will name Miss Dice, Miss Irene, and Miss Eunomia, are not prepared for such a subject. Miss Dice can paint flowers, Miss Irene can paint blue eyes, and Miss Eunomia has a recipe for pink sunsets. What have pink sunsets, or blue eyes, or roses to do with a slip? In this dilemma they agree to consult the poet.

The poet tells them that they should begin with the objective beauty of some material form, into which they should breathe a living soul. They are a little doubtful, however, as to the exact meaning of the word "objective."

He explains by an antithesis. He himself, being a poet, would have to begin with the "subjective" beauty of life and passion, for the incarnation of which he would have to find a material form. They understand this better, and call upon him to proceed.

Turning to Miss Dice, who carries a rose in her hand, the poet says:—

> It was but a slip of a rose,
> And she flung it away in her scorn;
> Then she smiled till she led me to really suppose
> That she dropp'd it because of a thorn.

This is the first incarnation of the idea of "a slip." That it contains a split infinitive does not alter the fact that the subjective has become the objective, and it will do capitally for Miss Dice, who paints roses to perfection. But the "she" is still only a penumbra—altogether too indefinite for Miss Irene, who paints blue eyes. Turning to her, therefore, the poet continues:—

> She was but a slip of a girl,
> And I was "six-foot" in my shoes;
> Oh! I shouldn't have staked for a golden curl
> A heart I was certain to lose.

Observe how the object has changed, but the subject remains. The poet, however, has still to reckon with Miss Eunomia. All this might have happened within doors—the scattered petals only adding a little crimson and white to the drawing-room carpet—and then what would have been the use of the recipe for pink sunsets? The poet turns finally to Miss Eunomia:—

> It was but a slip, after all;
> The sunset had dazzled my eyes;
> But before the moon had climbed o'er the garden wall
> It was I who had won the prize.

Is this little satire too realistic? I have put it in this light form, because the matter is so serious that one must laugh or cry, and I prefer to laugh. Modern Art is threatened with a great peril. Men have ceased to paint pictures because they see visions which they feel impelled to realize: they

seek for visions because they are painters, and want something to paint. Art has become divided between story-telling and decoration. Art in the making has come to this. Given a pack of cards, at what game shall we play? Given an object, to turn it into a subject. Given the flower, or the blue eyes, or the pink sunset I am painting to-day, how to differentiate it from the flowers, or the blue eyes, or the sunset I painted yesterday, and hope to paint again to-morrow? By making it tell a story. Where is the story to be found? Ask the poet. He is sure to be looking out for a flower, or a pair of blue eyes, or a pink sunset, as one who wishes for a game looks out for a pack of cards, and if he cannot find them is content with—say with "dominoes."

If it is true, as Cyrene assures Aristæus in—I think it is the Fourth Georgic—that

> Proteus only knows
> The secret cause, and cure, of all our woes,

it would certainly be desirable to know a little more about that curious deity—the shepherd of the sea. Art takes so many different shapes that one is never quite sure what may happen at the next change of the kaleidoscope. Is Art the modern counterpart of "the son of sea and land"? Art and Proteus have many characteristics in common. Everybody desired to consult Proteus, as everybody nowadays desires to consult the

oracle of Art. And every one knew, as Virgil tells us—

> That first the wily wizard must be caught,
> For unconstrained, he nothing gives for naught.

Is it not just the same now? First catch your hare. And even when you have caught it, make quite sure that you have not caught a chameleon by mistake. Proteus, upon being questioned, would assume different shapes, eluding the grasp of those who would seize him—taking the form of a tiger or a lion, or disappearing altogether in a flame of fire, a whirlwind, or a running stream. Is it not so with Art? Where will you find two men who will give the same account of her? Realists, Idealists, Impressionists—they all think they have seen her but they all describe her differently. There are Societies actually founded on the belief that she is to be worshipped through a particular medium—oil, for instance, or water colour—dry chalk, or printers' ink—tempera, or enamel. There is one Society, however—the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts—so large-hearted that it recognizes Art in all these forms; and on the Queen's birthday, May 24, 1897, held a great festival, at which were gathered men and women of all schools, including even the poets who chatter, and the people who sing.

Dr. Phené was in the chair, and said nothing about serpents and serpent-worship. That great explorer and learned antiquarian is a Noviomagian, and loves to take people by surprise. But I am a Noviomagian also, and therefore was not surprised

when he suddenly called upon me to propose the toast of "Oil," and my friend Sir James Linton, as President of the Royal Institute, to advocate the claims of "Water."

In calling upon me to respond to the toast of "Oil" I cannot help thinking that your President has given me rather a slippery subject. We have had a most delightful evening—the waters have not been troubled in the least. Why should Dr. Phené think it necessary to pour oil upon them? and if he did consider it necessary, why should he not pour out the oil from his own cruse? He reminds me of the Good Samaritan, but with this difference. He has poured in wine—but he leaves his guest to find the oil. And water, too! How strangely they go together! if indeed they ever do go together. Sir James Linton will tell you all about water, so I need not trouble about that. I will only say that, in painting, oil and water are like Romeo and Juliet, Capulet and Montague, of different houses, and do not usually intermarry. It is a curious thing that oil and water will not mix; at least they will not except with the intervention of a third ingredient—that third ingredient is spirit. And observe; if the artist puts the right spirit into his work, it does not matter whether he paints in oil or water colour. Art is far and away above mere questions of mediums, or methods of technique.

And yet both are necessary, oil and water. It is perhaps by water that the art of painting was baptized into the service and worship of Beauty.

It was the earliest form: the mural paintings of the ancients—the frescoes and tempera pictures of the Medievalists—were all in water colour. But if water comes first, it is followed by the chrism, the anointing—and the painter rises to the new life strengthened for still higher worship at the shrine of Beauty. For Art is a shrine—the artist is a worshipper. I know not what libations Sir James Linton may pour out before it—but we, who paint in oil, are content if our lamps burn with a pure and constant flame. That flame shall indeed never be extinguished if we take care to keep oil in our vessels with our lamps.

Royal Societies' Club. In honour of the Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Russell of Killowen) and Lord Justice Heron Collins, on their return from Arbitration on behalf of Great Britain, December 11, 1899. *Sir Clements Markham in the chair. The toast "Omnes Artes" proposed by Dr. Hugh Hill, responded to by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Sir Richard Webster, and Sir Wyke Bayliss.*

I think I might fairly escape from making a speech to-night, by responding to the toast "Omnes Artes" in the words which for seventy years have been the motto of the Royal Society of British Artists, "Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare"; for though by limiting myself to those words there would be little of the "aut prodesse volunt," there

would be a good deal of the "delectare," for you could not fail to be delighted with at least the brevity of the speech. But this is a very special occasion. The Arbitrators, whose words affect the destiny of two nations, have adjourned their court from Paris to the Royal Societies' Club in London. The learned Attorney-General, who pleaded the cause of England so eloquently abroad, has sat down, and it is now my opportunity to put in a claim.

The claim I desire to put in is on behalf of Art. I claim that Art is not an alien in this country—that it is a native of the soil—that it is not a foreign language to be painfully acquired—that it is our mother tongue. If the Lord Chief Justice of England were to declare that *we* were not a race of artists, I should tell him to his face that *he* was not a judge. When we were painted savages we painted ourselves better than other savages did. Is there any one who can produce evidence before the court to controvert that? I go further: I give a reason for it. It was because the lovely blue eyes and yellow hair of our women inspired us with a special appreciation of colour. Then, when we took to building temples, we built them of bigger stones than were used by other peoples. Stonehenge is my witness. It compares favourably with any monolithic construction in the wide world. Then, when the Normans came in, bringing fresh fuel to the fire, Art flamed up in the splendid cathedrals which are still the glory of our land. If the Greek was fairly proud of the Parthenon of Athens,

we may as fairly be proud of Westminster Abbey, Lincoln, York, Ely, Winchester, and the rest which give meaning to the word Early English.

Now here is a strange thing. Greek Art lived and died, and never came to life again. Medieval Art lived and died, and never came to life again. But British Art, if it ever died, has come to life again. It came to life in the works of Constable, and Turner, and David Cox. And what is more, it is living still, in the landscape-painting of our own day. It is living in the provinces, making the whole land the home of beauty — in Newlyn, on the south coast — in Glasgow, far away north, in Bristol, in Birmingham, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in London. That is the point—for in London Art finds its special home in these Royal Societies of Artists, which the Royal Societies' Club honours to-night. Omnes artes? Yes, all the arts—to what end? "Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare."

At the "Urban" Club. In commemoration of Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, 1900. *Dr. Garnett in the chair.*

From the moment when this beautifully printed programme was placed in my hand, indicating that I should have the honour of responding for the visitors, I have been turning over in my mind the question, What would our Shakespeare have felt with regard to such a toast? in what aspect did he view the relationship generally existing

between host and guest? It is a question that appears to have considerably exercised his mind. A dozen instances spring to my memory, of which I will mention one or two.

In the "Tempest," for instance, Prospero is in a somewhat unlikely place in which to have the opportunity of entertaining visitors; but by the simple expedient of a shipwreck on the coast of his island, a king and his court drop in quite unexpectedly—unexpectedly, at least, to everybody except Prospero. And how does Prospero receive them? Arrayed in magic robes. Moreover, he promises them calm seas, and auspicious gales, and gives them safe convoy. How different this from our reception to-night! *We* were expected, yet I see no magic robes. Dr. Garnett does not even wear the *toga virilis* and splendid *flammeum* of his University. I hear no guarantee that it won't rain before we get home. You don't even propose to send us in hansom cabs to Ludgate Hill Station. Clearly Shakespeare's ideas of hospitality are out of date.

Then I remember in "Much Ado about Nothing," Leonato received Don Pedro and his companions—and how does he entertain them? He introduces them to the beautiful Hero and the witty Beatrice, and before they leave his court actually gets up two most interesting weddings to amuse them. But the Urbans invite no ladies to meet us. If we came to you as bachelors you have not given us a single chance of bettering our condition. Now Shakespeare, whom you pretend to worship, is very strong on the subject of the ladies. In

"Love's Labour's Lost," Ferdinand the King of Navarre is visited by the lovely Princess of France, and with her come Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, beautiful women all of them. I look round. Where is Rosy? Where is Mary? Where is Kate? Have the Urbans no respect for Shakespeare's lead in this matter?

But it may be said that Shakespeare is not always to be followed. I know that. In the "Winter's Tale," for example—Polixenes visits his old friend Leontes; and before he has been ten minutes in his company, Leontes insults his guest and conspires to kill him. As to Macbeth, he actually does kill his guest, upstairs, when he has gone to bed. I do not ask the Urbans to act after that fashion, nor to imitate Mark Antony, who admits to Cæsar that after drinking wine with three kings he was not quite himself the next morning.

Dr. Garnett, I could multiply such instances as these. In "Timon of Athens," Apemantus says grace:—

> Immortal gods, I crave no pelf:
> I pray for no man but myself.

Is that an example to be imitated? Othello gets talking to the young ladies about "the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," till Desdemona is quite scared, and falls an easy prey. King Lear limits his visiting to his personal relations, and yet they do not turn out altogether satisfactory.—Regan and Goneril are not kind entertainers. But

consider the case of Hamlet. Who is the visitor there? It is young Fortinbras. Fortinbras has been at the wars. He has just returned from the Transvaal; Shakespeare does not call it the Transvaal—he calls it Poland, but it is the same thing. He has been fighting for "a patch of ground that hath no profit but a name," and he says, as many of us might say to-day:—

> O proud Death,
> What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
> That thou so many princes at a shot
> So bloodily hast struck?

Well, Fortinbras arrives too late. He comes only in time to receive Hamlet's dying breath, and to inherit the kingdom.

Ah, there it is! I find that Shakespeare has to be watched with care, and not blindly followed. Your visitors to-night, Dr. Garnett, can only fall back upon common-sense, and the delight you have given them. In their name I thank you.

At the Hotel Métropole. Lord Tweedmouth in the chair, May 12, 1900, *Sir E. J. Poynter having responded for the Academy.*

My Lord Tweedmouth,—Everybody who knows the beautiful river which bears your name will agree that its interest and loveliness lie not only at the mouth of the Tweed, but in every line and curve of its lucid stream. In thinking of the Tweed, we remember not alone the harbour

where it joins the sea, but Peebles, and Dumfries, and Lanark, and Melrose, and Selkirk, and other lovely districts celebrated in Scottish song. And then, besides its associations, we think of its tributaries—of the Ettrick and Gala, of the Leader and the Teviot. It is quite true that all the fish which migrate to the sea must pass through the harbour; but to those who know how to throw a line, it is certain that excellent trout may be found up stream. And my Lord, what is true of the Tweed is true also of other rivers, particularly of the river of Art, which, unlike the Tweed in one respect—for the Tweed divides England from bonnie Scotland — runs freely through the two countries before it reaches the harbour in London. For the river of Art has its harbour, the Royal Academy, and its tributaries up stream; and again I say that to those who know how to throw a line, excellent trout may be found in the Royal Societies for which I have the honour to respond.

My Lord, I forgot. My eye has just caught sight of the menu lying on the table, and it reminds me that the time for fish has passed. With your permission, therefore, I will drop the simile of salmon and trout, and speak of these Societies in the plain, matter-of-fact language of everyday life. And I will say, first of all, that they constitute a happy family—each yielding respect, and good-will, and affection to its kith and kin. For instance, we all love the Royal Academy. Sir Edward Poynter has spoken of it so eloquently and justly, that I need add nothing more than

that we regard it as the married sister of the Muses. It is married to the State. What are the terms of the marriage settlement nobody knows, except the parties concerned; but we are glad to see that it is a good settlement, that our sister keeps up a handsome establishment, and dispenses her hospitality graciously. Then there is the Old Water-Colour Society. The Old Water-Colour Society is so old, so very old, that our minds are dazed only to think of it. It learned its Art ninety years ago, and has never thought it necessary to take any lessons since. We call it "Grandmama." Then there is the Royal Institute. It learned its art from Grandmama; and though a little wayward at times, still keeps in the old paths. We call it "Aunty." Then there is the scape-grace of the family—the New English Art Club. It does things which would shock Grandmama, and call a blush to Aunty's cheek. Nevertheless, it has the spirit of enterprise which leads to noble as well as strange issues. Where it learned its Art, nobody knows. Not in heaven, nor on earth, nor under the earth. Some of us think it must have been in the "Quartier Latin" —as distinct from Paris. Then there is our little sister, who has not yet been promoted to coloured dresses, but always appears in black and white—or white frock with a black sash—the Painter-Etchers. What she will become when grown up, we can but hope. Then there are our country cousins—the Societies of Birmingham, of Liverpool, of Bristol, of Edinburgh, of Glasgow, of Dublin, whose representatives are with us to-night

—too numerous to characterize particularly, but all members of the great family, and taking their part in its struggles and honours. And last of all, my Lord, there is the eldest son of the family —the Royal British Artists. Strong, virile, always in the van of progress, always putting its best foot foremost — sometimes, perhaps, treading on dangerous ground. To criticize it would be too much like telling tales out of school; to praise it would be too much like praising myself. I will be content, therefore, to express in its name, and in the name of the other Societies for which I have the honour to respond, our sincere thanks for the courtesy with which you have wished us well.

At the Hotel Métropole. Sir E. J. Poynter in the chair. Sir L. Alma-Tadema having replied for the Royal Academy, the Earl of Aberdeen proposed "The Royal Societies." May 5, 1904.

In listening to the eloquent words of the speakers who have preceded me, I am reminded of that beautiful Ode by Horace—I think it is the third in the Fourth Book—in which he says that the goddess looked down with kind eyes upon the poet's birth, but gave him only one gift. Only one gift, but it proved to be enough. It was the gift of the love of everything beautiful—and it is common alike to the painter and the poet. In this spirit of unity I venture to respond to

this toast: for though Lord Aberdeen has made it to include the names of many Societies, yet it has but one meaning, and one purpose. Its meaning and purpose is Art.

I think that of all professions which engage the intellectual life, that of the artist is in some respects the happiest. No doubt it has its anxieties, its disappointments, its failures, its tragedies. That we are met together on such an occasion as this, is sufficient evidence that the life of the artist is not always of the *couleur de rose*. Yet still I maintain, that happiness is its first characteristic, and for this reason. There is first of all the joy, the delight, the true artist feels in his work. It is never drudgery to him. It fills his heart and soul with bright thoughts and feelings. Above all, the victories he wins are not won at the cost of the suffering of others. The artist who has accomplished a great work has not only made happiness for himself, but he has added happiness to every true artist in the land. It is not so with every profession. The barrister pleads his case in court, and the measure of his triumph is the measure of the defeat of his opponent. The politician storms the seat he wishes to win. It is at the cost of turning out a man perhaps as good as himself. The cricketer delivers his ball in the hope of seeing the wickets on the other side dance in confusion. The sailor trains his guns with the view of sinking the enemy's ship. It is not so with the artist—the victories he wins are won, not for himself alone but for us all.

And what is true of the individual is true also of the Societies. There are no petty jealousies between us. I turn to the Academy. For the Royal Academy to be strong is the delight and pride of every artist in the kingdom—it means that Art is flourishing in the land. I turn to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour. They have just been celebrating the centenary of their exhibition. Do you think they celebrate for themselves only? No, we take our part in honouring their splendid traditions, and wishing them another hundred years. Then there is the Royal Society of British Artists. We also in a few years shall be celebrating our centenary. Imitation, you know, is the sincerest form of flattery. Then there is the Royal Institute. We have just sent over to represent us in America their distinguished President, Mr. Gregory. By common consent of all the representatives of the Societies on the Royal Commission, he is entrusted with the responsible duty of hanging our pictures at the St. Louis Exhibition. Then there is the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. Have they not won something for us all? They have won for us the recognition of the splendour of black and white. They have shown that photography is not to have the last word. They have made black and white glorious with all the loveliness of imagination and artistic technique.

Nor is that all. There are the provinces. We know that in the great days of classic Art, it was not Athens alone that made the glory of Greek sculpture. Phidias was indeed an Athenian; but

ycletus was of a provincial town, and Praxiteles was fetched from a colony on the Italian shore, just as we might fetch an artist from Australia. And it was the same in the period of the Renascence. Italian Art was not limited to Rome, any more than English Art is limited to London. Venice, and Verona, and Siena and Naples correspond to the English centres of Art in Bristol, and Birmingham, and Liverpool, and Manchester and Glasgow. Thus Art wins all along the line, and I respond for the provinces with the same confidence with which I speak for the Royal Societies of the metropolis.

I have only one word more to add; and as I began with Horace, let me end with him—not by following his example too closely, but by reminding you that it was the custom of poets in his days to sing their own praise. Horace says that he considers himself the first, and prince of poets. Ovid claims to be immortal, above the stars, beyond the reach of angry gods. I am not going to claim that for the Societies. I think that if I could consult the distinguished Presidents for whom I have to speak, I should best express their views by saying that our work in building up and maintaining the Societies we love, is not selfish work, but is based on our sincere belief in their value to the Art of our country; and we believe that our work will last.

SAN MINIATO, FLORENCE

p. 264

XV

A MAGICIAN

William Rossiter—Huxley and Tyndall—Primitives not Philistines—The First Building—The Second Building—The Trust Deed—The Story of Creation—Rest after Labour

A MAGICIAN

I SHOULD like to place on record the story of the founding of the South London Fine Art Gallery. Looking back on the events which led to it, the whole thing seems like twenty years in dreamland —only that the dream is substantiated by the beautiful galleries that are amongst the finest in London, and are the outcome of this story. Almost every one who took part in the work has passed away. Leighton, Watts, Burne-Jones, Tyndall, Huxley, Stanley, together with the brave heart that drew them into the charmed circle and kept them together — William Rossiter — have joined the majority. What a majority it is becoming! It should be a great encouragement to all true workers to know that, whatever may become of themselves, their work remains. Like the drowned man in the "Tempest"—

> Nothing of it doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

I suppose, however, that we must go further back than to Mr. Rossiter if we would begin at the beginning; for his inspiration came from Frederick Denison Maurice, of whom at the Working Men's College he was one of many disciples. He was,

I think, at first a schoolmaster. How he inherited or obtained the means of carrying on his work for the workers of South London I know not. When I became acquainted with him he was journalist and dramatic critic, writing for many periodicals of excellent repute; and I recognized in him the fine mind and keen intellect of a man to whom life meant work, and work meant life. He reviewed my first book in *The Inquirer*, and sent me a copy of his article, initialled by himself, with a challenge to me as a perfect stranger, "If I believed in Art, as my book witnessed, to help him to bring a little of the sweetness of it into the lives of the men and women of our crowded cities."

I accepted the challenge, and soon found myself lecturing with Professors Huxley and Tyndall and Dean Stanley to groups of students, who for intelligence and earnestness in the pursuit of the intellectual life could not easily be matched in London.[1] The lectures were given in an old house lying between Kennington (what a difference the change of an *s* into an *n* makes in a word!) and Vauxhall. It contained Mr. Rossiter's library of about two thousand volumes, which he voluntarily placed at the service of the voluntary students. But a little later the locus was changed to Battersea, where Mr. Rossiter secured a large shop that had been lying empty, and made it

[1] Amongst others who answered to Mr. Rossiter's call were John Westlake, K.C., Professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge; Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury; and Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

attractive with pictures. Ah, how gradually the flower-garden encroached on the little patch of ground he was cultivating! One by one the faces of the gardeners were changed. Professor Westlake and Lord Avebury were with us to the last, but Leighton took the place of Tyndall, Burne-Jones of Huxley, G. F. Watts of Dean Stanley, the Marquis of Ripon of the Archbishop. For this strange man, William Rossiter, seemed to wave the magic wand of Prospero, not to be resisted. The talk now was about Art, and the Viceroy of India listened patiently while Harry Quilter, the art critic of *The Times*, discoursed on the mysteries of æsthetics.

A further development soon followed. Mr. Rossiter again changed his ground. He removed to a larger tenement in Camberwell, where there was more room for his beloved pictures. And the pictures came—pictures of priceless value lent by Leighton and Watts and Burne-Jones. It is a curious thing how these works of high art are appreciated by labouring men. Sometimes one wonders whether it is because they have not time to look at cheap work, or anything but the best. Or is it that they are themselves "primitives," and lie closer to the breast of nature than we suppose, and so recognize the voice that sings to them as that of their mother, even before they are able to speak its language? Certain it is, that not amongst the aspiring minds of the seekers after knowledge are the "Philistines" to be found. The true Philistine is not the man who does not know but wishes to know: he is the

man who thinks he knows but doesn't. I could flood these reminiscences with amusing instances of the humour of bringing together these apparently incongruous elements, which can be united only by the common courtesy and generous desire of those who attempt to ameliorate the dulness of the lives of the poor of London.

At one of Mr. Rossiter's meetings a distinguished visitor, distinguished for his virtues, his charity, his patriotism, as well as by his justice on the Bench, made an oration on the advantage of bringing Art before the people. "I don't quite know," he said, "whether I understand these curious productions of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. They seem to be a little of the 'green and yallery, Grosvenor Gallery' sort of thing." Here was heard a suppressed murmur of delight, from a lady and gentleman among the audience—and the speaker, greatly encouraged, continued. "Perhaps they are all right, but I never see such appearances in real, everyday life. What I like to see in a picture is something I have seen before, and can recognize and understand." At this the delight was no longer capable of suppression, and bubbled over in laughter—in which the company joined. Five minutes later, I had the pleasure of introducing my friend the speaker to my friends, Sir Edward and Lady Burne-Jones, who had been sitting on the platform all the while. The three understood each other better after that, and remained friends, as the story-books say, ever afterwards.

It was while the work was going on at

Camberwell Road that the great event occurred. One day, after the report of an annual meeting had appeared in the Press, I received a letter from a stranger (Mr. Kennedy), inviting me to meet Sir Frederic Leighton to consider what could be done to establish the work as a permanent institution in South London. Mr. Kennedy made a generous proposal to build a gallery. Plans were prepared, and the council met at Sir Frederic's studio to consider them. Laying the plans upon the table, Mr. Kennedy surprised us by a still more liberal gift. He said that he had been thinking it over, and had come to the conclusion that the cost of the maintenance of such a gallery would entail upon the council a heavy responsibility. He had therefore, that day, transferred to us, in addition to the sum estimated for the building—I forget how many thousands of pounds—the interest of which would suffice to endow the institution with the means of providing a permanent staff. Within a few months the architect's design was complete and the building of the gallery commenced.

Within a few months also the whole scheme vanished in thin air. The generous donor was struck by the red ruin of the collapse of Argentine finance, and his fortune was swept away. But we were saved by many friends. Moreover, Leighton never drew back from the work, and it was carried to completion.

But even with the building of the gallery we had not come to the word *finis*. Another meeting elicited new wonders. At its close a gentleman

rose, at the far end of the room, and asked a few questions, bearing upon the nature of the administration, and the names of the trustees. These questions having been satisfactorily answered, the inquirer—who proved to be Mr. Passmore Edwards—quietly announced that he would give the amount necessary for the building of a second hall, that should serve as an additional picture-gallery as well as for lectures.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope. The old council has borne the stress and the strain of the day. Instead of the South London Fine Art Gallery being an old curiosity shop that might be pulled down and swept away, it has become a palace of Art; and the question arose how it should be made secure for the future, when the council should be no more. A terrible note of warning came to us one day, when we were assembled in Leighton's studio. In Leighton's studio, but without Leighton—he had been struck down suddenly with an affection of the heart. After much careful thought we determined to seek the solution through the Charity Commissioners, representing Parliament, the City Parochial Trustees, representing the city of London, and the Camberwell Library Commissioners, representing the district of South London where the galleries were situated. The drafting of the scheme was entrusted to me.

I will not encumber these notes with any unnecessary words. Of course the scheme was somewhat elaborate, it touched so many interests. But it was accepted by the Government, the City and the Local Authorities without amendment, and

the following is a brief summary of its principal clauses :—

1st. That the Trustees and Council of the South London Fine Art Gallery shall convey to the Commissioners of Public Libraries and Museums of Camberwell their entire interest in the freehold and leasehold of the galleries, and of Portland House (Mr. Rossiter's property adjoining), together with all fixtures, fittings, furniture, and works of Art which appertain thereto.

2nd. That the said Commissioners shall take the entire control and management of the Institution, and maintain it for ever—subject to the purpose for which it was founded, viz. to be a picture-gallery for the people of South London, open to the public free, and on Sundays.

3rd. That Visitors of the Institution be appointed to advise and assist the Commissioners in maintaining a high standard in the Exhibitions of Works of Art with no control or vote in the management, but with the right of appeal to the Charity Commissioners against any neglect, or infraction of the trust.

4th. That the members of the existing Council, together with Mr. Passmore Edwards, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Vicar of Camberwell, be invited to become Visitors, under the new management.

5th. That with a view to secure a perpetual succession of Visitors, the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of British Artists, and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Bishop of the Diocese, the Vicar of the Parish, and a representative of the City Parochial Charities Trustees shall be *ex-officio* Visitors of the Institution.

Suo marte. Himself he did it. And he died when it was done. William Rossiter was not a man to be forgotten.

The South London Fine Art Gallery Annual Meeting, held at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. Henry Irving in the chair.

In one of the oldest books the world possesses there is a beautiful poem, descriptive of the Creation. Through many striking figures of speech it tells of the sun and moon and stars, of the mists that watered Eden, of the rivers that divided it, of the trees that grew there, of the inanimate world, of the birds and beasts, and last of all of man and woman. All in a wonderful order.

Now I claim for Art that it is a new stanza added to that beautiful poem—that it takes up the story of Creation where the Hebrew poet left it; that it begins with light—that it leads us through the paradise of nature, touching the brute creation with its magic spell, interpreting to us the story of our own lives, leading us through these things to thoughts of the great event to which all nature moves.

And this it does, not as a new task, or a new work to be accomplished, but it takes the place of the very action the old Hebrew seer ascribes to the Divine Being—the act of rest, of restful contemplation, the seeing that everything is very good, and rejoicing in the beauty of it. If the institution of the Sabbath means anything at all, it means the necessity of rest. It should be a day of rest for the tired mechanic, the weary city clerk. the anxious shopkeeper, the

toiling mother, who has to stand the racket of the children in a small house. How can we better carry out the divine law of giving rest to these than by opening to them the treasures of our galleries of Art?

That question answered explains why the first principle of the South London Fine Art Gallery is that it shall always be open on Sunday. Let the weary ones come to it, and they shall see the sunshine falling on land and sea; they shall see the field-labourers at their toil; they shall see distant lands and cities of which they have only dreamed; they shall see beautiful faces, home scenes, weird imaginings, glimpses of great cathedrals, the patient cattle, the whole world animate and inanimate; and they shall go away refreshed and better for these things, and more fitted to begin again on Monday the fight of labour. For Art, rightly understood, is a Sabbath in itself.

XVI

THE LAST OLIVE

The Queen of Sheba—The First Appeal to Nature—Slaughter or Massacre — The Planetary System — The Unmentioned Planet—Modelling a Man—What will he do with it?—The Lost Portrait of Raphael—Titania Dances—Among the Stars—A Reminiscence of Olympus—Venus on the Academy

THE LAST OLIVE

At the Maccabæan Club. Banquet to the Presidents of the Royal Academy and the other Art Societies. Mr. M. H. Spielmann in the chair. Feb. 19, 1905.

I QUITE understand and appreciate the courtesy of the Maccabæans in inviting me to say a few words on this interesting occasion. But I am not surprised, for courtesy has been for three thousand years the distinguishing mark of the race from which the Maccabæans have sprung. I attribute this to the great antiquity of your civilization. What is our thousand years or so to the record you have made? We think of Phidias as antique; but at the time when Phidias was driven out of Athens, on the charge of blaspheming Minerva by carving upon her statue—a statue he had made with his own hands—his name, you had found the true God, and Solomon's temple had been built more than five hundred years—it was older then than St. Paul's Cathedral is to-day. I will not follow Mr. Sidney Colvin into the pre-historic ages, with which he has entertained us, nor speculate on the doings of the cave men; neither will I refer to that lovely creation of art, the Mercy Seat, over which the cherubims spread out their wings. What is there in Westminster Abbey, or St. Peter's,

Rome, to surpass that? But I do say I should have liked to see that temple of Solomon, if only that I might paint its interior. I should have liked to see that visit of the Queen of Sheba, and the ivory, and the apes, and the peacocks, that the wise king brought in his ships from Tarshish. How those peacocks would have delighted Mr. Whistler! He must have been thinking of them when he painted the famous "peacock room." But, my Lords, it was not only in such fine taste for colour that the Hebrews excelled. There is one beautiful development of Art in which they anticipated the highest we have attempted. I refer to Landscape Art. If it were not already time for me to sit down I should like to point out a splendour of appreciation of nature that has no parallel. Well, I will give one instance. Just think of Homer's description of a sunrise. He describes Apollo in his chariot; Aurora, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, with her rosy fingers opening the gates of day. Yellow, blue, and red—that includes all the colours of the rainbow. It is a pretty picture. But just compare it with a few lines of Hebrew poetry, also describing a sunrise, and written at least two hundred years before Homer became blind. "Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move. The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they haste them away together and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening." Now I say that Landscape Art has never reached a higher glory

than this: and I, for one, thank God that the descendants of the race who conceived such ideas are with us still.

At a dinner given by the Chairman of the Walker Art Gallery to the Artists of London on the opening of the Spring Exhibitions. Mr. John Lea in the chair. May 2, 1901.

When David returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, we are told that he was heralded to the king by Abner, the chief captain: that is to say—expressed in modern terms—his health was proposed as the toast of the evening by the Commander-in-chief. We have changed all that. To-night we have brought before us the Royal Academy, or at least a dozen members of that august body, fresh returned from the slaughter of the Philistines (or shall I say the massacre of the innocents?) in the shape of from ten to twenty thousand would-be exhibitors—and you choose, not the Lord Mayor, nor our great Ian Maclaren, but a humble individual like myself to propose their health.

And, Mr. Lea, perhaps you are right—for, after all, the dignity of a toast does not depend upon the proposer, but upon the worthiness of the cause represented: and you have gathered together a dozen men whose names are quite sufficient to justify all the kind things one would like to say of the Academy. Mr. Goodall, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Boughton,

Mr. Brock, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Hacker, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Farquharson, are men who have won honours in Art, not for themselves only but for the R. A., and not for the R. A. only but for the nation. But, Mr. Lea, I observe that there are here to-night many other distinguished artists, both men and women, belonging to different Societies, which by your courtesy I am permitted to include in this toast. For the Royal Academy does not stand alone in empty space. It is a part, the centre, of a planetary system, from which not a single star could be lost without disaster. There is Neptune—that is the watery god—the Institute, which claims to control the water supply. And well it may. Think of the hundred tumblers of water which have to be served to its members every morning before they can begin their day's work. A hundred, did I say? Why, a thousand would be nearer the mark if we take into account the multitude of outsiders who send their work to the show. Mr. Lea, they call themselves Water-Colourists—but I have a profound conviction that they use something more than water, or how could they fill their galleries in Piccadilly with all those lovely creations of sea and sky and land which delight us every season? Then there is Saturn, the oldest of the gods —that is, of course, the old Old Water-Colour Society. Saturn is represented as an aged man, bent with infirmities. But Saturn reigned once in this world, and the period of his rule was called the Golden Age. The Water-Colour Society is the remembrance of the Golden Age in Art, when De

Wint, and David Cox, and other giants flourished. Then there is Jupiter—that is the New Gallery. Jupiter, as everybody knows, was brought up by the Corybantes at *Halicar*nassus. Mr. Lea, I assure you that I am simply recording the facts of history —I do not see why I should be laughed down. I make no personal allusions—even if I did, neither Mr. Hallé nor Mr. Comyns Carr would object. I say simply that Jupiter was brought up by the Corybantes at Hallecarnassus. These Corybantes pretended to that divine touch of madness which we call genius. But they were not really mad. They sounded their cymbals, but they had a fine eye to business, and we can go to the private views at Halicar—I mean the New Gallery, for the modest payment of half-a-crown. Then there is Mars—that is the New English Art Club—always with a sword drawn; always warlike; slashing about on every side, with no respect for persons—except themselves. But the sword is sometimes very necessary; and if the New English succeed in destroying some of the old superstitions of Art they will deserve well of us, and prove more than conquerors. Then, Mr. Lea, there is the earth, our own little planet—the Royal British Artists, who pretend to nothing, but are content to paint men and women as they are, and the beautiful world in which they live. Once more, there is Venus—that is the Society of Women Artists, a Venus who never does anything naughty, but has taught us that there is a sisterhood as well as a brotherhood in Art.

Mr. Lea, I think I have done with the planets.

What! Ah no. I am seriously reminded by the Lady Mayoress that I have omitted to name Mercury. That is so, and I will tell you why. I hold that Mercury is not a god in the world of Art. He is a god only in commerce. There are indeed half-a-dozen Mercuries—Exhibitions which have no *raison d'être* except the sale of pictures. I do not include them in this toast. But the Societies I have named have every one of them special reasons for claiming our affection. The Water-Colour Societies have standing behind them the interests of the beautiful art of aquarelle. The Royal British Artists have standing behind them the interest of freedom and independence of thought and action. The Academy has standing behind it—the Nation. Its work, its reputation, is dear to us all; its members are our friends. I propose to you the Royal Academy and the kindred Societies, as one body, undivided, and I call upon Mr. Marcus Stone to reply.

Another tribute to Liverpool. Mr. Lea, having been elected Lord Mayor, was entertained at Princes Hall by the Artists of London, April 27, 1905. *Sir L. Alma-Tadema in the chair.*

Sir Alma-Tadema has said all that should be said, so eloquently, that I run the risk of either repeating what you have already heard, or of adding unnecessary words. I will therefore fall back on a story, of which, as Captain Cuttle says,

the point is in the application. There is a paragraph running through the papers to the effect that the distinguished sculptor, M. Rodin, who has been honouring our country with a visit, has introduced a new custom. The new custom is for an artist, as soon as dinner is over, to take from his pocket a bit of modelling clay or a brush and palette of colours, and amuse himself during the dull part of the evening usually allotted to speeches, by modelling or painting a head, or an arm, or a leg. I don't myself believe the story. I think it must have originated in the discovery that M. Rodin was not only a great sculptor, but an expert carver, and that he could carve the leg of a pheasant as easily as the head of a peasant. But however that may be, I will put the suggestion to the proof. I will do a bit of modelling. Look at this piece of bread, and see me shape it into the figure of a man. Very well, then—what shall the man be like? First of all, he must be tall—otherwise how can he, if he becomes a leader of men, have a good look round at the men he leads, and be well seen himself? Tall, did I say? Look! that is just what Mr. Lea is. Then he must be handsome, so that those who look to him may have something to satisfy the eyes as well as the mind. Handsome? Well, that again is a description of Mr. Lea. Then a third thing—he must be strong. What could a weak man do in the great city of Liverpool? the chief magistrate there must not be a weakling. That is a higher qualification even than being tall and handsome. How shall

I model strength? Look at Mr. Lea, and the work he has accomplished, and you will see strength of the highest order. But even that is not enough. I must go on. He must be a man of fine taste—otherwise neither Liverpool nor London would commit to him the disposition of its Art treasures. Well, Mr. Lea is just that, and Art is safe in his hands. Then he must be a true man. How can I make a true man of this fragment of bread? I cannot. But if I could, that would be just what Mr. Lea is—one so true that we can trust him, from the citizen who looks to the Lord Mayor for justice, to the artist who looks to the Chairman of the Art Committee for the same thing. Last of all, I must make my man a kind man—one whose sympathy is with the artist—one who on behalf of Liverpool stretches out to London a hand—not a mailed fist, but a hand, open and ready to grip and to be gripped. Well, that also we find in Mr. Lea. I am not sure but that I ought to stop there. I do not like to step lightly on hallowed ground. But there is one more thought which occurs to me. I have done my modelling—but I recall that when the Creator made a man, He did not stop at that—He made a woman too. And so we come to the Lady Mayoress. We all know how sacred a chord that touches in Mr. Lea's heart. I will say no more, except this—When you find such a man as I have described, and he is with you, and he is your friend, what better thing can you do than drink his health?

AGNOLO DONI

RAPHAEL

THE LOST PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL

(*Read before the Society of Designers*,[1] . . . .)

In my study of the Seven Angels of the Renascence it became part of my task to see, and judge for myself, which of the many portraits extant of the great painters were the most truly representative of the men themselves, their life and character and genius, at the time when they were engaged upon their famous works. It is not sufficient to take a cast of the dead face, or to know what the man was like when a little boy. It is the living man we desire to see, his eyes flashing with the light which guided him to his triumph. With this view I have examined every known likeness of the seven great painters whom I venture to name as Messengers of Art.

Now, so far as regards six of the seven there was little difficulty. Of Cimabue and Claude, the first and the last, there was indeed scarcely any choice. The fresco in the church of Sta. Maria Novella of Florence, and the portrait in the Musée Royale of Paris, have no serious rivals; while Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Correggio are represented by very characteristic heads, which are generally accepted as authentic.

[1] [Sir Wyke had promised to read this on Tuesday, May 1st—but he died on April 5th.—E. B.]

But the moment we come to Raphael, we find a very curious difference.

Not that we are without authentic portraits of that great painter. There are at least four of unquestioned authenticity. But they are all remarkable for one peculiarity—they are all portraits of Raphael as a child, or as a very young man.

Let me enumerate them—

1st. There is a drawing by Timoteo Viti—now in the University Galleries at Oxford. This is a lovely record of his boyhood, drawn by the master to whom he was first apprenticed, at about twelve or fourteen years of age.

2nd. There is the portrait in the Uffizi, the best known of them all. It was painted by himself, and represents a youth scarcely out of his teens.

3rd. Then there is a drawing in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford, until recently attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, but now said to be by Bazzi (Sodoma). This also represents him as a lad.

4th. Finally, there is the figure in the Fresco at the Vatican of the "School of Athens," again painted by himself, while still a very young man.

Now these four portraits are authentic, and I am able to place two of them before your eyes. But there, for the moment, I must stop. There is, indeed (or was) a fifth—but it is said to be lost. I will show it to you presently, but in the meantime I can only give you a description of it in words. I quote from Passavant, as rendered by D'Anvers in his "Life of Raphael":—

"A most interesting work, which gives us the opportunity of noting the change in the appearance of the young genius, since he painted his own likeness in his early Florentine days. His face, formerly so melancholy, has now more character, more vigour, more enthusiasm. He has still the noble sadness inseparable from genius, but through it shines a consciousness of a great purpose. He looks at us with a sweet, penetrating gaze, which seems to take us into his confidence, and to invite our own—and in his firmly-closed lips we read the assurance that our confidence, could we give it, would be held sacred."

That is the lost portrait, as described to us by the historian. Should we not like to see it? Does it exist? Did it ever exist? How did it become lost? It does seem incredible that Raphael the portrait-painter, living in the age of portrait-painting, should never have been painted, except as a little boy, or as a youth scarcely past the age of adolescence. It is the more incredible when we consider that he was a man of singular personal beauty, and was as much loved for his own sake as he was admired for his genius. Is it not worth while to inquire what has become of the one portrait of Raphael, painted by Raphael, of Raphael in his manhood? I think it is worth while, and that the truth is not beyond discovery.

Let me say at once that I believe the lost portrait to be now hanging, unrecognized, in the gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence, and that it is erroneously labelled, and described in the

catalogue as the portrait of Agnolo Doni. I have come to this conclusion through the use of my own eyes. I have lived in Florence and Rome, and know the picture well, and have compared it with the Raphael in the Uffizi and the Raphael in the Vatican. My argument, indeed, rests upon the use of one's eyes, and I invite you to use yours. It is like proving or disproving an *alibi* in a court of law.

There is the Doni portrait, placed side by side with the accepted portrait of Raphael. They are alike—with the exception only that one was painted in his youth, the other in his mature manhood. The face is the same in each; the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the chin, the neck, are the same; the little curl that hides the right ear is the same; so is the hair, and the baretta, even to an accidental projection of the lining; they have the same frill, round the same long throat. If one of these is the portrait of Raphael, so is the other. I say it, not doubtfully, but with the certainty with which I would sign an affidavit. It is impossible for one to escape if the other is convicted. If the portrait in the Pitti Palace is Agnolo Doni, so also is the portrait in the Uffizi. If the portrait in the Uffizi is Raphael, so also is the portrait in the Pitti Palace. Unless indeed Raphael and Agnolo were twin brothers, and both painted each—which, as Euclid says, is absurd.

While these two witnesses are in court, let us ask a few questions by way of cross-examination. What is the history of these two portraits, and upon

what grounds is it alleged that they represent two different men? The whole case rests upon two facts: 1st, that when Raphael visited Florence, he painted the portrait of one Agnolo Doni; and 2nd, that, three hundred years afterwards, a descendant of Doni—who had migrated to another country—sold this picture as a portrait of his ancestor.

Observe—this is not an instance of a portrait having hung unchallenged in a public gallery from time immemorial, or during the lifetime of men who knew the original. It lay hidden for three centuries in a private house—or succession of private houses, for the Doni family left Florence and settled in France. It was then in the hands of a picture-dealer for half-a-dozen years; and finally, in 1826, it was purchased by Leopold, the second Grand Duke of Tuscany, and placed in the Pitti Palace, where it bears the proud title of Agnolo Doni, on a label. What more can anybody desire than a label?

But, unfortunately, I am not content with a label, and like Oliver Twist I *do* ask for more. Here is a man with whom I formed a friendship ten years ago, in Rome—to-day I meet him in Florence. He looks quite ten years older, but our eyes meet; and whether he remembers me or not, I remember him. Here is a portrait, in the Uffizi, of Raphael; and when I go to the Pitti Palace I find the same face there, and am told that it is the portrait of Agnolo Doni. I don't believe it—and I appeal from the label to the authorities.

Tell me now, Mr. Director, why the same face

is labelled Raphael on the north of the Arno, and Doni on the south?

The Director can speak only for the Pitti Palace, and not for the Uffizi.

Inquirer. But is there no inscription on the picture of Doni's name? or defining it as a portrait of Doni?

Director. There is no inscription of any kind whatever.

Inquirer. I perceive that it is hung as a companion to another portrait which is labelled Maddelena Strozzi-Doni. Can you confirm my impression that the two are really a pair?

Director. Yes. They are portraits of Doni and his wife. They are the same size, and framed alike—that, however, does not count for much, as the frames are modern. But the background is the same in each; a low-toned landscape, with the horizons on the same level, so that if the pictures were placed together they would form a panorama. There is nothing to correspond with them in any other portrait by Raphael in the Pitti or the Uffizi. Moreover they have been covered with glass, at the back, to show some monochrome paintings of Deucalion and Pirra, painted on the panels in order to preserve the wood from being worm-eaten. The two portraits are inseparable.

Inquirer. Will the Director graciously say who and what was Agnolo Doni?

Director. Agnolo Doni was a gentleman of Florence, and patron of the Fine Arts. He was born in 1474, and made a magistrate of the

city in 1510; a councillor-judge (*Liberta e pace*) in 1527. He died in 1560. His family tree is preserved in the city archives. Of Maddelena Strozzi nothing appears to be known.

Inquirer. Can Signor the Director give any information as to what has become of the lost portrait of Raphael, or as to what it was like?

Director. The Director can give no information. Nor can the Conservatore of the National Library, who assists in the symposium.

Finally the Inquirer puts the fatal question, "Will the Director be so very kind as to name the authority, or authorities, upon which the painting is said to be the portrait of Doni?" And the answer comes like a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder: "Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Eugène Muntz, and Giorgio Vasari"—in each case a work in three volumes.

Now a work in three volumes is a very serious thing. Fortunately, however, you generally find an index at the end, so that if you fall asleep in reading it, and skip a page or two, you can discover the hiatus before you restore the book to its shelf. Well, in Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and in Muntz, there are many delightful things. Their books are repertoires of information; but the curious thing is, that in reference to the question whether the Doni picture is the lost portrait of Raphael they say nothing. They take the portrait in the Pitti Palace just as it was labelled by the Grand Duke, or the picture-dealer, or the last of the Doni family who sold it, without apparently a

shadow of misgiving as to its identity. Vasari, they tell us, says that Raphael painted Doni's portrait. This is a portrait, painted by Raphael. What more do you want? Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle also tell us that one of Simon Memmi's figures in the church of Sta. Maria Novella represents *Diogenes* the *Areopagite*, though *Dionysius*, who sat in judgment on St. Paul, did not sit in a tub, and Diogenes, 400 years before Christ, never became a Christian Saint. When these writers have considered the question I shall gratefully, and with reverence, weigh their opinions. So far they have only recorded the labels on the pictures.

I turn to Vasari, and find that he says a great deal about Raphael, but very little about Agnolo Doni, and nothing at all about Maddelena Strozzi. Doni was the senior of Raphael by nine years; so that if the picture is the portrait of Doni, and was painted by Raphael in his early Florentine days, it would correspond with the conditions of age. In 1506 Doni would have been about thirty-two years old. Vasari tells us that Doni, having commissioned Michael Angelo to paint him a Holy Family—the famous picture in the Uffizi—turned his attention to the young genius, and "commissioned him to paint the portrait of himself and his wife." That is the common, literal translation of Vasari's loose phrasing. His actual words are, "gli fece fare il ritratto di sè e della sua donna." It will be observed that Vasari does not call the lady "moglie" nor "sposa," nor by her name, Maddelena Strozzi. The Maddelena

Strozzi is interpolated by the commentators, apparently on no other authority than that of the label attached to the picture in recent times. Vasari says only "his lady." *Whose lady?* That depends on the antecedent of the pronoun. The passage reads, "By him, therefore, Raphael was commissioned to paint a portrait of himself."

Whose self? That again depends upon the antecedent. I am not pressing this as an argument; on the contrary, I am showing that no argument can be based on an obscure grammatical concord.

The question, however, is not without significance; for if my contention is correct, not only is the portrait said to be Doni the portrait of Raphael, but the companion picture must be the portrait of some other "donna" than Maddelena Strozzi. Was there then another lady in the case? Was there a "donna" whose portrait Raphael could have painted as a companion to his own? I think there was, and propose to take a look at her presently. I have already shown that the two pictures *are* companion portraits—either they are husband and wife, or they are brother and sister.

Now one of the few things we know about Doni is that he had a wife, and one of the few things we know about Raphael is that he had a sister —a half-sister, but still a sister—to whom he was greatly attached. Vasari indeed says that he had neither sister nor brother, but this is now known to be a mistake. His mother died, and his brother, while he was in his infancy; and his

father married again. Elisabetta was the daughter of this second marriage, and Raphael delighted in her. His affection is evidenced by the generous provision he made for her out of the little fortune he possessed, when he left the old home in Urbino. All this does not carry us much further; but what does carry us further is the fact that, in Elisabetta, Raphael found his first inspiration for the face of the Madonna. Compare the drawing in the British Museum with the portrait study in the Louvre, and the two with the finished picture in the Pitti Palace, and they will be found to be the same. They are Raphael's first attempts to realize his ideal of the Virgin. Imperfect as they are, and badly as the painting has suffered by the hand of the restorer, they are types of the face he was seeking. In every Madonna he ever painted—the Foligno of the Vatican, the Goldfinch of the Uffizi, the lovely Mother and Child of Panshanger, the Madonna del Gran Duca at the Pitti, the Madonna of the Meadow at Vienna, the Ansidei at the National Gallery, the Conesabilet at St. Petersburg, the Cardellino at the Uffizi—it is always the same; the sweet oval face, the full forehead, the hair divided and folded in an arch over the temples, the long straight nose, the small mouth, the slender eyebrows. It ended with the Madonna di San Sisto, the finest of them all; but it began with Elisabetta, his little sister.

Now this is a very curious thing. Look once more at the portrait study in the Louvre, and the so-called portrait of Maddelena Strozzi. Beyond cavil, one is a study or preliminary sketch for the

STUDY OF MADONNA
(*British Museum*)

STUDY FOR MADDELENA STROZZI DONI (*Louvre*)

MADDELENA STROZZI DONI
(*Pitti Palace*)

PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL
By Timoteo Viti (*Oxford*)

other. If the portrait in the Pitti Palace is the wife of Doni, so also is the drawing in the Louvre.

But the drawing in the Louvre is not Maddelena Strozzi. Look at it again. It is only one of the many studies of Elisabetta made by her painter brother. The likeness between the brother and sister is very marked. Compare it with the likeness of the boy, drawn by Timoteo Viti, and you will see that they might be twins. Compare it with the "Elisabetta" in the British Museum and you will see how Raphael *idealized* his sister when he painted her as the Madonna, and *realized* her when his purpose was simply to paint her portrait. I know all the possibilities of studio life. I know it may be argued that, while Raphael was painting the great lady, his little sister may have sat as a model, to assist him in the elaboration of the dress. The sketch and the finished picture negative such a supposition. A model, who spares the sitter from the fatigue of sitting while the dress and the accessories are being elaborated, wears the dress which is to appear in the finished portrait. But in this little sketch the model is in *undress;* the fineries of embroidery and jewellery are reserved for the complete portrait. When Raphael made this little sketch, he made it as an impressionist. He was not looking into a mirror, as he did when painting his own portrait. He was looking into his sister's face. But, so far as the family likeness is concerned, the result is very much the same as if he had looked into a mirror.

But now, let us revert to the supposition that the two portraits in the Pitti Palace are correctly labelled. Then we are met with wonder upon wonder. Could not Raphael make an impressionist sketch, or paint a finished portrait of a man or of a woman, without painting his own likeness into it? See how wide a field is covered by the inquiry. Three families are mixed together. If the portraits in the Pitti Palace are indeed Agnolo and Maddelena Strozzi, then not only was Agnolo Doni the double of Raphael Santi, but he was the double of his wife also. But family likenesses keep to families. Are we to believe that the Donis, and the Santis, and the Strozzis, who were not kith and kin, were all modelled on the same lines? that Maddelena Strozzi was indistinguishable from Elisabetta? that Agnolo might have mistaken his wife for his sister, and that Elisabetta might have mistaken her brother for his patron? It is too much to ask, at any rate of a painter, who is accustomed to use his own eyes. Perhaps it may be believed by the critic or the historian, if they trust to the eyes of other people.

But, if so, they must have something to go upon—something over and above the labels on the frames of the pictures. What have they to go upon, except that Vasari saw, in the house in the Street of the Dyers, two portraits, said to have been painted by Raphael half a century before, of Agnolo Doni and his wife; and that, a quarter of a millennium afterwards, the family of the Doni sold two portraits, which they believed to

be of their ancestors, to a picture-dealer, who sold them to a Grand Duke of Tuscany, who placed them in the Pitti Palace, and labelled them (to use Vasari's words) as we see them to-day?

Is that enough? I think not. Two hundred and fifty years is a long time for a picture to have been withdrawn from public cognizance. It is a wise man who knows his own father; and the Doni who sold the pictures could scarcely be expected to recognize the faces of his forebears at that distance of time. During nine generations, and the migration of a family from one country to another, it is quite possible for a little confusion to occur in the labelling of pictures, especially when they have no mark or inscription by which they could be identified. The labels may have been changed. The frames may have been changed. The only thing which does not change is the likeness revealed in the two faces. Agnolo and his wife were, no doubt, painted by Raphael—I do not question that—and their portraits may still be hanging in some odd corner of the house of the Doni, or decorating the walls of a public gallery, labelled "Portrait of a Florentine Gentleman with sua Donna." But if I were searching for the portrait of the man described by Vasari, the city magnate, the patron of the Fine Arts, the master of bargains, I should not expect to find it on a little panel, measuring scarcely two hands' breadth. I think that Agnolo Doni would have made a better bargain with the young painter than

that. Above all, I should not expect to find that the young painter had played a trick upon the councillor-judge, by painting his own face instead of that of his patron.

There remains one very serious question to consider. We have heard a good deal about a lost portrait. But whose portrait is it that is lost—Raphael's or Doni's? I will read once more the description of it.

"A most interesting work, which gives us the opportunity of noting the change in the appearance of the young genius since he painted his own likeness [see the portrait in the Uffizi] in his early Florentine days. His face, formerly melancholy, has now more character, more vigour, more enthusiasm [see the portrait in the Pitti Palace]. He has still the noble sadness inseparable from genius, but through it shines a consciousness of a great purpose [see again the portrait in the Pitti]. He looks at us with a sweet, penetrating gaze, which seems to take us into his confidence, and to invite our own; and in his firmly-closed lips we read the assurance that our confidence, could we give it, would be held sacred." Need I add once more, "look at the portrait in the Pitti Palace"? If there is a lost portrait, it is not Raphael's—it is Doni's. The lost portrait of Raphael is found.

And yet, after all, it may be said that to prove the pictures in the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi to be portraits of the same man, does not prove

that they are portraits of Raphael. The one in the Pitti Palace may still be Agnolo Doni, and the one in the Uffizi his little son, Giovanna Battista. If so, the boy is uncommonly like his father, and it does infinite credit to Raphael to have so preserved the family likeness. But we are not without proof that the face we are considering is really the face of Raphael.

We have this proof in two forms: first, by the act of Raphael himself, and second, by the testimony of Vasari. The act of Raphael was the painting of his own portrait in the great fresco at the Vatican of the "School of Athens." The testimony of Vasari is the statement in his "Lives of the Painters" identifying the figure. It was part of Raphael's scheme to include in these designs, not only the great heroes of the past, but men who, in his own day were accounted leaders in art and letters. Thus in the "Parnassus" he painted his friend Ariosto, in the "Disputa del Sacramento" he included Savonarola, and in the "School of Athens" himself. Vasari says, "One holds a globe of the heavens in his hand—that is Zoroaster; and near to him stands Raphael himself, the master of this work, drawn by his own hand with the aid of a mirror—a youthful head of exceedingly modest expression, wearing a black cap or baretta, the whole aspect infinitely pleasing and graceful."

Now Vasari was a child when Raphael died, so that he does not speak from direct personal knowledge. I do not pretend that everything Vasari says is to be taken as true. There were

many things Vasari did not know. He did not know, for instance, that Raphael had a sister, or perhaps we should have learned something more about Elisabetta. But one thing is certain: Vasari was the friend, and lived in the companionship of the friends, of Raphael, and wrote with their knowledge, while the memory of the great painter was still fresh in Florence and Rome. If Vasari had made a mistake as to this figure, Titian and Michael Angelo and a score more of the friends of Raphael, would have set him right.

And now the mirror, mentioned by Vasari, comes into play once more. After ten years Raphael again paints his own portrait. Look at it: the eyes look straight into yours, as in the old portrait he painted when he was a lad. Of course they do. But it is worth noticing, that in no other of the many portraits painted by Raphael does the same thing occur. Nor does it occur in any other portrait of Raphael except the three painted by his own hand. Why do the eyes look straight out of the canvas? Because they are the eyes of Raphael looking at himself.

If then the portrait in the Pitti Palace is really the portrait of Raphael, how did it get lost? It was lost first of all in passing from the possession of Doni (who knew Raphael and himself) to Doni's son, who knew his father, but did not know Raphael; then, by passing into the possession of descendants of the family who knew neither Doni nor Raphael. Three centuries of that sort of thing are quite sufficient to explain the shuffling of the cards, especially if two packs get mixed

together. I believe that in this case the packs can be separated. I believe that the King of Hearts (that is the portrait in the Pitti Palace) is from the pack of Raphael, not from that of the Doni.

I have only a few more words to say, and they shall take the form of a summary of my argument.

(1) I note, first, the remarkable fact that, of all the authentic portraits of Raphael we possess, there is not one of the man himself, in his manhood. They all represent him as a child, or as a youth, or as a very young man. I show that this is the more remarkable, because he was a portrait-painter, living amongst portrait-painters, and distinguished not only for his genius and character, but for his personal beauty.

(2) I find, however, from historical records, that a portrait of Raphael did exist, painted by himself, in his full manhood, of which a very definite description is extant; but that the portrait is lost. It is to discover this lost portrait that I address myself.

(3) I visit Rome and Florence, and make myself thoroughly acquainted with the commonly received portraiture of Raphael. In the Pitti Palace I come upon a small painting which answers in the minutest particular to the historical description of the lost portrait, and arrests me at once by its extraordinary likeness to the acknowledged portrait of Raphael in the galleries of the Uffizi. But the picture bears on its label, not the name of Raphael, but that of Agnolo Doni.

(4) The picture is quite small, about fourteen inches wide. It is hung as a companion to a portrait of a lady. The lady's portrait is labelled Maddelena Strozzi-Doni, the wife of Agnolo. Both pictures have suffered much from the hands of the restorer.

(5) I made diligent inquiries as to the history of the two portraits. In 1823 they were in the possession of a French branch of the family of the Doni, settled in Avignon. They were then sold to a picture-dealer, and found their way once more to Florence, where, eventually, they were purchased by the Grand Duke, and placed in the Pitti Palace, and labelled as we see them to-day.

(6) I appealed to the Director for information as to the authority on which they were labelled Agnolo Doni, and his wife Maddelena. He referred me to two new books and an old one. But the new books never so much as touch the question—they simply record the labelling of the pictures; while the old book never mentions the name of Maddelena Strozzi, but stakes everything on a pronoun with a doubtful antecedent. We have absolutely no historical data by which to identify the pictures sold at Avignon in 1823 with the portraits seen by Vasari in Florence in 1560.

(7) Thus thrown back on my own line of investigation, I find a curious thing. I find a little sketch in the Musée Royal, by Raphael, the very sketch he made for the "donna" of the Pitti Palace, and lo! it is a sketch, not of Maddelena Strozzi, but of his sister. The whole

problem is solved. The portrait labelled Doni is like Raphael because it is Raphael. The portrait labelled Maddelena is like Raphael's Madonnas, because it is painted from the woman who so often sat as his model. The two are not portraits of husband and wife, but of brother and sister.

This is a strong chain of evidence; and I invite you to examine it, link by link, and to break it, if it can be broken.

March 28, 1906.

FOR MUSIC

The fairies danced upon our lawn last night,
    Bringing us all good luck;
I saw them by the glow-worm's glimmer o' light—
Oberon, crowned; Titania, robed in white;
    And mischievous Puck!
    Ha, ha! and mischievous Puck.

Oberon said, "These mortals are our care;
    Why do they look so sad?
The man is brave and true, the maiden fair,
Yet Sylvia frowns, Robin is in despair."
    Says Puck, "They are mad."
    Ho, ho! Puck says they are mad.

Titania smiles—"This is not madness; pray,
    Leave them awhile to me;
I plant this tiny flower; at dawn of day
Robin will come, Sylvia will pass this way,
    Then we shall see!"
    Ha, ha! then we shall see!

The morning breaks; they come! She, sad as sweet;
    He, breathing only sighs;
Sudden he stops—a flower lies at his feet;
It is for her! A moment and they meet,
    Love in their eyes.
    Ah, me! Love in their eyes.

Then the "still music" of the Fairy Queen;
    The sun low in the west;
Then village maidens dance upon the green,
And, like a star, Titania's flower is seen
    On Sylvia's breast.
    Ha, ha! on Sylvia's breast.

AMONG THE STARS

How strangely the things which are objective in one age become subjective in another! I believe that when the Greek and Latin poets described the actions of the gods they were only recounting the deeds they had seen performed by men and women; while we, telling the story of our everyday lives, often irradiate it with light which comes from the stars. How else could one address a great company—including two bishops and a body of Academicians—on Art, past and present, without seeming a heretic or a blasphemer of the gods? How else could one call a Lord Chief Justice, an American ambassador, and two or three hundred men of light and leading "savages" without being "tomahawked"? How could one tell an assemblage of the wit and beauty of London, that they were wise and beautiful without a suspicion of flattery? The great virtue of an "if" is as nothing to the virtue of a "when." "If I were on Mount Olympus" —"Oh—ah—if"—"but you never will be!" "When" I was on Olympus—and there is no answer, even though I am to-day at Bristol.

I should like, before passing to the business on the agenda, to say a word or two to the Academicians of Bristol, with regard to the position held by their ancient city in the distribution of the Art forces of our country. Bristol is one of

the chief centres of the army of occupation. If you take London as the metropolis, and draw a line from London through Birmingham, cutting the island into two parts, you will find a curious state of things as regards Art. London, Birmingham, Nottingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow—the corporations of all these towns are keenly alive to the fact that Art is an essential element of the national life. But when you turn south, you find that Bristol stands alone. It is very glorious, no doubt, to stand alone—in war! but it means very hard fighting. Let me now show you a curious parallel between what I have called the distribution of Art in this country in our own day, and the Italy of the Renascence. If you take Rome as the chief centre and pass north, you leave behind, on the south-west coast, Naples, just as in England you leave Bristol. On the western route going north you pass Siena, on the eastern route Perugia, just as in England you pass Birmingham and Nottingham. Then you find lying across the country a belt of three cities, Pisa, Florence, and Bologna—Pisa and Florence resting on the Arno, just as Liverpool and Manchester rest on the Mersey. Once more, in the far north you find Verona and Venice, as in Scotland you find Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Now when an artist sees two pictures very much alike, he naturally suspects one of them to be a copy—unless, indeed, he knows of a third, anterior to the date of both of them, in which case he knows that they are both copies. Well,

SANTA CROCE. FLORENCE.

I am in a position to show you that there is a third. If you turn from the terrestrial map to the celestial you find the same pattern in the sky that these cities make upon the land. The distribution of Art in England is not more like the distribution of Art in Italy, than the distribution of Art in Italy is like the distribution of the stars in the constellation of Orion. In the constellation of Orion you will remember there is a great star of the first magnitude, named Rigel. In the west is another star, corresponding with the position of Bristol. Birmingham and Nottingham have each a representative, and then you come upon a beautiful cluster of three, Orion's belt, in the precise position of Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds; while in the far north are two stars corresponding with Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is clear that the gods have the distribution of Art in their keeping, or that we reflect their minds.

And now let me ask, who was Orion, that he should be the celestial prototype of Art? Orion was the descendant of three gods, Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury; and is not Art the reflex of these divine powers? The sky, the earth, the sea—from them come all the splendours the painter seeks. Orion was a giant, whose mission it was to clear the land of savage beasts. And what is Art, but a giant amongst the forces of civilization, whose mission it is to clear the land of the savage forces of ugliness? But Orion fell. Orion thought that his work was accomplished, and that he could rest. He slept, and the punishment was that his

eyes were put out. And has not Art also slept, did it not fall into decadence, were not its eyes put out, did it not lose the vision of beauty? Last of all Orion had the divine instinct to turn his sightless eyeballs to the sun, and the light which would have blinded other eyes restored him to sight. And so with Art. We have turned to the light. The modern school of England has again the vision. The south has seen new splendours in the sea, the north has given us a new sense of colour, the midlands are wide awake, and Bristol—I entreat you to remember that you have a right to claim the position of one of the stars in the firmament of Art.

At the Savage Club. Annual Dinner, Dec. 9, 1905. *Lord Alverstone in the chair. "Art, Literature, and Science," proposed by Mr. Mostyn Pigott.*

The brilliant speeches to which we have listened recall to my mind an incident that caps even Professor Stokes' references to the time when our forebears painted themselves with woad, or the forefathers of his Excellency the Japanese Ambassador began to worship themselves. It occurred on Mount Olympus at a little dinner of the gods, when I had the privilege for the first time to hear this toast proposed. We called it "Omnes Artes," and I will tell you what happened. Jupiter was in the chair. And, my lord, I should like to add that he proved himself almost as good a chairman as you have proved yourself to-night.

Jupiter, I say, was in the chair, and we his children sat round the table. If you ask for my authority for this statement, I have only to look a little surprised and refer to Horace, who claims for all artists that they are the children of the gods. If you ask, "Why artists in particular?" I reply that while men of letters are always "pulling things to pieces," and men of science are always "putting two and two together," the artist alone creates, and so partakes of the divine attribute.

However this may be, I distinctly remember that when the banquet was over, the great cloud-compeller laid down his pipe, and called upon Apollo. Apollo delighted us with a few words of wisdom, just like Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador. Then Neptune followed. He gave us an account of how he considered Dr. Nansen too inquisitive, and had therefore taken steps to freeze him up in the Arctic regions. That is the reason why Dr. Nansen is not with us to-night; but it does not matter, for Sir William Ramsay has taken his place. As soon as Neptune sat down, Vulcan, the artist-god, handed round some charming sketches he had made. They were part of his designs for Achilles' shield, and represented

> Forests and fields, with scatter'd cots between,
> And fleecy flocks that whiten'd all the scene.

The savages—I mean the gods—were delighted. The goddesses sat at a high table, or dais, just as the ladies are sitting to-night, and they also were delighted. Juno smiled graciously; Minerva

complimented the artist; Venus declared that Vulcan's sketches were as good as pictures she had seen at the Royal Academy, which she thought were by Sidney Cooper.

Now this is very curious. Here is the Art of three thousand years ago—for it is Homer who describes it—and the Art of to-day, and they are alike. Of course there were other subjects on Achilles' shield—beautiful women, heroic men, waves thundering on the beach, just as there are in our exhibitions to-day. But the point is this. A bit of sunshine, a field, a flock of sheep, and it does not signify whether the artist is a god, or a Royal Academician. And what does it all mean? It means that Art is an essential element in the lives of gods, and men, and savages. It means, that Art has no beginning, and no ending. Moreover, in that respect Art differs from my poor little speech, which began two or three minutes ago, and has already ended.

At the Lyceum Club, Feb. 17, 1906. *Mrs. Louise Jopling in the chair. In reply to the toast, "The Guest of the Evening."*

I hope you will not laugh me down as a star-gazer if I mention an incident which occurred to-night as I crossed the park, opposite your doors. There came a sudden rift in the clouds which had hung like a pall over London throughout the day—a sudden rift through which I could discern a cluster of stars. They were very few

in number, but amongst them were Cassiopeia and Andromeda — mother and daughter — a little to the north-west, over the Marble Arch. And this set me thinking. There are so many stars in the sky — if only the clouds would clear away, what splendours would be revealed! We should see—well, what should we see? That depends on the time of year. It is the 17th February, and on the 17th February, at half-past seven o'clock, we should see Bears — two — major and minor; Lions, also major and minor; a couple of fishes, a ram, a bull, a dragon, and any number of such rude creatures: but amongst them all, with the exception of the two I have named—and unless it can be shown that one of the heavenly twins was a girl—we should see not a solitary star that bears a woman's name.

Why is this? What does it mean? How comes the sky to be abandoned to darkness or masculinity? Where were all the lovely constellations, Virgo and her sisters? Looking round this table I perceive the answer. They had all been invited to the Lyceum Club — only poor Andromeda could not come; she was chained to a rock, and Cassiopeia, her beautiful mother, bending tenderly over her, would not desert her child. For the rest, are they not all here to-night?

I should like to say that I am profoundly touched by the great courtesy you have shown me, and the gracious words you have accepted from Mrs. Jopling. I am not so vain as to take them personally to myself. It is the cause. You

know that I have given my life to Art, and that Mrs. Jopling is a distinguished member of the Society of which I am President; so that my name comes before you as representing Art, not myself. For you are, many of you, artists, following and loving Art in many forms. I see before me painters, and poets, and musicians, and dramatists, and novelists, and writers who lead in the higher intellectual life. What is it that binds us together, making us all one to-night in our sympathies and aspirations? It is Art. It is Art as the interpreter of Nature. It is Art which enables us to face Nature and not be afraid. We are like a nautilus, and Nature is like the ocean on which we gaily float. Nature is the air which fills our sails with pleasant breezes. But then Nature is also the rock on which we may be dashed to pieces. How little we know of Nature, of the world in which we live, of the great family of which we form a part! A few voices speak to us out of the crowd, but the many are dumb. A few eyes kindle as they look into ours—

> Stars, stars,
> And all eyes else, dead coals.

A brother, a sister, a wife, two or three friends—that is, to most of us, all that we know of human life. It is more than all—see how large an abstract must be made from it. The friend is estranged—did we then ever really know him at all? The brother is in a far distant land—will he be the same to us when he returns? The child, our sister, never will return—it is a long while

since she died; we should like to know something about her. What can Nature tell us? And then Art comes in. It is as though we laid our finger on the keyboard of an organ; a flute voice answers us, or a vox humana, it may be even a vox angelica—but we do not know the instrument until the master-musician sits down before it and we hear the thunder of the diapason, the mighty rush of harmony, the tender strains of melody. And Art is our master-musician—through which Nature speaks to us. Art, in the broad sense of the word in which it is understood in the Lyceum Club: not painting only, but music, and poetry, and the drama: Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Phidias, Raphael, Handel, Beethoven, Turner. Let me remind you that there were nine Muses. Let me also tell you a story about them. It shall be based on Ovid; but I may perhaps have occasion to amplify it a little. If I go too far, however, I may rely on Mrs. Jopling to put me right. She is the founder of the Society of the Immortals, and will not permit the names of the Muses to be taken in vain.

One day Minerva paid a visit to the Muses, on Parnassus. She was received by Urania with all the grace with which she would have been received by Mrs. Jopling if the visit had been to Pembroke Gardens. "I come," she said, "to see the fountain which I am told sprang from the rock when it was touched by the feet of the wingéd steed." "Yes," said Urania; "we saw Pegasus, and Miss Lucy Kemp Welch painted his portrait." "Oh," said Minerva, "was he a bay,

or a chestnut? I should like to see Miss Lucy." "Madam," replied Urania, "Miss Lucy is just now at the Lyceum Club." "Well," said the goddess, "I understand that some of you are very clever, that you not only paint pictures, but write poetry. I should like to know something about 'Hearts of Gold' and 'April Princesses.'" "Ah," said Urania, "you are thinking about Miss Constance Smedley. She is also at the Lyceum Club." Minerva looked round. "There is one thing," she said, "that I can see for myself. You are all of you extraordinarily beautiful."

And now a strange thing happened. If a mortal had been there he would have thought that the goddess was enveloped in a luminous cloud. What really happened was this. The whole company of the Muses crowded round Minerva, exclaiming with one voice, "Oh, you dear—" They caught her in their arms, and in a moment carried her off in triumph to the Lyceum Club. This, remember, was on the 17th of February.

XVII

THE BOGEY IN THE STUDIO

The First Artist—Disguised—Challenging the Unknown—The Rival Pictures—Minerva's Revenge—Three Indictments—The First Bogey—The Commonness of Nature—Paint and Passion—The Final Mystery—Spiritual and Material—The Second Bogey—Commercialism in Art—The Third Bogey—The Decadence of Art—A War-Cry—Our Birthright—Killing the Bogey

THE BOGEY IN THE STUDIO

I CANNOT determine precisely the date when these things occurred. Ovid, who narrates the story, is not good at dates. Besides, his calendar was not the same as ours. But we are not left without some indications as to the "when" and "where." He begins with chaos, and its division into the "four elements," earth, air, fire, and water, and he concludes with the apotheosis of Julius Cæsar; so that it must have been somewhere within that period. But I will not inquire too particularly into that.

In any case, you remember Lord Leighton's beautiful picture of Persephone returning from the infernal regions, and Ceres, her mother, stretching out her arms to embrace her. Well, it was just after that, that Arachne, the most skilful artist of her time, began to "brag" a little. She was not content to know herself to be great: she must humiliate others. She put on what is called "side," she allowed her beautiful nose to be disfigured by an upward twist. Not that it was, as Tennyson says of Lynette's—

> Tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower,

but that it was turned up artificially, in contempt for those who were not quite so clever as herself.

At this Minerva was displeased; and to displease Minerva is a very serious matter—very. Minerva determined to take Arachne down a peg; and this is how she did it.

She went to Arachne's studio, in the disguise of an old woman, which I think was a very shabby thing for a goddess to do. She put on false hair, white, to make herself look venerable; she hobbled on a staff, as if infirm.

"Are you Arachne?" says the old woman.

"Yes, I am Arachne," says the Mæonian maid.

"And you call yourself an Artist?" says the visitor.

"Yes, I am an Artist," says Arachne, proudly.

"Oh, but," says the old woman, anticipating the words of the gentlemen of the Press who criticize our pictures to-day—"oh, but this is very poor stuff you are painting. Minerva can paint better than that."

"Then let her do so," says Arachne, "and the world will be all the better for it."

"Ah," says the old impostor, "but goddesses don't sell their pictures for money, as you do."

"Perhaps," says Arachne, thoughtfully, "perhaps that is because there is nobody to buy 'em."

It will be perceived that the conversation was getting a little warm. But Minerva had still another shot to fire.

"Where were you born?" was her next question.

"I was born in Hypæpæ," replied Arachne,

and am renowned, not for my place of birth, but for my skill."

"But," said the goddess, "Hypæpæ is not the proper place to be born in—not for an Artist."

What could poor Arachne answer to this? She had been born on the banks of the river Caystrus, where there were only swans, to make it beautiful. She should have been born on the Pactolus, where the sands are of gold, and everything becomes gold, if touched by its waters. Minerva had her there. Arachne lost her temper.

"Madame," she said, "you are bereft of understanding. It is your misfortune to have lived too long. If you have daughters of your own, make your remarks to them—not to me. You talk as if you were a goddess yourself."

Upon this Minerva rose to her full height, cast away her disguise, and stood revealed in the midst of Arachne's studio, with the thunderbolts of Jupiter in her hand.

And what did Arachne do? She at once challenged Minerva to paint a picture. Minerva accepted the challenge, and the two ladies took their stand a little apart, so that neither should see what the other was doing. But though they cannot see each other's work, we can see them both, and it is a beautiful sight. What a picture it would make for Alma-Tadema, or Poynter! They stretch out their canvases on their easels—Ovid calls them tapestries; but it is the same thing. They hasten to and fro, girding up their garments to their breasts; they move their skilful arms, their eagerness beguiling their fatigue. In both pictures

is seen the Tyrian purple with fine shades of difference. Just as the rainbow is wont to tinge a long tract of sky, so a thousand different colours are seen shining, while the pliant gold is mixed with the threads as the pictures grow upon the web.

And what is Minerva's picture? She paints the rock of Mars, and the celestial gods, sitting on twelve thrones, in august state, Jove in the midst. They are all portraits—for she is one of them, and knows them all. There are Vulcan and Mars, Venus and Diana, Neptune and Juno, each with some special insignia of glory. To herself she gives the spear with its sharp point, the helmet, and the ægis to protect her breast. From the earth, which she has struck with her spear, rises a shoot of olive, with its berries; and the gods admire. The theme of her picture is Victory, and it contains a terrible lesson for Arachne. At the four corners are four figures of mortals, who have dared to contend with the gods. What will Arachne do when she sees their cruel fate?

In the meantime Arachne goes on with her painting. She also paints the gods—but not in their glory. On the contrary, each is exhibiting his or her little weakness. She paints Jove as a bull. Ovid says, "You would think it was a real bull, and the sea a real sea." So that Arachne must have been a bit of a landscape-painter as well as a painter of the figure. She paints Europa, crying out to her companions on the land, and, as if afraid of the dashing waves, drawing up

her timid feet. She paints Neptune, not in his most favourable aspect; Phœbus, as a rustic; and Saturn, up to mischief. And she finishes her performance by surrounding it with a fine decorative border of flowers intertwined with ivy.

And now the two ladies turn to each other's pictures, and stand confronting one another. How delightful it all seems, to be an artist—to be one with the gods. So pleasant, so sure of victory —for one of them. Perhaps I had better leave it there and say no more.

And yet I set out to discover — ah, yes, I remember; I set out to discover the Bogey.

What! is there then no paradise without a serpent? Cannot we just get out of the world, and shut ourselves—we artists, I mean—in our studios, and take no account of what other people are doing, or of the age in which we live?

Why, that is just what we have been doing. We have just been out of the world, we have been shut up in a studio—Arachne's studio. We have been taking no account of what other people are doing, or of the age in which we live. And yet, all the while, we have been rushing headlong on the Bogey itself.

For consider the conclusion of the story. We left Minerva and Arachne looking into each other's eyes, and their eyes—at least Minerva's eyes—were angry eyes. Minerva had been defeated in the contest. She, a goddess, defeated! Arachne's picture was better than her own, and she knew it. What did she do? She seized her mahlstick —a heavy stick made of boxwood—and struck

Arachne with it violently three or four times upon the forehead.

That, again, was a very mean action for a goddess. I may mention, however, that Ovid does not call it a "mahlstick"—he calls it a "shuttle"; but it is all the same. Indeed, the thing appears the worse when we recollect that the stick, or shuttle, must have actually belonged to Arachne, for the scene occurred in her studio, not in Minerva's, and no doubt Arachne had lent it as an act of courtesy. But never mind that. The point is, that an artist enters into a fair competition with the higher powers, and lo! when she proves herself the better, instead of receiving her reward, she is beaten, and then turned into a spider. The poor thing tried to kill herself, but she was not allowed even to do that. "Live on, wicked one," said Minerva, "and let the same punishment cling to thy race for ever—that no artist may for ever again be without a Bogey in his studio."

. . . . . .

Well, now I have done with the past. Arachne has had her troubles, and it may be said that they are not the same troubles that trouble us. But is that so? The gods do not now come into our studios and beat us with our own mahlsticks. And yet the three Bogeyisms with which the old woman taunted the Mæonian maid, are in effect the same Bogeyisms with which the artist is assailed to-day.

1st. You cannot paint as the gods.

2nd. What will your pictures fetch?

3rd. You were born in the wrong place, or at the wrong time—that is in London, yesterday—when you should have been born the day before, or to-morrow, and in Paris.

And then we ask ourselves once more—can we not shut ourselves up in our studios, and take no account of what other people are doing—or of commercial affairs—or of the age in which we live?

No—that is precisely what we cannot do. We cannot leave out of account what others are doing. We cannot ignore the commercial conditions on which our lives depend. We cannot live in any other age than that in which we were born. And then comes the Bogey.

The Bogey! did I say? Why, I have named three already, and presently I will show them at work. But it goes without saying that when there is a Bogey in the case, one must be very serious, especially if one does not know what the Bogey is. As soon as the Bogey is disclosed to view, we may do as we like; but until then we must treat him with respect. What if he should bite? What if he should drive us out of our studio, instead of being himself driven out? What if he should take possession of us and ours, and compel us to do his bidding? What if he should seize our mahlstick? Ah, no. We must kill the Bogey, or the Bogey will kill us.

The first form in which the Bogey appears to us arises from the conditions under which we live—

in this the beginning of the twentieth century. It is the necessary outcome of the multiplication of artists, and works of Art. Instead of there being a few artists in the land, generally looked upon as eccentric, or idle fellows, or ne'er-do-wells, agreeable enough in themselves, but not to be taken account of in the serious business of life, there are now tens of thousands of respectable people, of whom quite five thousand figure in our directories as professional artists, all striving to earn an honest penny by the practice of Art. And what is the result?

The result is that, what one is doing east another is doing west, and a third is doing north, and a fourth is doing south; that the strain upon each individual worker who strives to come to the front is much greater than it used to be; that artistically the average standard is much higher; that commercially, if the demand is increased tenfold, the supply is increased a hundred fold; that personally, whatever any one of us can do, there are hundreds who can do the same, or nearly the same; that what everybody can do, loses something of the quality of rarity, so dear to the heart of the collector, and becomes common; and finally, that in ignorant minds that which is common in Art is indistinguishable from the commonplace.

Now when the Bogey has got so far, he has to take breath; and we can put in a word.

Why should the commonplace be the veritable *loup-garou* of Art? Is not Art the reflex of Nature—the sum and record of our daily life?

And Nature is full of common things. Our lives are made up of them—commonplace bricks with which to build our houses; commonplace beasts with which to plough our fields; commonplace pussy-cats to blink at the fire upon the hearth. We would no more banish the commonplace from our lives, than we would banish the wild-rose from our hedges, or the forget-me-nots from the way-side. And the same thing is true, not only of our lives, but of all the phenomena of Nature. Our eyes are never weary of the perpetual succession of the seasons, of day and night, or of the multitudinous repetition of the same forms, in leaves of trees, or blades of grass. It is quite clear that commonness is no bar-sinister to anything in Nature. May we not go even a step further and say, that the commonness of beauty is the very crown and glory of Nature? Yes. But then Nature and Art cannot be dealt with as an equation.

Let us begin at the beginning. Let us differentiate step by step the elements which go to make a picture, from the corresponding elements of that which the picture represents.

Let us imagine that we have before us a fine landscape, in which a cluster of fir-trees shows dark against the sky. That, observe, is the subject of the picture, not the picture itself. As to the picture, the sky of it is blue, the clouds are white, the trees are green; and, as Hamlet says of reading, "Words, words, words," so we may say of these "Paint, paint, paint." The sky is paint, the clouds are paint, the trees are paint.

at in Nature—how different! There the sky—part from the delicate sense of ethereal beauty it gives us—the sky is itself the eternal mystery of space, without beginning—without end; into which we may look and look for ever, only to lose ourselves at last. And then the clouds are another mystery—of force: they threaten or bless. And the trees are a greater mystery still—for they live. See then how wide apart are Nature and Art in the materials with which they work.

But now I look into the picture, and find that the blue of the sky has many varying gradations of tint—that the clouds are distinctive in shape, cumulus, or cirrous, or nimbus—that the trees are painted branch by branch, leaf by leaf. And in imagination I follow the painter at his work. Each leaf separately—what is it? I cannot tell. A little blot of colour dragged by the pencil of the artist across the canvas. These blots of colour approach no nearer to the mystery of life which is in the tree, than does the blue paint of the sky to the mystery of space. Yet the differentiation of colour in the sky, and the shaping of the clouds and leaves, are the first steps of Art towards Nature.

But what a little way they carry the artist! A thousand tender gradations of colour, a thousand tremulous movements of light and shade, a thousand intricacies of graceful shapes are yet to follow—and still how much he has to put into his picture—things that he cannot get out of his paint-box: the drooping of a line here, or the subtle changing

of a curve there—things as real as his paints, as real as

> The fir-trees, hark and high,

which he is painting—things which no other eyes than his has ever seen, or looked for.

And then, what is this strange thing which happens? As the painter adds touch upon touch to his canvas, new thoughts are awakened in his heart. Nature, who seemed so very far off at first, comes to meet him half-way. The canvas itself, which he bought at the colourman's yesterday, is forgotten—the paint is transfigured before his eyes. It is no more a picture that he sees, but

> The fir-trees, dark and high,

the very fir-trees that long years ago shook his child-soul, as they shook the young birds in their nests high up amongst the branches—

> The fir-trees, dark and high,
> I used to think their slender tops
> Were close against the sky.

Is it a dream? or is the artist caught in his own trap? Let him answer for himself. If I dared to answer for him I should say that this, expressed in a few words, is the history of Art. Art, beginning with paint, ends with passion. But passion is a fourth mystery of Nature, and greater than the rest, and passion is a term common to Nature and to Art. When Art has reached this term it has fulfilled its mission. It may be

common, as everything in Nature is common; it may be imperfect, as everything in Art is imperfect; but there is one thing it cannot be: it cannot be commonplace.

The mystery of space, the mystery of force, the mystery of life, the mystery of passion—of all these things, then, Art must give its account. For the artist is not a seer only; he is a revealer. Art is not a sight only; it is a revelation. That is the spiritual side of the question; let us now look at the material side. For there is a material side. Art is not only the manifestation of human life and action, with all its interests and lovely associations with the natural world; the artist is not only poet, and dramatist, and historian, and traveller, and story-teller, and satirist, and humourist; he is all this: but he is also the master-workman of all guilds, whose craftsmanship is the very crown and glory of all finesse and patience, and skill in labour.

Now the Bogey in the studio assails us on both these sides, the spiritual and the material. For observe; the subject of a picture is a thing said—the technique of a picture is the artist's method of saying it. The Bogey begins by descanting on the process and method of painting. He admits that there may be a motive in the picture; but what is a "motive" in comparison with a "square touch"? The passion of our lives seems too far off; the paint clamours for attention—and so, some of us are wrecked.

The Bogey then changes his ground. He emphasizes the passion at the cost of ignoring

the paint. He admits that one colour may be more pleasing than another; but what is fine colour compared with a good story? He bases his judgment too much on the motive of the picture.

The temptation in the first case is to believe oneself to be an artist, because one has some facility in the technique of Art. The temptation in the second case is to believe oneself to be an artist, because one likes to see a good story told dramatically on canvas.

What then is our defence against temptations such as these? We have no defence apart from the principle—the immutable principle—which underlies the greatest art of all periods, viz. that Art is an affair of the intellect, the affections, and the senses, acting together, never divided; that its highest realization is to be found in the perfect correlation of the perceptive faculties with heart and brain. Let us therefore bring our brains to the defence of our hearts, and keep perceptive faculties uncorrupted as true witnesses.

And now for the second Bogey. The second Bogey comes in the form of a suggestion that, after all, the artist is only working for his living, like other labourers, and that the value of things made to sell can only be measured by what they will fetch. I have seen sensitive souls so frightened by the word "pot-boiler," that they have changed the whole purpose of their lives. I have seen timid purchasers frightened out of

buying pictures they admired, and knew were good, and desired to possess, by the sinister whisper of that simple word.

Now, what is a "pot-boiler"? A pot-boiler is a picture painted by an expert painter, for money, in the ordinary course of business, not because he has an idle moment to spare, or wishes to experiment in a new style, but because, being an expert, he is called upon to exercise his craft. It is not too much to say that the finest Art-work the world has ever seen has always been done under these conditions. The friezes of the Parthenon, sculptured by Phidias, were pot-boilers, pure and simple, and Mrs. Phidias and "the kids" no doubt had their share in the benefit of payment. The great painters of the Renascence painted for money. "No pay, no picture," might have been the motto of every one of them; and the ecclesiastics found the money accordingly. Rubens did not live as a prince, and paint acres of canvas for nothing. Nor did the Dutchmen paint old women cleaning cabbages for the love of cabbages and old women. The finest portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney were painted for country gentlemen who had purses to pay for them. Morland painted to get free from the sponging-house, or to settle a score for beer. The most precious, if not the greatest, of Turner's works were painted for publishers, to embellish books, at a price. David Cox taught young ladies to paint in water-colours, and his masterpieces were the masterpieces of a drawing-master—done as copies for school-girls. The

school-girls' drawings were duly framed by admiring parents, and are forgotten; but the great master's pot-boilers have been raked out from the rubbish, and are now amongst our choicest possessions. Let us not be afraid of a word. Is the doctor's prescription of no account because it is given at the bedside after a weary day's work, which he could not afford to shorten? Is counsel's opinion not to be trusted because he gives it for a fee, when he would rather be playing at tennis on his own lawn, than sitting in a stuffy chamber in the Temple? The artist's calling is honourable. Let him not be ashamed of working for his reward. But he must be sincere in his work. If his work is Fine Art it will live—even though he has done his duty to those dependent on him, by keeping their pot boiling, and seeing that there is something in it too. It is not the æsthetic gentleman who can afford to set up an elegant studio, and call friends around to see how he does it in a velvet coat, that makes Art a glory in our land. It is the patient worker, perhaps with very poor surroundings, and certainly with tired eyes, and weary head, who must finish his picture before next Tuesday, because, if he fails to do so, little Tommy will lose his schooling, or Polly her visit to the seaside, or his wife a new bonnet.

Is this the Bogey by which Arachne was overcome? I do not know. There is no record of her commercial transactions, except that her purple was in great demand. Perhaps, if Minerva's side of the story was told, there might be something to be said for her severity. Perhaps Arachne

spun a web—not simply for her embroidery—but spun a mesh to entrap the unwary buyer; and Minerva, objecting to such a base use of Art, paid her in her own coin by withdrawing the divine gift, and condemning her to go on spinning, spinning, spinning for ever, and nothing but spinning. I am not concerned to defend Arachne, nor Minerva, but of one thing I am certain: the Bogey of commercialism can be slain only by sincerity—sincerity, not only in the commercial transaction, but in the work itself. The artist must have something to say, and it must be worth saying, and he must say it truthfully. He who adopts the beautiful language of Art must remember that a lie is a lie in whatever dialect it may be told.

But there was another charge levelled against Arachne: she was accused of having been born in the wrong place. I don't believe it. Hypæpæ was as sacred to Venus as Athens was to Minerva. And surely the goddess of beauty is as good a patron saint for the artist as the goddess of wisdom. Hypæpæ, however, or Athens; London or Paris, it is always the same. "Oh," says the Bogey, "but you are born in an age, or a place, in which there are no great artists. Phidias will never return, nor Raphael, nor Turner, nor David Cox. You are living in the age of the decadence; you come of a race of shopkeepers, not of artists."

Now, of all that I have said in these reminiscences, I have said nothing of which I am more

sure than this—viz. that of all our possessions there is none that should be to us a greater encouragement than the fact that we come of a race which has never been beaten — a race that has shown itself as strong in poetry and Art, as in arms, or in statesmanship, or adventure. It is not the rôle of England to play second fiddle. Everybody understands that, when we speak of liberty or material progress; but some are not so sure of it when the subject is Art. Let us see. To whom does Shakespeare play second fiddle? What anthology stands higher than that which contains the names of Milton, and Spenser, and Chaucer, and Wordsworth, and Burns? We stand on safe ground there. Even the Bogey has nothing to say against us. But if the roll-call of our great poets is not sufficient evidence of the æsthetic faculty of the English race, let us turn to our architecture. The builders of Westminster Abbey were the equals of the builders of the Parthenon. The architecture of our cathedrals, known throughout the world as Early English, is worthy to be compared with the finest models of antiquity. Ely and Winchester, and York Minster, and Lincoln, and the rest, are amongst the supreme works of art which have educated the world. For the sight of a beautiful cathedral is an art education in itself. If nations are to be judged by their architecture, the English race stands side by side with the Greek.

But painting? That touches us to the quick. What claim has England to hope for a first place in painting? Well, to begin with, the two special

developments of Modern Art — the painting of landscape and the practice of water-colours—have come from the English school. It is not only the old architects of the Early English period, or the poets who have passed away, that have made Art a glory to our nation. It is the men who have led the latest movements, both in motive and in technique; the men who inspired the Barbizon school—Turner and Constable; the men who taught the French aquarellists the loveliness of transparent colour—De Wint and David Cox. Nor is it so long since these men lived but that some of us knew and remember them. I suppose we have the same blood in our veins. The race is not lost yet. We were not born in the Quartier Latin. Let us consider our birthright and claim it.

Or are we content to hang down our hands and class ourselves with the decadents? I would suggest a war-cry that should put to flight this Bogey. *Art is not for the dead, but for the living.* Only cowards believe that the Golden Age is past, and that what was done yesterday cannot be done to-day.

The temptation to believe that we are decadent comes in two forms — despondency and conceit. The artist tries, and fails. The true artist is always trying and failing, even when he is achieving his greatest successes. For beyond his highest achievements there lies a still higher aspiration. It is well to be modest; but it is not well that modesty should take the shape of depreciation of the work of our companions. The artist who

feels no generous glow of pleasure in the work of his brother artists may gravely suspect that there is something wrong with himself. The critic who sees nothing to admire in the works of his contemporaries is a man whose admiration is not worth considering. Let him hang down his head—there is nothing in it.

I have always noticed that this hanging down of the head is accompanied by the turning up of the nose. If the belief in the decadence of Art is sometimes the result of modesty, it is more often the result of conceit. A man does not see the splendour of the new movement in Art, because he knows Art only as a game of which he thinks he knows the winning trick. He does not realize that Art is not only a living, but a growing force, that will shape the destinies of nations! He considers himself fully equipped, and resents a new thing because it is strange to him. His grandmother never painted so. It is therefore, to him, decadent; and he mourns over what he calls the "lost vision," a vision that he himself never saw — but had only heard about, from his grandmother.

Do not let us be influenced by that sort of thing. Before we whimper at not having been born at the right time—in the time, say, of the Greek sculptors, or the Italian painters—let us think over that old story of the supplanting of the elder brother by the younger—the stealing of his birthright. Men have wept over that story —have trembled—have revolted. It is indeed pathetic, or terrible, or revolting, according to

the point from which we regard it. The helplessness of brute force against craft—and yet both strength and craft looking for supernatural intervention on its behalf. The low conception these men must have had of the Divine Being, to think that God could be tricked, or deceived into blessing the wrong man. These thoughts grow out of the story—but they are not of the essence of it. The essence of the story is that the blessing of one does not exhaust the source of blessing —that it is not at the cost of leaving the other unblessed. The cry is always going up from timid and weak souls, "Somebody has taken away my birthright."

Who is this smooth fellow—this polished Greek, that has robbed us of our inheritance—the splendour of the human form? Surely that was the birthright of us all! What are these hands, covered with goodly raiment — which should be mine — that have cheated me of my blessing? Were women beautiful only in the time of Helen? Were men the saints of God only in the days of the Renascence? Is there not a blessing for the modern painter? Is there not a blessing for me?

There is — and the last blessing is curiously like the first. The blessing of Isaac to Esau and Jacob was, after all, precisely the same. To the elder he gave "the fatness of the earth, and the dew of heaven"—to the younger he gave "the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth."

Who then is this, that comes so late to claim his inheritance? which he thinks has been given already to the sculptors of the gods, and the

painters of the saints—this rough fellow—this modern painter—fresh from the fields, and hills, or crowded haunts of the great city—this painter, not of the gods, nor of the saints, but of the common life of men and women, the common pleasures and sufferings of humanity?

It is one who, having in his soul a passionate love of all things beautiful, has taken Art as his profession, and has killed the Bogey.

Jan. 17, 1906.

FINIS

APPENDIX

The Fine Arts in Relation to the Sanitary Condition of our Great Cities—Art and our Lives—Art in our Schools—Alphabets of the Amateur Drawing Club and of Noviomagus

(*After the author's death, the following were found among the odds and ends of material put aside for the book.*)

THE FINE ARTS IN RELATION TO THE SANITARY CONDITION OF OUR GREAT CITIES. ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, JANUARY 27, 1893.

IN addressing you on the subject of "The Fine Arts in Relation to the Sanitary Condition of our Great Cities," I am met by two difficulties—a Scylla and Charybdis—that might appal one who had not set out with a determined purpose, or was not sure of his way. The first difficulty is, that the work of the artist and of the sanitary engineer seem to stand so very far apart in our minds, that I may be challenged with the question, "What have they to do with each other? Speak about either of the two things, and we will listen; but let us have one thing at a time." The second difficulty is, that the two—Art and Sanitation—are so nearly identical, are so interwoven in their action and reaction, that you may too hastily assume that anything I may have to say regarding their relation to each other must necessarily be obvious and trite.

Now I am not afraid of either of these difficulties. In simply stating them I have left both behind, and am content to let Scylla take care of Charybdis. For, when you come to look into the matter, what is Art, but the science of beauty? and what is Sanitation, but the science of health? and are not beauty and health pretty nearly synonyms? At any rate, the two things go very much together. They "keep company," as the lads and lassies say.

Where perfect health is, there is beauty. Where perfect beauty is, there is health. In other words, if health is the foundation of the temple of beauty, beauty is the shrine in the temple of health.

Now, I know that I am speaking to citizens of no mean city. I am ready to admit, if you tell me that it is so, that all our great cities are lovely and healthy, and that London is the loveliest and healthiest of them all. But whether this be so or not, one thing is certain, viz. that to us it is our home. And when our short English summer is over, and the dark days of winter are upon us, it is a matter of no small moment to us what our home is like. From sunny fields and silvery streams, from sea and lake and forest, from the golden light of the south, and the eternal snows of mountain fastnesses, we stream back to London; and we know not whether, when we get up in the morning, we shall be able so much as to see each other's faces across the street. Is London, in the month of January, a desirable place in which to set up a studio for painting? Is London all that could be desired as an Art centre? Is it not worth while to inquire whether we could make our great cities more habitable—more pleasant to live in? That is the question to which I address myself to-night.

And I will begin by laying before you a series of propositions, to which I invite your assent.

The first is, that the progress of Art in our country, and the free development of some of its finest characteristics, have been arrested by the foul condition of the atmosphere of our great cities.

The second proposition is, that the appliances necessary for the sanitation of our dwellings are not irreconcilable with the laws of beauty.

The third is, that, according to the law of beauty, as well as the law of sanitation, things are right only in their right place.

The fourth is, that if you can do nothing better with works of art than smoke them black, like flitches of

bacon, your artists will probably (according to the law of supply and demand) give you works suitable for that purpose.

My fifth proposition is, that any great scheme for the future of National and Historic Art in England is hopeless so long as this state of things continues.

And finally, I shall put it to you, that to find a remedy for these evils, Societies of Artists have to look to the Society of Arts.

Upon each of these propositions I will say a few words, though, having regard to the limited time at my disposal, they must be very brief.

And first, do we sufficiently realize how *the advance of Art is hindered by the insanitary condition of our great cities?* Take, for instance, Architecture, and see how dirt stops the way. How it stops the way, not only of the traffic in our streets—an army of scavengers may cope with that—but how it stops the way of all the splendid developments of decoration, by virtue of which Architecture takes rank amongst the Fine Arts.

Just think, for example, what the *façade* of a public building might be, but for this all-pervading, ever-increasing plague of atmospheric dirt. We need not go back in imagination to the time when our forefathers saw the splendour of Westminster Abbey; its delicate tracery, its shafts of marble, its wealth of statuary—long since lost to us in the veil of black slime that covers everything in London. We need not, I say, go back to the past. We have only to seek out some cathedral in purer air, that has not yet been defiled, to see that the defilement comes, not of age, but of dirt. Lincoln, for instance, or Winchester, or Ely, or Salisbury, still show us what magic can be wrought in stone by the wizards we call architects. Why is the loveliness of the natural colour of stone to be seen only by a handful of villagers, or the inhabitants of a small provincial town—why not by the toiling millions of the metropolis? The buildings are there. Beneath their

shadow runs the perpetual stream of human life, St. Paul's in the east, Westminster Abbey in the west, each with its own splendour, and the stream of life for ever ebbing and flowing, like the great river that runs between them. But the river is thick with mud, so that the people cannot drink of it; and St. Peter, at Westminster, and St. Paul, in the City, looking out over the surging masses, cannot see each other, for the air is black with smoke; and the people pass and re-pass, and know not that the grimy objects that fill the niches of the Abbey are amongst the loveliest of the sculptures that the world has ever seen.

But that is only one aspect of the case; it shows how much we lose of the work already accomplished by the great architects of the past. But just consider what we lose in the limitation it places on our efforts to create new forms of beauty. Westminster Abbey is built of stone, and depends for its loveliness on the grace of its structure and the splendour of its sculpture. But Art has other resources at her command, and notably amongst these is colour. The *façade* of Siena Cathedral, or the Duomo of Orvieto, or St. Mark's, Venice, are also full of carving; but amidst the carvings are mosaics; the walls are of marble and porphyry, rich with every change of colour—russet and grey, purple and gold; shafts of malachite; panels of *lapis lazuli*. Why do we in England see nothing of all this? In Orvieto, every public building—I might almost say, every house—is as finely engraved, in proportion to its size, as a signet ring; as delicately coloured, by the use of brick, or stone, or marble, or terra-cotta, as an inlaid cabinet. And then the great west front of the cathedral. The city stands upon a hill, from which you can see, for fifty miles round you, the fair Italian landscape and the beautiful blue line of the Apennines. The sun goes down, and you feel that Nature can yield no greater splendour to your eyes than that fair landscape, with the golden light deepening into crimson in the west. But then you turn round and look at the mighty Duomo, flushed with the crimson and gold of the sunset,

and you learn what Art can do—not to surpass Nature, not to compete with her, but to interpret her, to reflect her, to make you understand her better. The great windows flash like jewels, the arches are filled with mosaics of the Apocalyptic vision; every stone is engraved with some story of the saints, or of the Passion of Christ. And perhaps, as darkness falls upon the city, and you walk back to your hotel, you begin to think—What resources of the chisel of the engraver, and the saw and wheel of the lapidary, and the smelting-pot of the worker in mosaic, are lost to our architects, simply because of the foulness of our atmosphere—a foulness not inherent to it, but made by ourselves in the innocent process of cooking our mutton chops.

For observe—the fault is not to be charged to our climate. Orvieto, indeed, is on a hill, where the air is always pure, but Genoa, and Pisa, and Venice, and Naples are in reach of the wet, salt mists of the sea, and yet they are beautiful. Ah, no, it is not the climate that we have to fight against. It is the climate plus dirt. It is the climate in unholy alliance with the guerilla contingents of smoke and foul gases, that decimate our forces, and carry foolishness into the councils of our building committees. Are you going to help us against this enemy? Are you going to clarify the air of London and Liverpool, and Manchester, and the other dark places of the earth? If it be true that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," it is equally true that they are full of the habitations of ugliness. Are you going to give the artist that which he values as his life—that without which life itself is of no use to him—I mean light? If you will enable us to *see* London, I promise you that Art shall make it beautiful to look upon.

Have I said too much about the chimneys? well, then, let us turn for a moment to the gutter. For we must not be afraid of using rough words, if rough words are necessary to express our meaning. I speak as an artist. If in the

moonlight—there it is as beautiful to the idealist, as it is useful to the utilitarian.

But the gargoyle serves another purpose. It serves to transfer our thoughts from architecture to Sculpture. The gargoyle is essentially the design of the architect, but it brings the sculptor into the game, who, mounted on high scaffolding, may still find work to do in the fretted roof or the crocketted spire. But the sculptor does not aspire to remain, like St. Simeon Stylites, always on so high a pinnacle. He would like, sometimes at least, to descend to the tympanum of an arched doorway, or the floreated capital of a column, or even to the pavement of the street, and show us what he can create in the shape of a lovely bas-relief, an acanthus scroll, or a statue. But if he attempts such a thing, what will become of his work? What has become of the few works of sculpture that are supposed to adorn London? Do they not look as if they had suffered martyrdom at the hands of the street *gamins* on the fifth of November? They are absolutely black with slime. *Is that the best thing you can do with them? If they are to be treated as guys, why should they not be made as guys?* That is my fourth proposition. The sculptor cries for help: who will save him and his work from this degradation? Who will give him the hope of a future? We look to you. When you have cleared our great city of its tenebrous pall, and given us light—when you have cleansed our temple—we will decorate its shrine.

And then Painting—What a glorious art it is, in its noblest form—that of mural decoration. And yet no Englishman who has seen Tintoretto's designs in the Ducal Palace at Venice, or Luini's great fresco in the church of the Angels at Lugano, or Raphael's decorations in the Loggia of the Vatican, can feel otherwise than that we are cut off absolutely from at least one phase of Art, and that, as I have said, its noblest and grandest. But why? Again I say, it is not the climate that decimates our forces. It is the climate plus dirt.

What then is our hope for the future? Have we any hope for the future? My fifth proposition is, that *any great scheme for the development of National and Historic Art in England is hopeless so long as this state of things continues.* This is a hard saying, but I will put it to the test by venturing to make a suggestion. I ask you to recollect the position that England has taken in the history of Art. You know that there have been two great periods of Art—the Classic, which gave us the Parthenon, and the Gothic, which gave us Westminster Abbey. You know that the mastery in these two schools, each perfect in itself, and neither second to the other, belongs to the people of Greece and to the people of England. The race of men who built our cathedrals are the equals of the race of men who built the Acropolis of Athens. We then, as Englishmen, have a past to look back upon, and ought to have a hope for the future. We are a nation with high aspirations, ready and strong to do great deeds which shall be worth recording. And we have painters capable of drawing pictures on a wall. Let the nation, through its representatives, choose the event, and the artists choose from among themselves the man who shall paint it; one picture every year—of the chief event of the year, or the most noble deed done, or the highest good achieved. In the choice of subjects there should be no boastfulness of petty princes blazoning their puny exploits. Nothing should be recorded that had not stirred the heart of the people. In the choice of painters there should be no voluntary display of raw ambition, or fashionable frivolity, or senile declension. They should be chosen by the suffrages of their fellow-painters, in their prime—so that their work would become in itself a true historic record, not only of the executive power, but of the collective judgment of each living school of Art, as it arose, flourished, and passed away. There is no genius of which the nation is proud that would be waste material, or might not take its share in the enterprise. The pencil of Leighton would not be too

utilitarian enterprise of sanitation there is a department which may be called the science of the gutter, there is in the exalted regions of idealism a department which may be called the art of the gutter. And this leads me to my second point—that *the appliances necessary for the sanitation of our dwellings are not irreconcilable with the laws of beauty.* See how naturally the aims of the architect fall in with the aims of the sanitary engineer.

For instance, to take a case that comes particularly within my knowledge. In the building of a cathedral it is necessary to provide channels for the flood of water with which a sudden or heavy rainfall will deluge the roof. These channels are made to project in such a manner that the rush of water shall be carried outwards, away from the surface of the walls. But the architect who designs all this is not a builder only, but an artist also. Under his touch, therefore, the gargoyle, common in itself, and mean in its application, is ennobled by a secondary use. It is a gutter —but it is more than a gutter, as an architect is more than a builder. It is fashioned into some shape that shall add another beauty to the fabric. Into some shape—yes—but what shape? Shall it be derived from the flora or the fauna that give their wealth of loveliness to the sculptor's work in wood or stone? There is no link of association between these and the purpose to be fulfilled. Shall men and women bend downwards with mouth agape to scatter streams of water on the incautious passer-by? Their places are within the church. Shall the angels be made to fulfil this gentle office? Rather let them, with outstretched wings, bear up the fretted roof of the choir, looking down with mild eyes on the worshippers. But the fiends—The fiends that come with the night winds, bringing with them the fury of the storm—the fiends that lurk in the miasma of foul air—the fiends that clamour at the painted casements, which they cannot break, because the sword of Michael, with which he drave them out of heaven, flames there—the fiends that rock the great steeple to its

base, if only they may shake down the cross uplifted high in air—the fiends that beat despairingly against the massive doors, strong with a strength beyond that of oak or iron! Transmute *them* into stone! Let *them* grin downwards on the happy throng which crowds the threshold they can never enter.

Now here is a strange thing. The very end and aim for which our cathedral is built is to make war against the Wicked One and all his hosts. And yet, just at the critical moment, when the architect is at a loss to deal with an essential part of his design—lo! of all things in Heaven and Earth and Hell—it is the "fiends" who come to the rescue. And why not?—if my third proposition be true, viz. that *in Art, as well as in Science, nothing is to be regarded as common or unclean if only it be in its right place.* Whether a gutter in itself is a thing of beauty depends upon the point from which it is viewed. Is the hippopotamus a thing of beauty? As he lolls against the prison bars of his house at the Zoological Gardens, with rolling eyes, and huge mouth opened wide for sweetmeats, it must be admitted that his shape is not elegant, and that his countenance is not attractive. But in his right place it is a very different matter. On the broad shores of the Nile, when the landscape is shimmering under the blaze of a tropical sun—when, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but the burning stillness of the vast solitude of vegetation without life—see! that mighty rush, as Leviathan passes to the water. See! the white foam lashed to the skies, and through it the purple and gold of his harness, iridescent with light, startled from its sleep upon the river. The sea-horse is himself again. Offer him a biscuit now!

It is thus that Art deals with Sanitation. The gargoyle, if placed upon a pedestal in a drawing-room, would not add a grace to the apartment. But in its right place—high up, that is, upon the cathedral roof, casting its deep shadows from the meridian sun, or touched by the silver of the

greets the science of health. All that I have said of these three branches of the Fine Arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting, in association with our national monuments, is true relatively of every subsidiary development of Art. Science would cleanse the house and flood it with light. Art would cleanse the mind and fill it with beauty. And see how the two things, sweetness and light, which I call "the holy alliance," follow each other in natural sequence. Go into the dark little rooms of the labouring classes, and, if it is not, indeed, too dark to see, observe the dreariness of the surroundings of our poor. They toil and spin, but they are by no means arrayed like Solomon in all his glory; they work like the bees, but they are not

Singing masons, building roofs of gold.

How can Art penetrate to these dismal chambers? You know that in the old Mosaic dispensation it was forbidden to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. Are we to be less careful for the labourers that contribute to our luxuries? How, I say, can we penetrate to their dwellings? We have our free galleries, and museums, thank God, in almost all our great cities. But I want to get closer home than that; I want to lift the door-latch of the cottage and dreary flat, and the little parlour at the back of the shop; and I say, let sanitation lead the way, and Art will follow. Give them light, and they will at least see the dirt and the nakedness of their walls. Give them light and cleanse their walls; and the cheap print will follow. And the print, though it may be cheap, need not be nasty. As it becomes cheaper, it will become better. And they will become better and happier with it. For, with the sight of Art will inevitably grow the love of Art, and, with love, happiness; and happiness is, perhaps, one of the most powerful disinfectants the world knows.

That is the reverse side of the shield. The main purpose I have had before me has been to show how much may be done by a Society of Arts for a Society of Artists. But there is another aspect of the question to which I wish to refer before I conclude. I mean the return that Art can make. For, after all is said and done, we may take it as certain that Art is, and always must be, one of the environments of our lives, that is daily shaping them to fair or foul issues.

Bad Art, therefore, means much more than bad artists. It means dreary surroundings in our dwellings; ignoble buildings in our streets; evil thoughts in our hearts. But the miserable hoardings of our railway-stations, plastered with hideous posters that crush our eyes as with a weight, forbidding us to raise them from the mud upon the ground; the blank walls and ungainly furniture of our houses that make mud in our minds—these are not necessary evils. It is we who have made them, and cursed them with ugliness; they only return to us the curse, in mental depression with its inevitable tale of physical suffering. If the artist is interested in the work of the sanitarian, the sanitarian should be equally interested in the work of the artist. I know that the erection of a fine edifice on the north side of Trafalgar Square, and the transfer of the Arch of Titus to the east end of the Strand, would not efface the calendar of crimes to be tried at the next assizes. But because Art cannot do everything, it is unreasonable to conclude that it can do nothing. It can at least do this. It can so transfigure a little colour, that lies inert upon the palette, into a living presence, that our hearts shall beat faster only to look upon it. It can so link thought with thought, and put them into sweet words, that we may look through Shakespeare's eyes upon an English garden of three hundred years ago, or hear the storm-shaken pines which make music in the Volkslied, or see the shadow that lay dark on Dante's life as lies the shadow of the cypresses

upon his grave at Ravenna. It can so build stone on stone, and shape them into beauty, that the architects of the thirteenth century shall speak to us of the nineteenth, making us stronger for our duty and happier in performing it. For Art stands alone in this, that it engages not some but every faculty of our being. Like the summer clouds that fill the sky, Art sweeps across our world, drawing into itself all our aspirations, all our scientific attainments, every tender emotion of our hearts. How beautiful are these summer clouds! Now ranged in lines like the battlemented walls of a distant city; now massed together like an army with banners; now drifting through the azure in a myriad of æthereal shapes, like a company of angels looking down on us from heaven. How beautiful is Art! in the splendour of its imagery, in its storms of passion, in its serene contemplation of things divine. But it is only Art—but they are only clouds. Does science say they are only clouds? How then are the furrows made soft with the drops of rain? And Art? Believe me, no tender thought, or noble aspiration, or high enterprise, is lost to us because Art fashions them into beautiful shapes. They come back to us, as the rain comes from the clouds, and they make our lives fruitful in faith, and wisdom, and love.

But the artist lives, and works, and dies, and his works perish with him. Why should they perish with him? That is the one question I press upon you. They need not perish with him. The time shall yet come when, if not the artist, at least his works shall be immortal.

Two articles contributed to "The Readers' Monthly"

ART AND OUR LIVES

In one of Robert Browning's latest poems an incident is described that shall stand in the forefront of what I have to say in these brief notes on Art in relation to our Lives. The poet says that, as he approached a bridge over a river, he noticed a crowd of people leaning over the parapet and gazing down intently at the stream which ran below. He pushed his way through the crowd and looked over the parapet too, but he could see nothing. He was told, however, that a child had fallen into the river, and that a dog was diving to find her. After a breathless pause of terrible suspense, the surface of the water was broken and the dog reappeared, bringing the child with him; and a mighty shout went up to heaven as the people knew that the little life was saved.

But now comes the point of the story. So far the thing might have happened—is happening—every day. The child was saved—and what did the dog do? A shake of his rough coat, a gracious condescension in receiving the patting that was his due—yes, all that—but something more. To the amazement of the people the dog plunged again into the river, and was for a long time lost to sight. Here was a strange thing! The crowd watched curiously, anxiously. What was the dog about? At last he reappeared, bringing something with him. What? A little frock, a shock of yellow hair. Had another child been lost? Ah, no! It was the

child's doll! *that* had been drowned too; and the noble brute was not content until his work was fully done.

Anybody can apply the story. Every effort of philanthropy—every advance in civilization, in law and order, in sanitary reform, in municipal government, in heroic enterprise, is a plunging into the river—the turbid, or stagnant, or rushing river, that dulls, or corrupts, or carries away the purpose of our lives. It is a saving of life. From many a plague, pestilence, and famine, from many a cruel war and sudden death, are we saved by the splendid enterprise of individual heroism, or the united action of the community. And while these things are being done by statesmen, and soldiers, and lawyers, and men of science, and merchants, and laborious citizens, and toilers in our fields or factories, the artists are not idle. If others have been striving to save life, the artists have been striving to save some of the pleasant things of life—the things which make life worth living. Art, and the loveliness it brings with it, may be to us no more than the doll was to the child; but it is as precious to us as the doll was to the child, and it must be saved. It is not for me to say whether the Church, and the State, and the Laboratory have quite done their work, and can afford to be idle. But I am sure the artist has not. He is still in the river. Do we wish him to reach the bank in safety as the dog did, bringing with him all that he is striving after, to make the world more lovely and our lives more sweet?

Now this is taking Art very seriously. It is assuming that Art is, to at least a portion of the community, the aim, the study, the pursuit, of their lives—and that it is worth pursuing. The common notion of Art is very different from this. We are told that education is a complex thing; that there are almost countless subjects in a perfect curriculum of study — Music, Languages, Arithmetic, Geography, Chemistry, History, Science, and what not—of which Art is one. No; it is not so.

There are only three things the human soul can learn. The first is the knowledge of the difference between right and wrong. This knowledge may be reached in many different ways: through theology; through social life; perhaps at a mother's knee. But it is not innate. It has to be attained; and, however attained, the end is the same—the perfecting of our moral nature.

Then there is a second thing it is possible to learn. We can learn to distinguish between things true and false. It is the same principle whether we reach this knowledge through reasoning or experiment, through philosophy or science. It is the perfecting of our intellectual life.

There is only one thing more we can learn, and that is the distinction between beauty and ugliness. And this comes to us through Art. This little word of three letters covers one-third of the whole round of human life.

But Art is not only so great a thing in substance—it is also priceless in quality. It engages the highest faculties of our being. Among sentient creatures there may be observed an evolution of faculties and emotions in an ascending scale. The lowest orders in the animal world display fear and pugnacity; rising in the scale we find affection; then sympathy; then playfulness; then jealousy; then curiosity; then anger, emulation, pride, resentment, grief, hate, shame, cruelty, deceit, revenge. And, still following the ascending scale, we discern the sense of humour. But only one animal in the whole creation has the sense of distinguishing beauty from ugliness—and that is man. We are the only beings of the sentient world that can so much as touch the thing we call Art.

Then, also, Art is not only so high a thing in its quality, but it is so various in its manifestation. It is like the lady in the legend of the haunted castle. Whoever visited the castle saw the beautiful vision of its once happy mistress. But every one described the vision

differently. The children saw her, and said—Yes, she was a child, with blue eyes and golden hair, like one of us. The young women saw her, and said she was dressed as a bride. The old men saw her, and thought she had silver hair, and was like what the Madonna must have been when she grew old. One saw her, and was comforted; for he recognized the friend, the sweetheart, the wife, the companion of his life. And it is so with Art. Beauty is not a fixed, arbitrary quantity, always and everywhere the same. To each of us it comes in a different form; to each of us it means a different thing. Phidias saw it, and lo! it was Pallas Athene. Raphael saw it, and it was the Madonna di San Sisto. Turner saw it, and it was an old warship tugged to its last berth on the Thames. It is because I believe that the artists of our own day see it, that I look for more light, more colour, more beauty, to come into our lives. But these can only come through Art.

ART IN OUR SCHOOLS

It is generally well to begin at the beginning. If Art is to have a free course in our country, and be glorified, the race must begin in our schools. I am glad to think that the time has come when it is recognized that the education of an English boy is not complete unless he has been taught at least some kind of drawing.

When we consider how much there is in the use of the pencil to train the eye, to train the hand, to train the mind, the marvel is that Art should ever have been neglected as a means of education.

I remember the time when to teach the children in a National school to draw would have been regarded as an upheaval of the very foundations of society, threatening the squire and the parson alike. It was not to be found in the Catechism. There were a great many *gentlemen*

who could not draw at all. Drawing was counted as an extra in the bill even by the best establishments for young ladies, and was looked upon as a kind of fancy work fit for idle hands to do, but not fit for hands that would have to hold the plough, or serve behind the counter, or labour in a factory. Thank God, that is all changed now! and the desire is, if you have charge of a boy, to make a man of him, not simply a machine to black your boots or say "Amen" with the clerk. Drawing, as a means of education, is now taught in every elementary school in the land.

And that—not for the sake of the individual boy alone; but for the sake of the community. It is true that the boy is first of all benefited—he becomes a better man, a better organism, that is, for the work he has to do, by the training he receives with pencil and paper. But it is the nation which gains the accumulated advantages. I pray God we may never see a great war, in which the destinies of England will be in the hazard. But if war comes it will not be fought by the old English method—of fisticuffs, or the method of ignorance—stones and brickbats. It will be fought with arms of precision, and the victory will not be to the clumsy fingered.

Then, again, in the great war that is perpetually being waged—the war of competition in commerce—Art is every year claiming more and more attention. The people who can design best, and work out their designs with delicate manipulation, will take the prizes from Fortune, as surely as the strongest and bravest and most skilled nation will take the prizes of war.

And then the girls. It is not all for the boys—this learning to draw—this advance in education—this inheritance of a birthright. The girls must learn to draw also. Not with the view of painting pretty pictures: that could be to most of the girls of our national schools only a dream. The grim realities of life will soon close in upon them, and they will find it to have been a dream.

But they will be none the worse, though perhaps the happier, for having dreamed it. The real purpose, however, of teaching them to draw is purely educational—and that in its highest, truest sense. As with our boys so with our girls; it is the training of the eye, of the hand, of the mind, that is in question. A girl's fingers may be more supple than the clumsy fingers of a boy—but they are not necessarily more clever. To both alike the same training is essential, if they are to do fine work finely. In needlework they have splendid opportunities. Let them remember for their encouragement that the finest pictures ever produced in the world—Raphael's cartoons—were painted not as pictures, but to be used simply as patterns, to be pierced and cut as patterns, for women to work out in tapestry.

The good we seek, therefore, in drawing, as a means of education for boys and girls alike, is not the making of fine pictures that friends may admire and praise. It is the perfecting of their faculties of perception, and their skill in doing what their hands find to do. A sword, or a watch-spring, is not made of common iron, and then turned into steel. It is made of steel, which again is made of iron—which is, in fact, iron educated.

Now think of this. The raw material of human life is no more fitted for the purposes of thought and feeling and action than the raw iron is fitted for the making of a sword. It gets its quality by education. Just as an army with shoddy swords will suffer defeat, so the nation will suffer defeat if its men and women are not tempered to the best of their natures in our schools.

Every school-house should be full of pictures. I will say presently how they should come there; but for the moment I am concerned only with the necessity for them. The great central hall should be the chief gallery, in which pictures representing heroic deeds, beautiful landscapes, fine architecture, should be placed. These would be seen by all the children every day throughout the little

round of their school lives. It would count for something in the end, all too short as their school life is.

Then in every class-room should be special subjects. One should be a menagerie of beasts. One should be full of birds of every plumage under the sun. Another should be gay with flowers, and foliage of trees—the elm, the oak, the ash, the chestnut, the pine, the cypress, the palm. And yet another should be furnished with the orders of architecture—the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, with their capitals and bases, their friezes and cornices—the Gothic, full of surprises and splendours growing greater through the 11th, the 12th, the 13th centuries—its arches, and gables, and mullioned windows, passing through its many changes until our own times. Another class-room should be like a ship yard, with blocks, and deadeyes, and anchors, and sails, and yachts, and frigates, and gunboats, and ironclads—fit for an English boy to dream about. And still another might be rich with screws, and jacks, and wheels, and pumps, and locomotives, and all the rest, which make beautiful the blackness of the forge, and turn the scream of the driving engine into an angel's song.

For, after all, the word "angel" only means "messenger," and the labour of life bears with it a message. Let us teach our children to understand it.

ALPHABETS

NO. 1 OF THE AMATEUR DRAWING CLUB

A shall stand for Amateurs, of Art that is the lovers,
And B the Book with Broken Back and Badly Bulging covers;
C the Club and Candidates and Cruel Criticisms,
D the Drawings Done to Death by Daring witticisms.
E shall be the Effort of Every Earnest member
To Fill the Folio Fairly Full From the new year to Decr.
The letter G shall sacred be to the Secretary's initial
With clever Head and gentle Heart, a most angust official.
I shall be the Innocence of those who think this rhyme
Can Jog along like Jack and Jill unless we quicken time;
So K is Knowle and L and M for Lovely Merle shall stand,
And N for Nature, who hath given such beauty to our land.
O for Oaks, tho' no one knows why there should be just seven,
And P the Picnic that our host so splendidly has given.
Q shall be the Queen of course, and R the Rest of Royalty,
And S the State and T the Throne The Theme of all our loyalty.
(Q the question that we asked if R was going to Rain,
And S the Satisfaction felt when it cleared up again.)
U must be Umbrella, that Ugly Useful thing,
Vexation to have left at home and Vanity to bring.
We wish the Weather Would not work in Water[1] colour alone,

[1] But after all we won't complain, for if the water spoils,
Let us be thankful at the least she does not work in oils.

Or eXecute a livelier sketch in perhaps a warmer tone.
Y the Yellow leaves that crown the Year with mystic gold,
Z the Zest with which I find my alphabet is told.

SEVENOAKS, *July* 10, 1875.

NO. 2 OF THE AMATEUR DRAWING CLUB

A shall be the Alphabet I am Asked to spell to-day,
And B the Bother that it is to know what's Best to say.
That C shall be the Club, of Course there Cannot be a question,
But what the Dickens D shall be—I wait for a suggestion.
Oh! D shall be the Drawings Done and E the Etchings Etched,
And F the Foolish Frivolous Fun of Fault Finding Far Fetched.
Then G is Mr. Grover, who brought us down by train,
And H the Hour of 7.17 when we Hie Home again.
I is the Indignation some members have expressed
At J the Jokes a critic made (they were not of the best);
K is the Kindly feeling that Kept us from a row,
And L the Law, at Last Laid down, to which we all must bow.
M is the Mark that Members Make to show where Merit lies,
And N the Number total'd up, the highest wins the prize.
O the Oil paintings Over weight, and P the extra Penny
Poor People Pay for Postage if of these there are too many.
Q is the Question what to do if these ambitious sketchers
Should take to paint on panels, or send canvases on stretchers.
R is the Resolution, unanimously carried,
That S Should be congratulated now that he's Safely married.

For T's the Tale That hangs Thereby—of U the Usual
story,
Of V a Victim sacrificed again to Hymen's glory.
Ah Well a Way, We Won't be Wroth, Xcuse a man that's
wed;
It proves he has a tender heart, if not a too Y Z.

SEVENOAKS, *July* 19, 1879.

NOVIOMAGUS

The following lines were discovered after dinner pencilled on a "menu" card.

A stands for Antiquarian, a guild of ancient date ;
B is the house of Burlington, where the fellows hold their state ;
C is my Lord Carnarvon, whose presidential glory
Is not to be confounded with the cause of Whig or Tory.
D is Dr. Diamond, our Noviomagian father,
And E the new boy Edis, who plays the truant rather.
F shall be Friar Lawrence with gold of Cyprian mint,
And G George Godwin, that's the man who cuts us up in print.
H is Hall, and H is High, He is not Here to-day,
But I hope that He will Hear in time, How to Him we Honour pay.
I is the Indignation that the secretary excites
When he steals our newest Jokes for the minutes he Indites.
K is the Keeper of the books, 'twould make John Bull to laugh
To hear they're kept by a Bullen, when they're only bound in calf ;
But I fear they are not properly kept, or some have come to grief,
For we know that there is certainly at least one "Missing Leaf."
L is the Ladies' day of course, when once a year we show
What good boys Noviomagians are, as all our sweethearts know ;

For if they ask what "Novio" means or "Magian" spells, why then
We quote our catechism and say our names are M or N.
O is the public Orator, and P that bird of fable
The only bird that never can be roasted for the table.
Q is the Question I would ask, why Richardson and Reed
Are like the Scribes and Pharisees in wickedness and greed?
(The Querist begs permission to digress while he relates
That Richardson looks after "cups" while Reed looks after "plates.")
Then S shall be the Sheriff and S ought to "take up" T,
For T's the Treasurer poet, who won't let a fellow be;
"Hast thou a friend," he dares to write,
"A Friend," then hold him fast;
U is the Ultimatum Vile will make him pay at last.
Now W stands for Winchester so Worthy Wise and Witty,
It must be!—lo, it is!—our long-lost Noviomagian city.
X is the cloistered Xystos, where its citizens may walk,
And Y the years of Yore of which we sometimes love to talk.
Z is the Zigzag course I've run till out of breath I own;
If Dr. Richardson permit, I'll take some Zoedone.

AT WINCHESTER, *July* 2, 1881.

The following is a strictly Noviomagian Alphabet, said at Colchester, July 7, 1883.

Antiquaries	A is that great Society* of which we all are members,
Burlington	And B, the house* in which we meet to sift Time's dying embers.
Camulodunum	C stands for Noviomagus,* this Town
Colchester	of ancient date,

Dinner — And D is the chief business * transacted by our State.

Evening — E is the Noviomagian hour * when winter nights begin

Freemason's — And F the place of rendezvous, a Tavern near an Inn.

Guests — G stands for visitors * of course, all welcome, and some fair,

High Lord — And H * is Dr. Richardson, *that* Fellow in the chair.

I, myself — I is the Public Orator,* and K the

Kettle — vessel * of fish

If he failed to mark the occasion by some Noviomagian dish.

Laughter — L is the music, born of wit,* that circles round our table,

Minutes — And M the Secretary's notes,* half truth and three parts fable.

Nothing — N stands for O * and O * for nil, and

Ought — both together make

The accounts our Treasurer renders us, which we are content to take.

President — P is her sacred Majesty,* and what's more curious still

Queen made Empress — Q stands for Empress * nowadays, tho' much against our will.

Royal — R is the Imperial * family, and S is Queen Victoria,

Suzerain — If she is anything at all in T, that is

Transvaal — Pretoria.*

But all things change, and with them change even the letters too,

V — For the letter U is V to-day and the

Noviomagus — letter V is U.

being an ancient — O horror! horror! here's a fact with

Roman city its — which I needs must trouble you,

language was Latin. — In Noviomagus of old they had no

U — letter W.

There being no
W the Public
Orator strikes,

This ends my task, let X Y Z be
anything you like,
But I won't spell * an Alphabet that
can't in turn spell Wyke.

is called to order
by George Bullen,

(*P.S.*—In consequence of an objection taken by the keeper of the printed books to the omission of the letters Y and Z.)

Produces
reluctantly

Y Z.

If the Noviomagians were wise men,
I should be loth to wrong 'em,
But without a Public Orator they had
no wise head * among 'em.

THE END

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London